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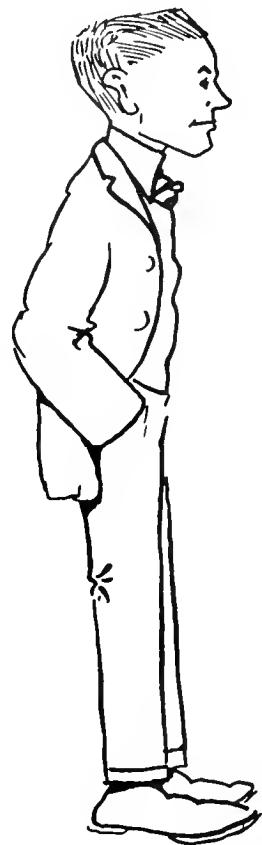
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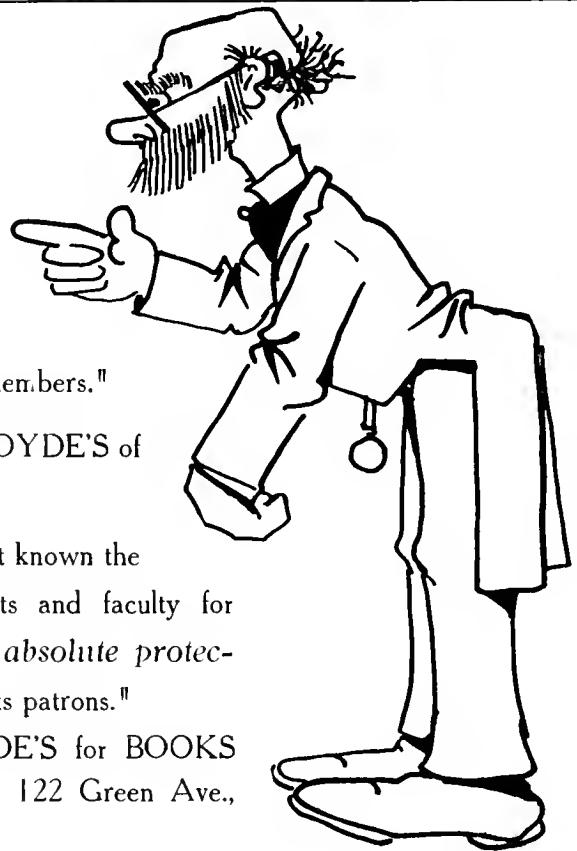
PROF.--"What do you know about LLOYDE'S?"

STUDE.--"According to Websters' Unabridged, LLOYDE'S is an establishment known the world over for more than two centuries, and standing for *absolute protection* to the shipping interests of all its members."

PROF.--"What do you know about LLOYDE'S of Champaign?"

STUDE.--"LLOYDE'S is an establishment known the world over to all U. of I. students and faculty for nearly a half century as standing for *absolute protection* to the trading interests of all its patrons."

PROF.--"Correct! Always trade at LLOYDE'S for BOOKS and UNIVERSITY SUPPLIES" 122 Green Ave., Champaign. P. S.--This is no joke.



George says — the present styles for women are simply ridiculous.

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"Don't you think you ought to be treated for the drink habit?"

"Well, that is a more economical way of getting 'em than buying 'em."—*Baltimore American*.



A woodpecker lit on a freshman's head
And settled down to drill;
He bored away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill.—*Ex.*

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DURING the past few weeks we have unpacked a notably smart array of the new Haberdashery for Autumn and Winter. It will interest you to learn what are the fresh whims of fashion; also to see the fall showing of woolens now on display. Suits made by A. T. Anderson are correct and guaranteed to fit. \$18.00 to \$45.00. Please remember that our "Welcome" is as hearty for the "Looker" as for the buyer.

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Whereya been Jack---gee, you look bloated!
What's the matter---sick? Been eatin'?
Say, where'd you get that much grub at one meal in this town? Zeke and Dyke's---oh, now I know. Pretty near forgot about the stuff they used to hand out there last year---some grub. Yeh, see you there tonight!



She—What nationality are most college men?

He—Well, at the beginning of the year most of them are Russian.—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*.



Wife—Isn't the doctor's wife beautiful? She has a neck like a swan.

Husband—Yes, and the doctor has a bill like a pelican.—*Ex.*

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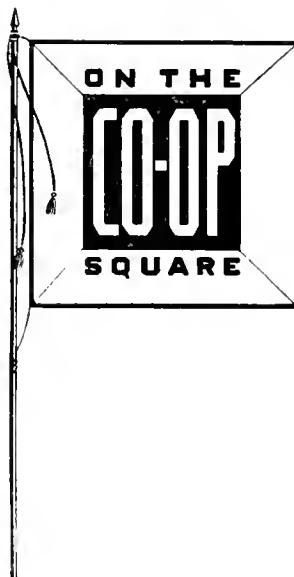


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Y. M. C. A. CAFETERIA

"an' let's have one of those Henglish knits too. Say, man that orange and blue cross bar is some regular, li'l ol' tie, I guess—yessir, some crayvat I should say. Yeh, put it in too. We must keep up our girlish beaut-eh, y'know. Zom, you surely have got yourself some bunch of ties, I guess (business of leaning on the showcase). Say, if y'ever miss that green one, you'll know where it went. Well, s'long - gotta take my beauty sleep now—s'long."

Zom Zombro
Green Avenue
Champaign

ANTICIPATION.

Jackson—Whew! that's some cliff.

Johnson—Seems to fascinate you.

Jackson—Yes. That's the way my desk will look when I get back.—*Judge*.



A DIFFERENT VIEW

He—May I see you up the stairs?

She—I'd rather you walk up with me.—*Chaparral*.



A college paper is a publication to which 10 per cent of the students subscribe, and which 90 per cent criticise.—*Yale Record*.

For Headwork
See
The Tonsorial Artists
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Let us frame the pictures for your room and thereby preserve them in all their original brilliancy.

(Prelude of putting in teeth and lighting a pipe.) Children, when I was in school at the University of Illinois I belonged to a famous club, the Library Club. So profound and learned was this club that meetings were held each night at Bert Spalding's Drug Store where the current magazines were available in large quantities and where the club might read them without pecuniary loss. I wonder, I wonder if that club still exists? (Business of dreaming.) It does. My, yes!

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THE TEST.

"My wife kisses me evenings when I get home late."

"Affection?"

"No, investigation."—*Boston Transcript*.

A SINFUL HAT.

He—Seventy-five dollars for a spring hat! It's a sin.

She—Never mind, dearest; the sin will be on my head.—*Chicago Record Herald*.



It Seems Hard to Come Back



Yet there are pleasant times in store for Illinois students, its not all study and worry. Join the "bunch" and go with the crowd to

The UNIVERSITY PRESS JOB PRINTERS

We are proud of our student customers and sure aim to be on the square. Let this be your invitation to come down and renew old acquaintances—or perhaps meet for the first time the live printers of these cities.

End of Street car line in Urbana--Look for the Sign

OVERHEARD AT THE POULTRY SHOW

"Why is a hen immortal?"
"Dunno, why is she?"
"Because her son never sets."—*Ohio Sun Dial*.



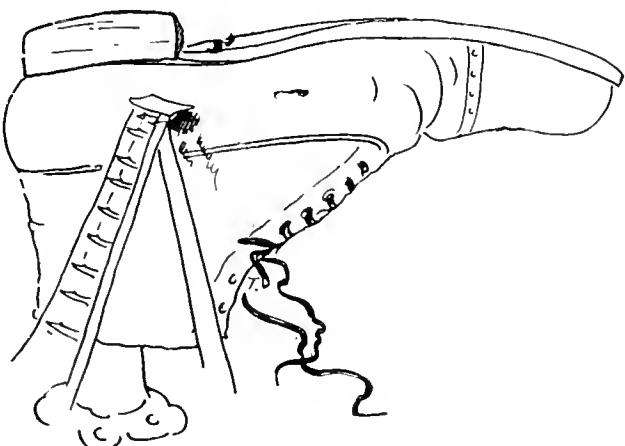
"What do you think of my new ball dress, Edwin?"
"Is it the latest?"
"The very latest!"
"It looks some like the earliest."—*Puck*.



"So you were at the wedding. Did you give the bride away?"
"No, but I could have."—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

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Not
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Good



Rich, Mild
Quality
That
Never
Varies

*Annual Sales
12,000,000 a
year proves good
quality*

I should worry a watch and good hours keep,
I should worry a broom and make a clean sweep;
I should worry a gold and star blowing about,
I should worry a prof.—and get flunked out.



"Speaking of debutantes, did you see Miss Smythe coming out?"
"No; by the time I got there they had her fastened in with a
couple of shoulder straps."—*Boston Globe*.

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to scrape
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intance
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*The place to buy
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Her Father—I have you a family tree?

Her Lover—No; but I have 10,000 acres of pine timber in Wisconsin.

Her Father—Great! Have a drink, a good cigar, and the girl!—*New York Post*.



History Prof.—Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?

Wise Frosh—Because there were so many knights.—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.



"What are you going to tell your constituents when you get home?" "I'm going to buy a lot of refreshments," replied Senator Sorghum, "and tell them to help themselves."—*Washington Star*,



A woman's will, or (say) her "wont"
A riddle is in truth;
For why must her declining days
Be always in her youth?—*Widow*.

There are many who look upon

Gulick Tailored Clothes

as mark of high price.

It's a mistake.

We are complimented of course for it shows that we have attained the thing we have been striving for, for years. We have made our label stand for quality in men's clothes.

The mistake of supposing that our goods are high in price is occasioned by their appearance and their real worked in quality.

Gulick Tailored Clothes are tailored in our own shop here in Champaign and are distinctive in style and fit, classy in appearance and considerably less in price than what you pay where they take your measures and send away to have them made.

An early inspection of our new Fall and Winter Suitings will soon convince you that Gulick Tailored Suits are the best Clothes satisfaction you can get.

37 NEIL STREET

GEE, BUT THEM WERE BULLY DAYS.



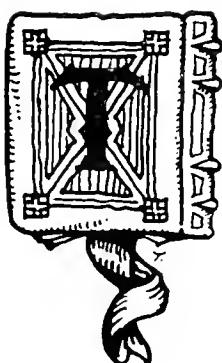
Bill, I have to stop and ponder when the fall comes 'round again,
On them good old freshman days and the fun that we had then;
How we used to curse the beastly luck and those awful rocky ways,
But now, Bill, we'll drink to 'em; Gee, but them were bully days.



BOARD OF EDITORS

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois
 Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act
 of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions,
 \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent
 to A. C. Strong, Sirén office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office,
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THE spirit of Illinois, Mr. Freshman, is that of naïve democracy and the pass word is "Hi Fellows". Illinois esprit de corps is rampant among the five thousand students of all nationalities under all varieties of social jurisprudence and unites them into one puissant and democratic mass called, "the student body".

The chic, the debonair, the mirthful Siren with humorous aforesight congratulates, welcomes, and then suggests the assumption of democratic poise at the impending joys of your collegiate accouchement.

Separate yourself from the unnecessary price of a green lid. You'll feel better and besides it spews you into that most abused herd called the freshman class. As a means of making friends it pays seven hundred percent on the investment and you'll be clipping the coupons for the next four years.

Mr. Freshman, remember that smiles and optimism work wonders in making your college course run smooth. Smile in the collegiate mirror and she smiles back, frown and she frowns in return.

Altho a debutante of but three college years, THE SIREN, gazing upon her reflection in the lake of mirth, feels that she has grown more beautiful, more jocose, and more delightfully impossible to the student body. She will adorn herself this year in the most attractive and captivating habiliments obtainable, so that the lure may be complete—and that the student body while cruising along the college course may be dashed upon the rocks of mirth at least once a month.



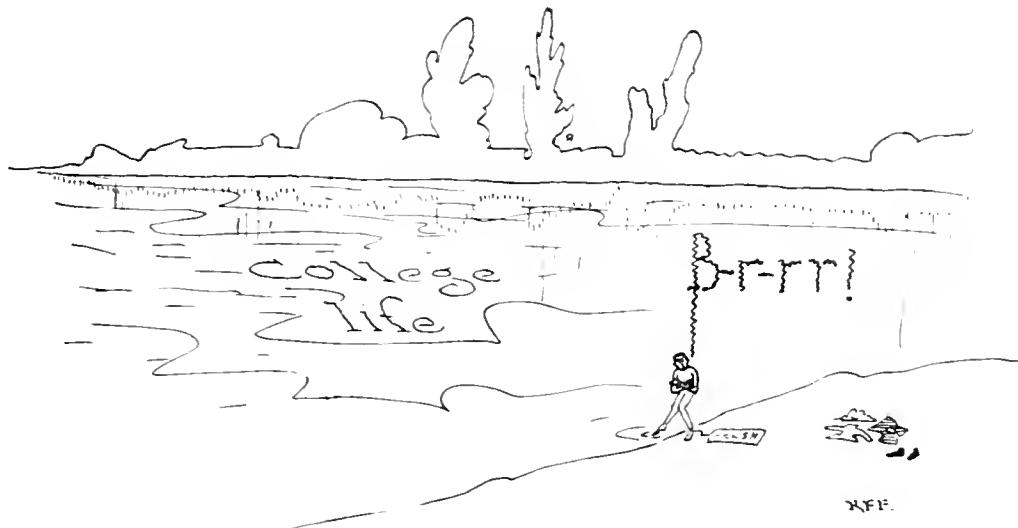
THE SIREN has at last emerged from the ranks of under-classy nondescripts and blossomed out a wise but not too serious upper-classwoman. The arbitration of the burning questions of the hour we will leave to our "esteemed contemps"—and we'll take the money. Not that we want the lucre, but people just *will subscribe*—they insist on laughing with us.

Yes, we are a junior. But we're Freshman at heart and we still know enough to laugh at everything from a prof's jest to a clinic. We're like Omar (pass 'em, please)—we're lovers of "Life"; and we can't resist that impulse to throw away the shells of seriousness and munch the meats of humor which may be found in almost every situation.

THE SIREN is just every Illini's "best gal and real pal". We don't stand for anything but a good time—except that we can occasionally get a good deal of pleasure out of self-investigation and the analysis of Illinois Faults and Favors. It's a poor humorist that can't laugh at his own shortcomings.

But, Frosh, we just have to pull one dry old piece of advice. Obey that slogan "When an Upperclassman tells you to do a thing, no matter what it is, do it". And remember that THE SIREN is an Upperclasswoman, and she says, "Subscribe".

□ □ ◎ □ □



September Morn.

Hubby—Bah, you've got a shape like a drink of water.

Wifey—Why did you marry me, then?

Hubby—I guess I had an awful thirst.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

United we stand, single we can go some.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

"Canfield is an awful jay".

"Do tell".

"Why, he bought his false teeth from Montgomery Ward's."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

TWO LADIES AT A RECEPTION

1st Lady—I cannot think what has upset that tall good-looking blonde man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but now he won't even look at me.

2nd Lady.—Perhaps he saw me come in. He is my husband.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

There was always something masculine about Sally

□ □ ⊖ □ □

THE CO-ED'S ANSWER

"Dearest," he breathed as he gazed into her large blue eyes appealingly, "dearest, will you be mine? I want you, I want you more than I ever wanted anything in this world. I need you, because without you my life will be utterly purposeless, and empty. Tell me, tell me that you love me, that you will be mine".

Contentedly she laid her head on his manly shoulder, reversed her cud and cooed, "I gotcha Steve old kid."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

"For an English woman she certainly has winning ways."

"Her husband's a card sharp and he must have taught her the tricks."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

"Mrs. Gotrox made an awful break at the Vander-gould Ball last night."

"What was it?"

."Her hose supporter."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

Frosh—Why do they call our porter "Log"?

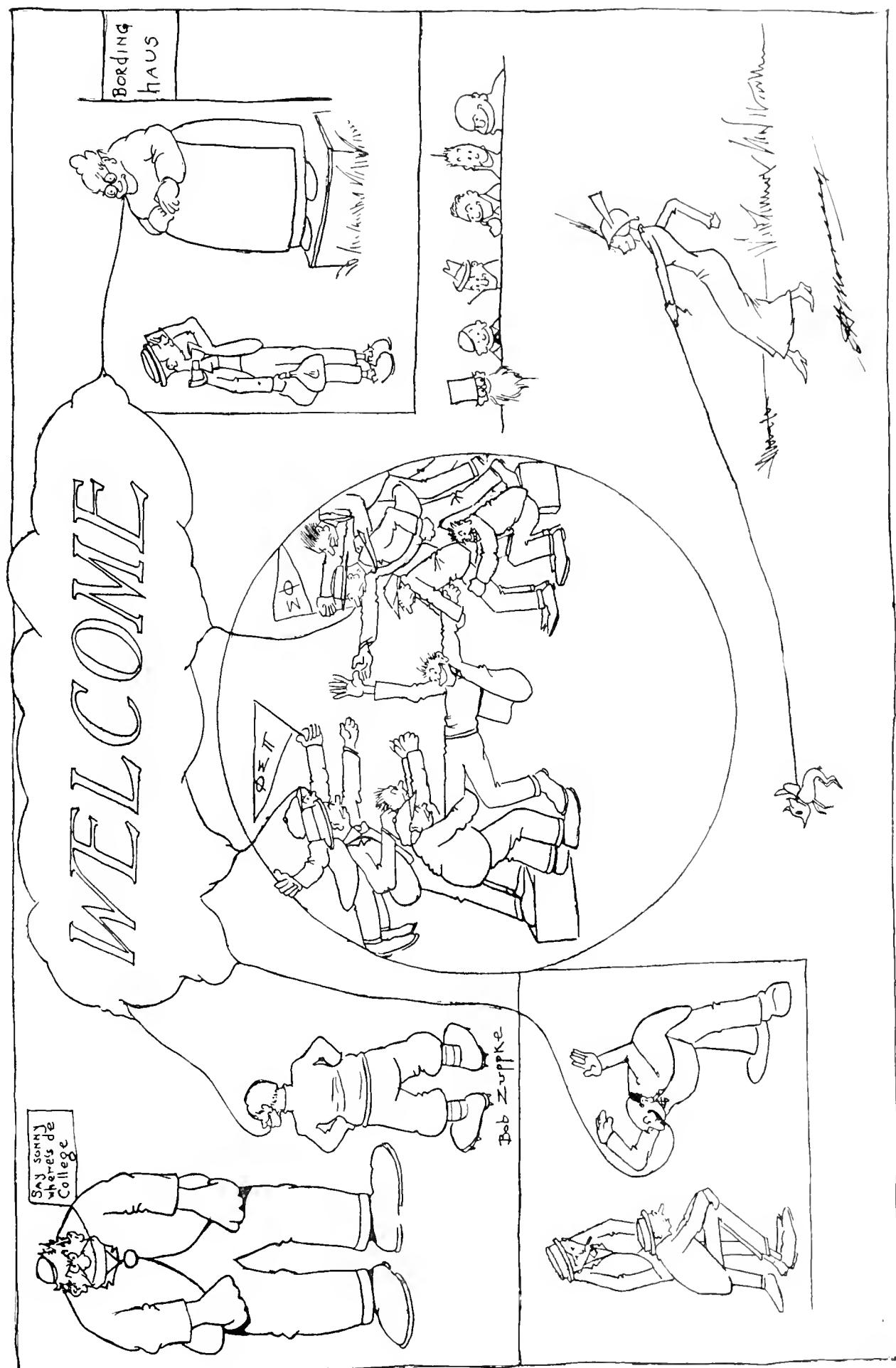
Up. Cl.—Short for logarithm. They're always lookin' him up.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

Nowdays when a girl sits down she has to pull up her skirts to keep them from bagging at the knees.



Burnt Cork.



THE SIREN

TOO TRUE



Gee! but that's a nice looking chicken.
Yes, but her father was a bad egg.

□ □ ◎ □ □

There was a flirtatious Chorine
Whose limbs were a sight to be seen,
But her life was not moral,
For they say she took chloral
To keep her extremities lean.

It's a wise man who can choose his courses.

□ □ ◎ □ □
Roman Numeral—What did you think of the
"Whip?"
Arabic Ditto—A cracking good show.

SIRENS



Yesterday



RUSHING IN THE HAREM

The Sultan Ali Ben Abu was about to take unto himself a wife—the forty-first. Now, in the Mohammedan countries this modus operandi is not at all immoral, for it is considered extremely mal au fait for a man to stop with a mere ante. To be in the swim of Musselman society he must raise the next fellow to the limits of his financial ability. And so it was, that Sultan Ali Ben Abu, as the style setter for his kingdom, was about to take his forty-first plunge into the matrimonial sea, and in his handsome seraglio consternation reigned, for a new wife in Turkey, means rushing season in the harem.

Imagine, if you please, the puissant Ali's forty existing specimens divided into two opposing camps, the one group led by Fatima, a Pittsburg brunette, aetat uncertain, the other by Zubelda, a petite ingenue of some twenty bicuspid. Yes, gentle reader, the Sultan's harem was a microscopic John Street, with all the luxuriously voluptuous trimmings which a fertile and sensuous oriental mind could conjure up. So, accordingly, Fatima's compradores called themselves the Irkutskrp Sorority, Zeta chapter, and Zubelda's commilitones tho but a mere local organization bore the formidable title of the Tehatalja Club.

Well, to hit a longwinded story in the solar plexus, the new arrival arrived. She was tall, colored an elegant underdone brown, with glossy locks of nondescript hue, plump as a dean of women, with captivating ankles. Oh, so utterly charming, so gracious, so lovely, the very quintessence of female One-and-onlyness. Needless to say, she created a furore. Even the jaded and uxorious Ali seemed pleased. But the women! Ye gods, a pan-Hellenic gamble, a wild

abandoned Bachantelike Turkey Trot ensued, and little Zuleika was plunged into the maelstrom of rushing functions, which, like the variable of mathematic fame, appeared to have no limit.

Gentle reader, have you ever been to a hashish party? Have you ever gorged yourself with the subtly succulent narcotic of that name? Stretched yourself out on a divan and indulged in a wild orgy of hashish paste? And then laid down again and dreamed and dreamed and dreamed of an endless and tantalizing procession of stunning dames, or if a dame yourself, of a regiment of mustachioed and Alpine-hatted gentleman-nikins? That's what happened to Zuleika. And the Tehatalja Club did it.

In revenge the Irketsgrps gave a Turkish Trophy party with the coffin nails especially imported from the U. S. And the whole crowd of ladies smoked and smoked and smoked like a conclave of newsies, til the room was in a blue funk and they themselves just floated off into dulcet slumber.

And then they had a Hookah party and a Can Can dance, and the Tehataljas came back with a s. w. entertainment and a h. c. orgy. And then pledge day came. All night the wily wives sat up and plotted and counterplotted and discussed and planned and finally dispatched the bids to Zuleika by a pink-cheeked Eunuch.

Zuleika received sitting in the Sultan's lap. The wives streamed in to hear the verdict.

"Which one?" they screamed making a rush for the coveted female.

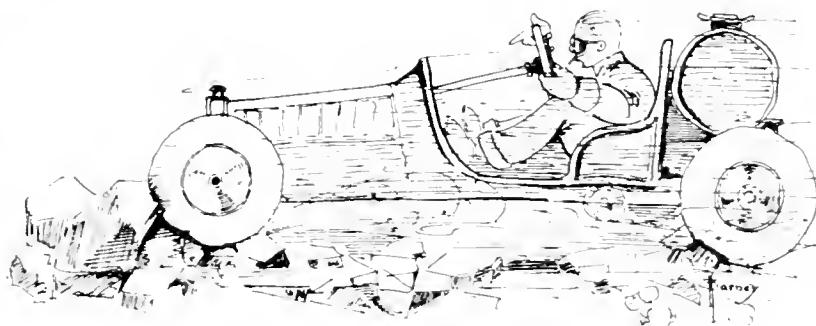
The Sultan halted them with a gesture.

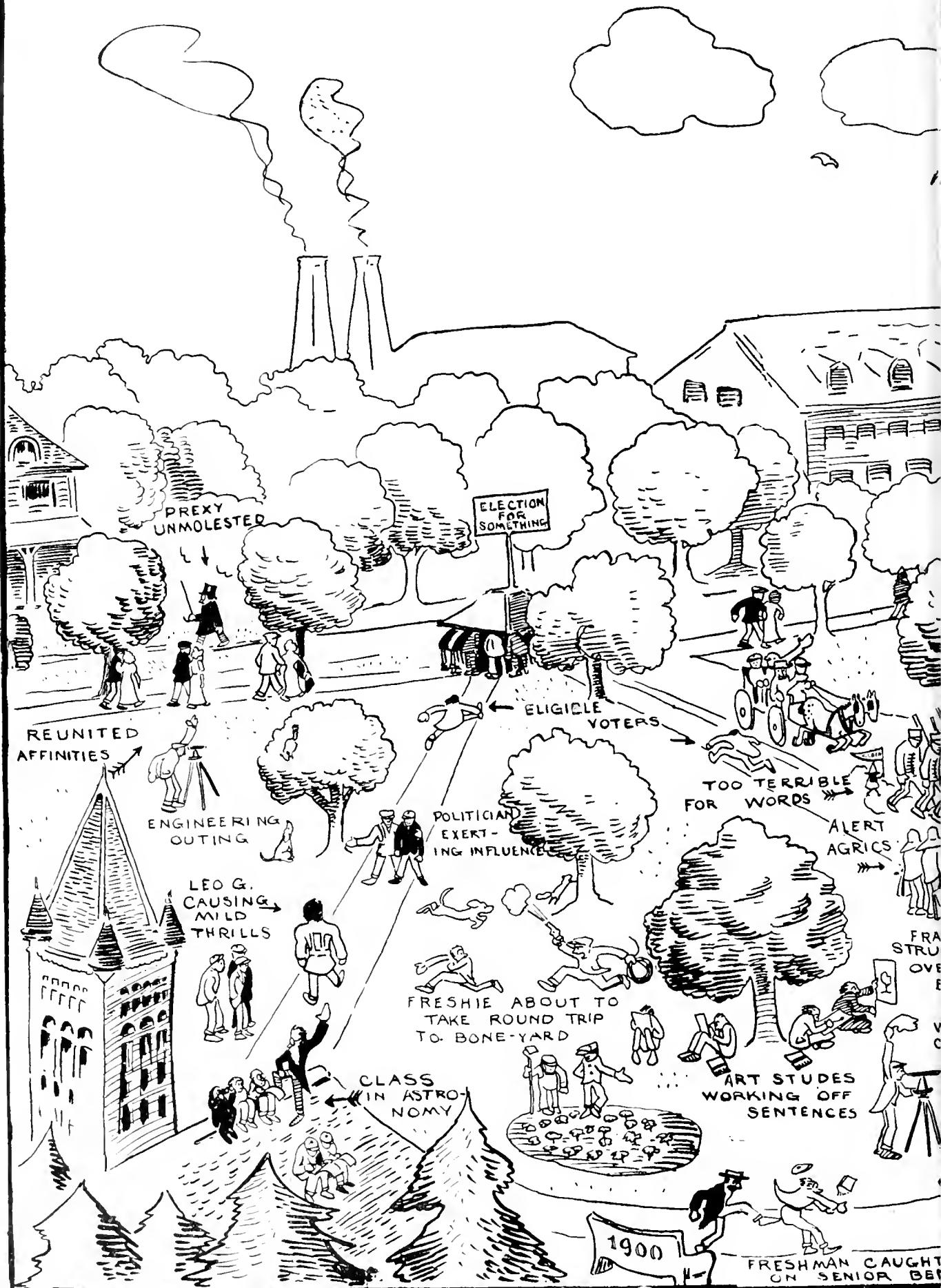
"Neither", he grunted, "she belongs to my frat".

And they clinched again.



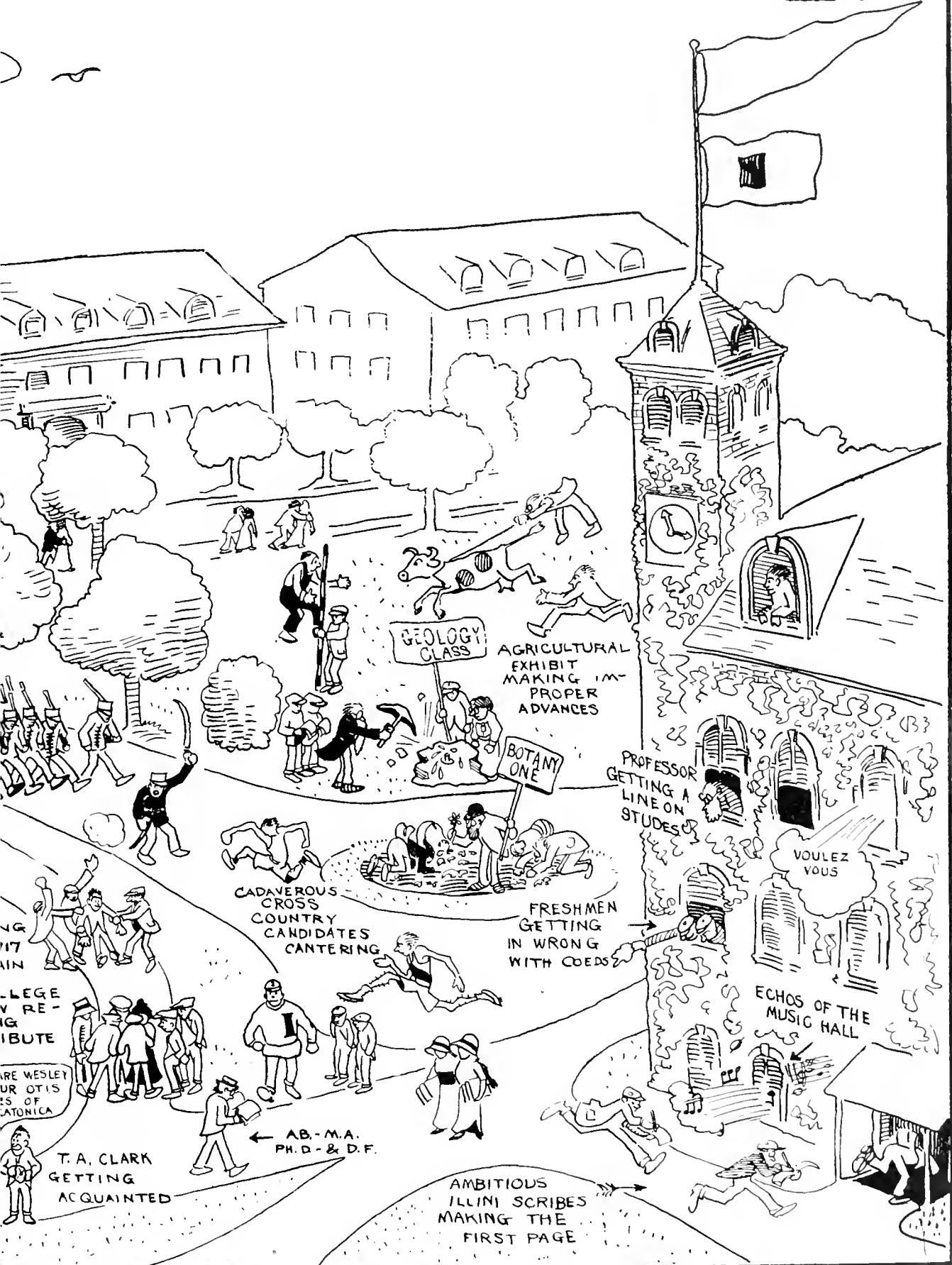
SIRENS





AGAIN WE H

WITH APOLOGIES
TO ALL STATE
ARCHITECTS



WE WITH US

THE SIREN



Animals I have met.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

Court plaster covers a multitude of sins.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

Wifie—Anyhow, a woman's mind is always cleaner than a man's.

Hubby—It ought to be. It changes oftener.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

A rolling stone is usually a bounder.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

"That's a rattling good auto Smith's got."
"A good rattling auto, I should say."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

ODE TO LOTTA.

A Beanery Ballad.

Sweet Lotta was a hash house maiden
In a beanery down town,
Her lips were red, her face well fed,
She owned a party gown.

I fell in love with Lotta
Admired her prune fed face,
Her way I knew as I yelled "fry two"!
She showed real hash house grace.

Oh! now I've lost my lotta
+ a year of College cuts,
Because one day I said in a jest
Sweet Lotta, Lotta, lot o' doughnuts.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

A frisky young rounder named Rice
Wrote jokes with a good deal of spice.
He remarked with a grin,
"I know it's a sin,
But I'd rather be naughty than nice."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

POMMERY SEE.

"Remember that new song we heard at the cabaret last night; it's been running through my thoughts all day."

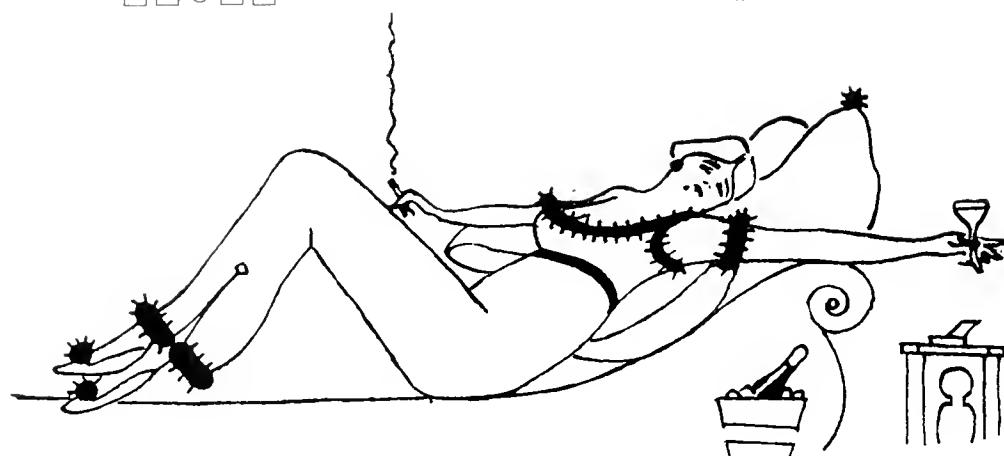
"Floating, I should say."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

"I'm proud to call Larry my friend, he's a corkin' good fellow."

"If you had seen him at the club the other night you'd thought he was an uncorking good fellow."

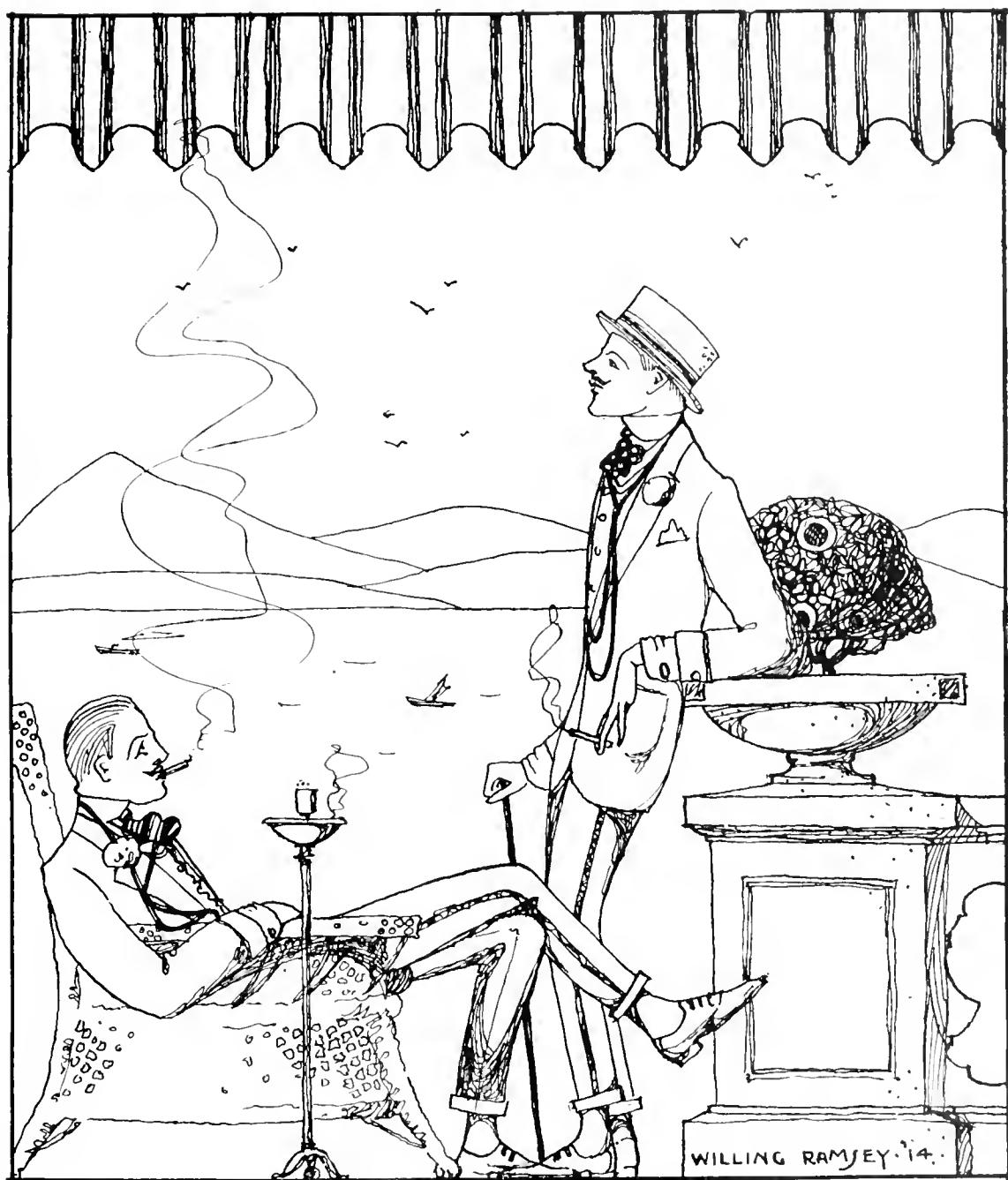
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A rough sketch.



HIGH COST OF LIVING.



George—"Whoop"! Me for the burlesque show to-night.

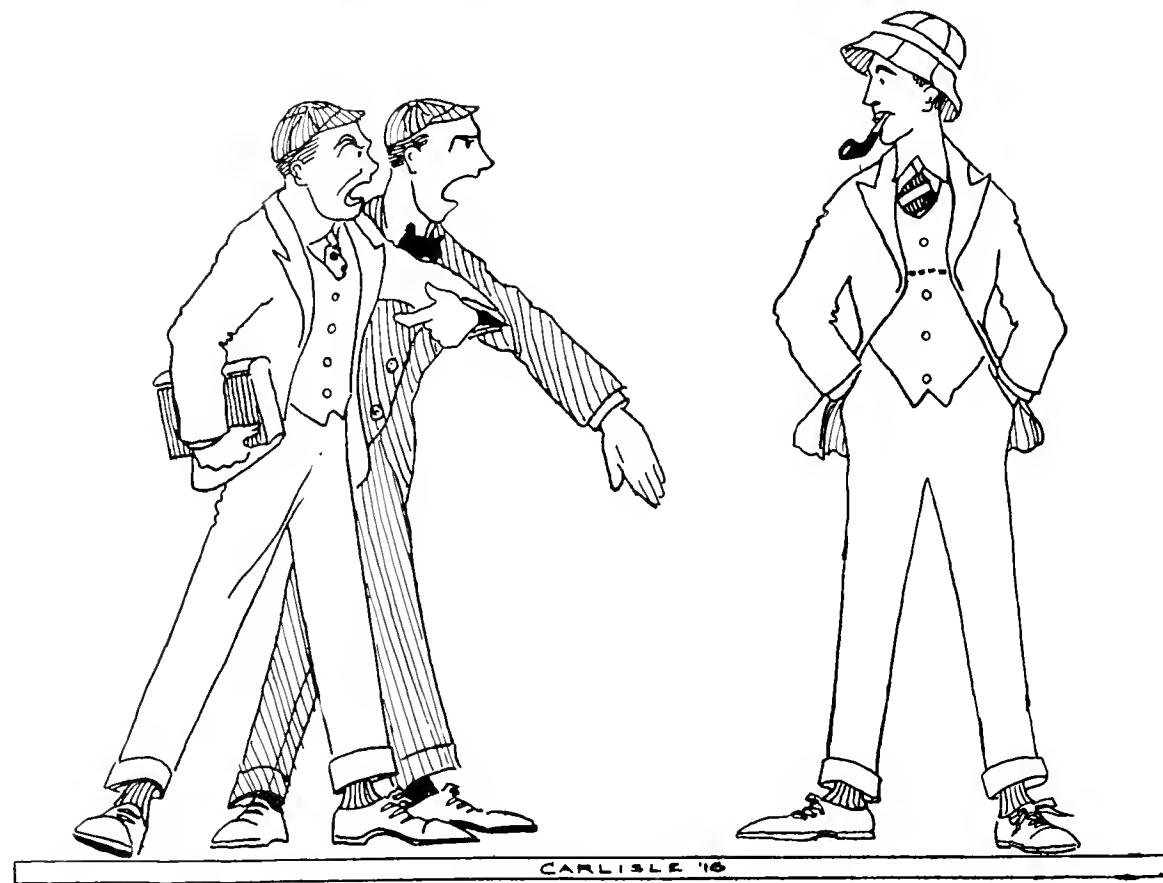
Jene—Ah, save your money and read the Cosmopolitan.



A hair in the head is worth three in the butter.



It's an ill wind that blows from the stock yards.



Out of the Mouths of Babes.

It isn't the vote the suffragettes want, it's the voter. Some fellows take bichloride of mercury. Others smoke stogies.



With only the lone necessities the campers started out.



LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL BOY.
By Wallace Hairpin.

DEAR HON. MR. EDITOR.—

Since I last seen you I have had a exceedingly marathon experience. I have matriculated in the University of Illinois. It is a feet to be proud of, I insure you.

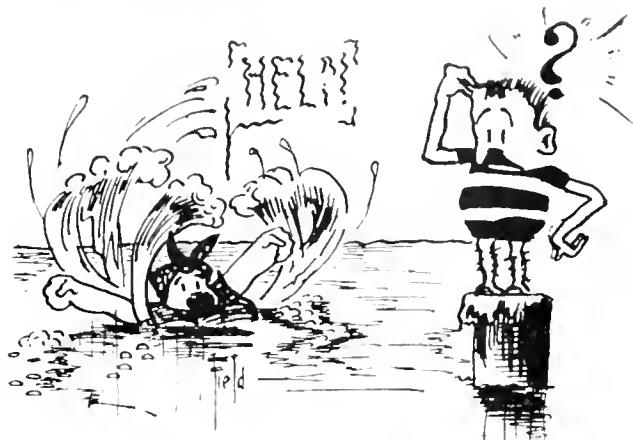
So soon as I got here I inquired about registering. Hon. Friend Professor reform me that everything is did to make it easy for the Students, but advice me to arise early that morning so that I may occupy near first of line. I do accordingly. At fore ay em I arrive at building, and win fast race with nother student for 200 and eleventh place in line. Then I await on my two feet, one at a time, restless. At eight o'clock the door open air line start forward inch by inch once in a while. Finally I arrive by the desk at ten owe clock. I am required to give my name 10 or 9 times before fierce man there understand. At last he lay down his pen and "Banzai!" think I, "I am register". Mr. Editor, I am mistook. I am worse than mistook, I am a freshman for true. Hon. man hand me long roll of paper. "Wait", I demonstrate, "I am wishing to be in Agriculture, not paper hanging". He reply angrily and push me toward desk. Then I look at paper, an find I must be a scribe. Hon. Editor, did you ever see one of those pieces of paper. The inflammation desired is collosus. I return to desk and require of Hon. Man please to excuse me while I write to my home for the Family Album, A Map of Nippon, the parental blessing and a dose of opium. "Mutt," he corode, "is it that you are unable to answer a few simple questions?" I cry but state that am unprepare for this entrance examination in history and mathematics. However, I grit my teeth in my mouth, and start to work. The history I wrote I intend to publish when I have become great. But that is only half all. The classes come in sections which must be carefully selected. I wished to have them all at once an



FOOT BALL TERM.



Three Down, One to Go.



That irresolute moment when heroism loses its charm.

have them over with but Hon. Man object with derisive laugh. Two professors and three other students helping me, I have mixed my own medicine. By that time the day is night.

Next day I spent in getting slips signed by Hon. Professors. At five that aft. all I have to be done is to pay 47 dollars and 50 cents to the University.

Banzai! Hon. Editor, I am register. I have accomplished feet similar to that of Hon. Walker Weston and Hon. Ridpath.

But in consequent I am a fisical and mental reck.
Hoping you are the same.

Yours truly,

HASHEATI MORO.

WANTED

Watches That Won't Keep Time

Yes, we want you to bring us your watch that won't keep time and let us look at it and tell you the reason it won't, and the cost to have it put in first-class condition. No matter how fine a movement you have, we will be able to put it in good shape. We also take pleasure in calling your attention to our engraving department. We carry a line of exclusive fine stationery. Estimates and samples upon request.

RAY. L. BOWMAN

WALKER OPERA HOUSE

A good store in a good town, where the quality is always the best.



WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE

Oct. 18
Nov. 29
Jan. 17
Jan. 30
Feb. 7
Apr. 11
May 30

CRYSTAL

Oct. 25
Nov. 21
Jan. 17

ONYX

Oct. 3
Nov. 1
Dec. 13
Jan. 16
Feb. 21
May 16

VARSITY

Oct. 4
Nov. 8
Jan. 24
Feb. 28
Mar. 14
April 18

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

THE SIREN

By the brink of the billowing, blustery sea
A matchless mermaiden is waiting for me,
Is waiting for me with a glint in her eye,
As she softly rehearses her stock lullaby,
And ponders in peace how the song she will sing
Will torture my wits by the charm of the thing
And lead me, unmanned, to her sisterly chorus,
Who live in a manner decorously porous,
And smother their victim in mythical style
With a very short song and a very long smile.
Immodest mermaiden, so décolleté,
Cease to resemble a farce on Broadway

In your typical, topical, tropical way
For the lay that you lift has no siren's soft lure
Since the vaudeville favorites started on tour,
And any soubrette with a Gallacized name
Puts your voice to the blush and your costume to shame.

* * * * * * * *
And yet you might lure me—I mean on Broadway—
If the diving girl stunt weren't a trifle passé.

—H. H., *Life*.



Student (entering a face massage)—Gad! That towel was hot!
Houston Barber—I'm sorry, but I couldn't hold it any longer.—
Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Taylor's New Shop

Second door north of Swannell's
Drug Store HICKORY COURT

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S
HIGH GRADE
FOOTWEAR.
STUDENTS' SHOES
A SPECIALTY.

—
STYLE,
ECONOMY
AND SATISFACTION

LADIES'
FURNISHINGS.
EVERYTHING
FOR
EVERY CO-ED.

—
HIGHEST QUALITY
AND PLEASING
PRICES.
THE OLD MELROSE.

Yep, same people who used to be in the Arcade

All The New Things First

Spence's new Shop of Quality on Main Street at Neil is the newest haberdashery in town.

¶ Naturally his things are all fresh and up-to-the-very-second just now and they surely are "right".

¶ The Spence Shop is constantly watching out for the very-very-newest of the new things and you are assured of always being able to find the smartest things there.

Emerson Spence
Tailoring
Haberdashery
Main Street at Neil

"The Shop of
Quality"



Old No. 21 Main St.

Champaign, Ill.

New No. 1008 Main St.

JOHN H. DOYLE

Successor to T. H. Trevett

Stoves, Hardware and Tinware

**Malleable Ranges and
Radiant Home Furnaces**

28 Main Street

Champaign, Illinois

The Chester Transfer Co.

SOLICITS YOUR

Baggage, Livery and Carriage Work

REMOVAL NOTICE

*Dr. O. O. Stanley wishes to announce
the removal of his office to Cunningham
building (Co-Op.)*

*Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 3 to 6 P. M.
7 to 8:30 P. M.*

Tom—That gent certainly rose from the ranks.

Jerry—So?

Tom—Yes, he used to be a cigar-maker.—*Pelican.*



The Bill Collector, now and then,
Is apt to get the best of men!

—*Wisconsin Sphinx.*



Why does a package of Fatimas remind you of kisses?
'Cause after you get the first one, the rest come easy.—*Wisconsin
Sham.*

REMINGTON Means Typewriters

**Remington, Monarch and
Smith Premier Machines**

QUALITY and SERVICE

These are the two factors of Remington Typewriter Supremacy.

Remington Quality is in the machine; Remington Service is back of the machine. The one goes with the sale; the other follows the sale. And both are essential to the permanent satisfaction of the typewriter user.

Remington Service goes *everywhere* and it covers *everything*. Whatever your need in the typewriter service line, whether ribbons, carbons, inspections, adjustments, rentals or operators, the means to supply that need are bound to be close if your machine is a

REMINGTON

J. H. NIEMANN, Local Representative
77 N. 11 St. Champaign, Ill. Bell 448



Hotel La Salle

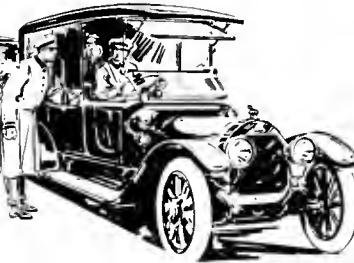
Chicago's Finest Hotel



The central location, perfect service, excellent equipment, luxurious furnishings and home-like atmosphere make Hotel La Salle the most popular hotel in Chicago. Whether you come to Chicago on pleasure or on business you will find Hotel La Salle the ideal place to stay.

It's easiest to reach—and closest to every place you want to go—Theatres, Public Buildings, Shopping Streets, Financial and Business Districts lie at its very door. Hotel La Salle gives more for the price you pay than any other hotel in Chicago.

Everybody Likes Hotel La Salle



RATES:

		Per Day
One Person		
Room with detached bath	:	\$2 to \$3
Room with private bath	:	\$3 to \$5
Two Persons		Per Day
Room with detached bath	:	\$3 to \$5
Room with private bath	:	\$5 to \$8
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath		Per Day
Two Persons	:	\$5 to \$8
Four Persons	:	\$8 to \$15

La Salle at Madison Street, Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager

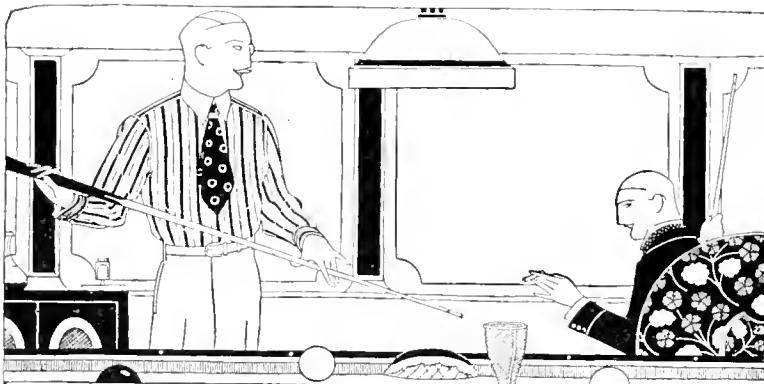
Bleary Willie—What's a nom de plume, pard?

Bilious Bill—A sort of "pen" name, I guess.

B. W.—Gosh! Then 2001 was my nom de plume in Sing Sing, eh?—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

Professor—You say you are engaged in some original research. Upon what subject?

Sophomore—I am trying to discover why the ink won't flow from my fountain pen unless I place it in an upright position in the pocket of a light fancy vest.—*Chicago News*.



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CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC.
ARROW SHIRTS
Note the styles, enjoy the comfort and test the quality
that an Arrow label assures in shirts. **\$1.50. up.**
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., Troy, N. Y. Makers of ARROW COLLARS

MATRIMONIAL ARITHMETIC

Said Ned to Tom, "Tis cheap to wed,
For two are one, when people marry."
"I know," said Tom; "but look here, Ned,
There may be one or more to carry!"

—*Judge*.



A HORSE ON YOU

I know a young creature named Mabel;
(No—this isn't that table-leg fable)

Mabel kicks rather high—
You looked shocked, but not I—
I feel her each day at the stable!

—*Jack-o-Lantern*.



WHEN YOU TRAVEL TAKE THE

Illinois Traction System

MCKINLEY LINES

Clean,
Comfortable,
Frequent,
Convenient,
Safe

AUTOMATIC BLOCK SIGNALS

Protect all Train Movements

When You Go Home Ride the
"ROAD OF GOOD SERVICE"

Service

Call a Brown Limousine
or Taxi

Herrick & Stoltey

GARAGE

Auto 1543

Bell 187

BILL ROYSDON

Billiard Hall

Over Zeke's Cafeteria

LUCK.

Miss Snowflake—Does yo' believe in wishbones?

Mr. Jackson—Wy, it's a sign ob exceptional luck to hab a fresh one in yoah pocket every day of two.—*Puck*.



Hanky—I've had by pictures taken.

Panky—Got the proofs?

Hanky—No, you'll have to take my word for it.—*Yale Record*.



Mrs. Cohenstein (at shore hotel)—Oh, Isaac! Subbose dis hotel should take fire!

Mr. Cohenstein—Imbossible, Rachel! Dey're making money!—*Puck*.

Bell 2142

Auto 1273

USE



The Price is Right The Quality is Right
ASK YOUR GROCER

TWIN CITY CREAMERY CO.

New No. 1004 Ware Place

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



THE man who
whispers
down a well
about the goods he
has to sell won't earn
the golden gleaming
dollars, like he who
climbs a tree and
hollers.

This ad is a yell.
Whenever you want
**Furniture, Carpets,
Rugs, Linoleums or
Picture Frames** come to
Mittendorf & Kiler

CASEY'S FINISH.
Murphy—What's that in your pocket?
Pat (in a whisper)—Dynamite. I'm
waiting for Casey. Every time he meets
me he slaps me on the chest and breaks
me pipe! Next time he does it he'll blow
his hands off!—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Tough Stranger—I say, old top, could
you tell me the time?

Jones—No use—another guy took it
four blocks down below here!—*New York
Globe*.

“Why the sad-eyed stuff, Friend?”
“Recovering from a painful operation.”
“So?”
“Yeah. The M. D. just took ten bones
out of my hand!”—*Widow*.

When you hear a prominent alumnus
telling about the good old days he usually
means the nights.—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

“Dear men tell no tales.” “Doctors are
lucky fellows.”—*Town Topics*.

*Before your dance
try the Beardsley's
6 o'clock dinners
in our private din-
ing room.*



BEARDSLEY HOTEL
Champaign, Ill.

“Say, where will I meet you?”
“Oh, over at Harris's”

¶ It's a good bet that you will hear this repeated many times a day! Harris & Meads' is the great meeting place for everybody.

¶ The reason back of all this is simple when you stop to figure it out. Harris & Mead maintain the policy of serving you WHAT you want WHEN you want it.

¶ They combine Service with Attractive Things to Eat and mix in plenty of Good Cheer. This is the reason for their popularity.

¶ Their new addition is a wonder. Seems like you can't help dropping in everytime you go near. “What will you have, Bert, I'll take a coke-ras.”





MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE
1007 Taylor Place
CHAMPAIGN

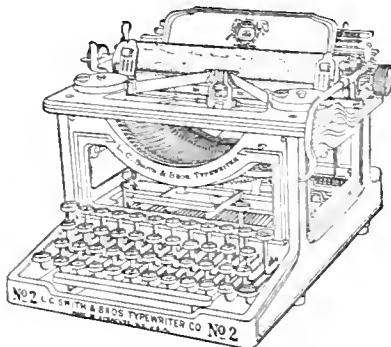
Fine Job Printing. **Embossing and Die Work**
Designs Furnished for Embossing Dies

COULDNT OBLIGE.

Her—I wonder how it feels to have whiskers on one's face.
Him—Aw, pshaw, I just had a shave.—*Stanford Chaparral.*



Or a wonderful bird is the pelican;
His beak can hold more than his belican;
He can stow in his beak
Food enough for a week,
But I'm hanged if I can see how the helican.—*L.R.*



ONE WAY
OF GETTING
BETTER GRADES

MR. STUDENT:—

Have you discovered the fact that typewritten reports, themes, etc., get better grades than when written by hand? Those who have tried it know what a difference it makes. Of course there is no mystery about it for it is evident that a report put up in neat, clear and business-like style will make a far better impression than the material scribbled in long hand. Even if you are a fine penman it cannot be so easily read and you are wasting hours of time.

Another point. You ought to know how to use a typewriter anyway. Very few of us expect to be high speed stenographers, but it only takes a few days to become a "two-finger artist". Then when it is necessary you can sit down and write a perfectly good letter in less time than you could pen it. When your business gets so heavy that you can't write fast enough, why hire a stenographer.

Now let us give you a suggestion. It will cost you the same price, any typewriter you rent. Old and new, good, bad and indifferent, all one price, any place you go. Why not get a standard L. C. Smith direct from the factory. We have a large supply, all cleaned and oiled. Telephone and we will deliver one immediately.

***Schedule of
Prices***

One Month	- - \$ 2.75
Three Months	- 7.50
Nine Months	- 20.00

If you decide to purchase, we'll refund the three months rent. The University of Illinois uses more L. C. Smiths than any other make.

BILL NYE and DOC COCKRELL

BELL 1131

205 GREEN AVE.

AUTO 1487



EXCHANGES

She (suspiciously)—You kiss as though you were an old hand at it.

He (suspiciously)—How do you know?
—*Boston Globe*.



The wages of gin is breath.—*Pelican*.



Dean—Your case is hopeless.

Lean—I know that they are all empties, but perhaps we can get a rebate.—*Sham*.



They say that Cupid strikes the match that sets the world aglow—But where does Cupid strike the match, that's what I'd like to know.—*Widow*.



Is that your ladder?

Sure.

It doesn't look like yours.

Well, you see, it's my step-ladder.—*Purple Cow*.



A friend in need is a friend to avoid.—*Ye Crabbe*.



FUNNY.

A boy who draws funny pictures of the teacher on the blackboard affords an early illustration of how it is possible for a genius to be very foolish.—*Washington Star*.



"Say, bo, who's your friend?"

"Opera star."

"Let's hitch our wagon to it."—*Pelican*.



"I Gotch you," murmured Rudolph as he softly encircled the fair Louise in a half-Nelson.—*Coyote*.



Are you two particular friends?

No—if we were particular we wouldn't be friends.—*Leguan*.



Suffragette—Woman is more valuable to the world than man. Look at Eve, the Mother of All.

Anti—She wasn't worth Adam.—*Coyote*.

THE WHITE SHOP

CLEANING and PRESSING

Suits called for and delivered.

Calls answered promptly

Work done correctly

Deliveries made on time

Phone Bell 1237 118 S. Race St.
URBANA

SMITH'S EATS

The Best in Two
Cities
MEAL TICKETS
\$5.00 worth of eats for \$4.50.
EAT WHAT YOU WILL
WHEN YOU WILL.

Our only specialty is
GOOD FOOD

Two doors south of the Co-Op
on Wright Street.

SAY, Jim, speakin' of Photos, I just got a line on some proposition--some proposition is right. Y'see you buy a coupon for fifty cents of Kercher, then you take the "cupe" down to the face factory and trade it for a dozen \$9-a-dozen photos. Course you barter a little mazuma to boot, but it's mighty little considering what you're getting. See this smile—I'm carrying it down town right now to get a picture made of it. Why man, that proposition would make a math shark grin. Eh, What?

O. Kercher, Student Agt.
703 S. Fifth Street. Champaign
Phone No. 1043 Auto



NAUTICAL WIT.

She—Why do they call boats "She"?

He—Because they can't make much speed unless there are buoys around, I suppose."—*Tiger*.



1st—"Speaking of soft snaps."

2nd—"Yes."

1st—"My grandmother has lost all her teeth."—*Penn. Punch Bowl*.



"I have a friend who just marries for money."

"Why how disgraceful."

"No, not exactly—you see he's a minister."—*Widow*.



Fritz—How do the sausages happen to be so tasty today?

Hans—Oh, one of the neighbors gave me a pointer.—*Bolumbia Jester*.



Griggs—I see the English women who are health faddists are wearing their hair unconfined.

Briggs—My wife wore hers that way one night, and it fell out of the window.—*Houston Post*.

LAWDER

Exclusive Tailoring

Confined Patterns

ALL FOREIGN GOODS

English and American
Fashions

Church Street Champaign

WHY ARE YOU A PATRON OF THE LYRIC? BECAUSE IT APPEALS TO YOU

We have made some improvements, the one you will appreciate most is the new **\$500.00 Mirror Screen**. No more injured eyes. Just as good from front seats as from the rear.

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Every Monday

MULTIPLE REEL
Subjects, Tues. and Friday

Matinee and Evening

Admission 10c



THAT Scott's Sodas and Candies are the best in town is a fact. Acquaint yourself with facts!

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2 doors N. of Lyric

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SHAW & PLOTNER BROS., Props.
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Photographer
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Do you want to save money on order made clothes

Come and see

D. GROSSMAN

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Our prices are 15 dollars and up
all work guaranteed

LADIES' AND GENTS' SHINES 5c

PERRY'S
PANTORIUM and SHINING PARLOR

J. B. PERRY, Proprietor
CLEANING, PRESSING and REPAIRING NEATLY DONE
CLOTHES CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED
BELL PHONE 388
BASEMENT OF
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH OFFICE
207 WALNUT COURT
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

HER FIGURE.

"He fell in love with her figure."

No wonder, for she was a peach,

He shook at the thought of proposing—

She seemed so far out of reach.

"He fell in love with her figure."

She was constantly in his thoughts,

No wonder he loved her so madly—

Her figure was one and six naughts!

—*Jane Cone, in Judge.*

The
Illinois Billiard Hall
has moved to
306 and 308 Hickory Court
Cavanaugh Bros.
Smokers Snndries



Writing to Her

Tell her all about it—she won't be jealous if you save a corner of your heart for Fatima Cigarettes.

**20 for
15 cents**

With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt college pennant (12x32)—selection of 100



Correspondence
and
Circulars
from
the
Manufacturers
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All the
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of
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are
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in
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the
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and
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the
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famous
articles
of
the
Trade.



THE CHICAGO GAME SIREN

OCTOBER, 1913

VOLUME III NUMBER 2



ZUP

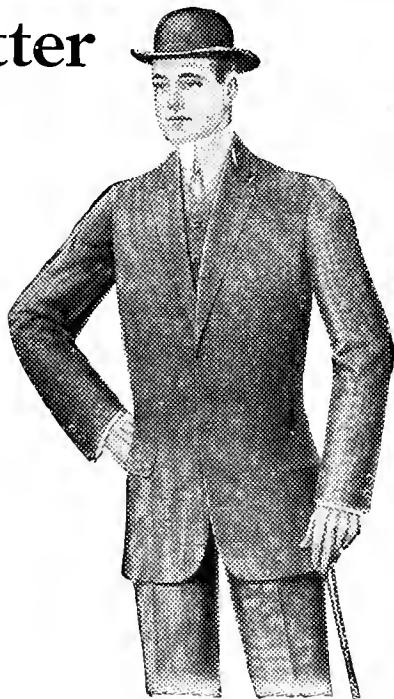
You Feel Better

the minute you get into a suit of Anderson Tailoring. It makes such a difference to know that your garments fit. It makes you more capable, more confident, more cheerful. That's why we claim that a made-to-measure suit is always a good investment.

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Tailoring and Furnishings
Bradley Arcade, Champaign, Ill.



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See

The Tonsorial Artists

at

KANDY'S

Two Shops

206-----Green Ave.-----116

Pantitorium in the rear

Suits called for and delivered

Auto Phone 2265

VERSE AUCTION

Haphazard slip we line and rhyme down;
They're yours if you'll but slip a dime down.—
"They're yours, neat verses pink or piebald,
For half that sum, one nickel!" I bawled.



1917—Why does the professor always look over the top of his glasses?

1916—Oh, he's so stingy. He's afraid of wearing them out.



Ethel—I think her face grows on one.

Maud—Thank heaven, it doesn't grow on me!—*Town Topics*.



First married man—What is your family doing this summer?

Second M. M.—Me.—*Life*.

DR. CHARLES H. SPEARS

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

HOWARD BUILDING, 117 WEST CHURCH STREET
BOTH PHONES



A Nice Ring Display

Is an interesting thing to look at

It represents beauty in a particularly pleasing style.

We have a ring display here just now that will appeal to all lovers of rare gems.

The settings are the newest and the gem combinations are the most harmonious and beautiful we think we ever saw.

We invite the ladies especially to make us a visit of inspection.

A description here is impossible.

Weusteman
Jeweler of Champaign

YOU KNOW

Where Smith's Jewelry Store is on N. Neil St., just north of the Gazette?

BUT its the first door north where you get those

Mighty Good Shoes

--Newest Styles too--at the popular prices,

\$3.00 and \$3.50

SWEARINGEN'S SHOE STORE

76 N. Neil St.
CHAMPAIGN

GOING SOME
Stagehand—They say this tragedy is very sad.

Super—Yes, at the first performance even the seats were in tiers.



STINGY

"Even after we are married," wood the ardent lover, "I shall always be close to you."

And he was.—*Chapparal.*



SHE KNEW

Fashionable Lady—Give me five yards of this goods, please.

Clerk—But madame will not need more than half a yard for a veil.

Fashionable Lady—I don't want it for a veil. I want it for a dinner gown.—*Chapparal.*



THEY ONLY WEAR ONE NOW
The Dame—How funny. This novel says "She picked up her skirts and ran."
The Dub—What's funny about that?
The Dame—It ought to be "She picked up her skirt and tried to run."—*Chapparal.*

Spalding & Quirk

2 Drug Stores

Red Cross Store

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Exclusive Druggists

LINDLEY DINING SHOP CO.

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Main Dining Room:

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Lunch Room:

Lunch Counter
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Tables for Ladies

Dolly Varden Tea Room:

Open Sunday Evenings
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Reserved for Special
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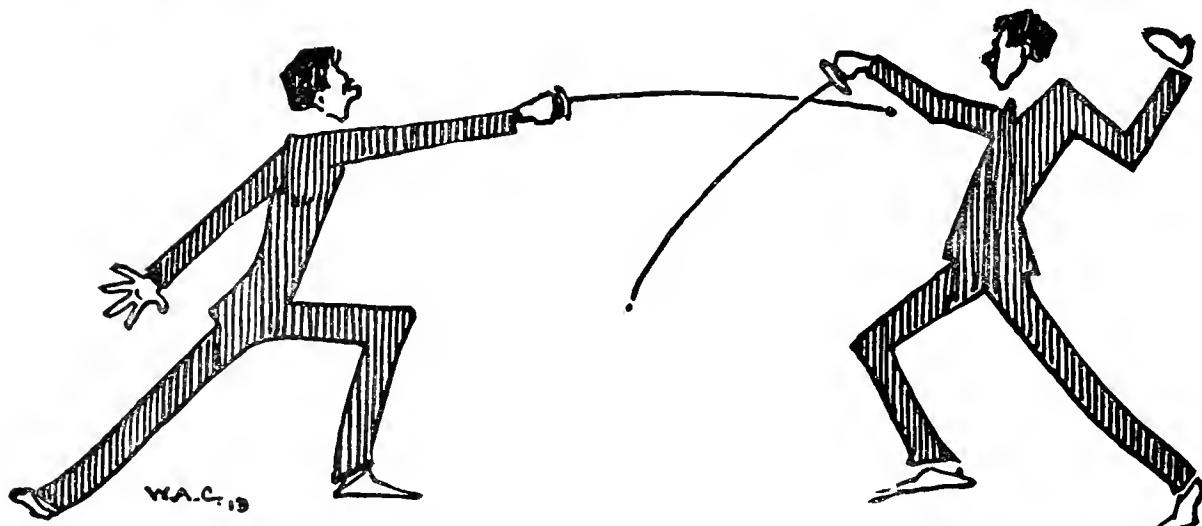
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Complete Equipment
for Banquets, Luncheons, etc., served any
place in the Twin Cities



Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO



Full Two
Ounce Tins **10c**

PINK! That's our recipe for taking the bite out of good tobacco leaf. We hang the leaf in the warehouse for two years—temperature and ventilation perfect—all harshness disappears. A mellowness prevails that gives superb flavor and a smoothness seldom found. This is the good old fashioned way of maturing good leaf—and Velvet is a startling example of tobacco goodness. Sometime when your pipe is burning hot and the taste is flat—try Velvet.

At all dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



All Aboard for Chicago, Boys!

Let everybody root for "Old Illinois" at that game, and as a suggestion, on your return please root for

The UNIVERSITY PRESS
JOB PRINTERS

Absolutely no danger of losing if you trust to Illinois and allow us the opportunity of doing your printing.

End of Street car line in Urbana--Look for the Sign

WE HAVE THEM

Electric Lamps for Every Use

Desk Lamps

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Fixtures and Domes

IDEAL ELECTRIC SHOP

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Bell 1998

Anything Electrical

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A TOAST

Here's to love and unity,
Dark corners and opportunity!

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



The Youth (just returned from his holiday)—Oh, I'm a great believer in holidays. One comes back so fit. Brain clear, appearance approved and altogether more wide-awake.

The Maid—And when shall you take your holiday?—*Punch.*



CONSERVING ENERGY

'14—Why don't you laugh when the professor tells a joke?

'15—I'm going to drop this course next week.—*Chaparral.*

Students of the U. of I.

You are cordially invited to spend your spare time

at the New Billiard Parlors

located in the old Dining Shop

of the Bradley Arcade

The Finest little Parlor in the State of Illinois

We hope for your patronage

Rock & Newman, Props.



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Old Bond Street

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Importing Office: TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A.

Winter Styles Now Ready in

Clothing, Furnishings
Sporting and Motor Garments
Jackets and Sweaters

Ballymede Overcoats, Hockey Coats
Scotch and Irish Tweed Suitings
Mackinaws and Cravanets

Representative Mr. Compton will be at the Beardsley Hotel, Nov. 1st

SMART KID.

Kid—How old is that lamp, ma?
Ma—Oh, about three years.
Kid—Turn it down. It's too young to smoke.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



B B B B

Fred—I saw Louise at the theater.
Jack—Dressed in the height of fashion, I suppose.
Fred—Can't say that. Styles seem to be dropping off a bit.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Y. M. C. A.
Barber Shop
E. F. Gaston
Prop.



Our Newest Lot of
Artistic Picture Frames
Now on Exhibition

Strauch Kodak Finishing Shop
Above Co-Op. Phone Auto 2218

THE
Caldwell Company
ELECTRIC
CALDWELL BUILDING,
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS.

*The place to buy
study Lamps*



¶ The Wooden Indian has sold many cigars. For generations he was the authorized disciple of "Lady Nicotine." Today he is obsolete.

¶ The Humidore, associated with the care of expert tobacconists, have driven him into obscurity.

¶ We have cigars, cigarettes, and tobaccos, all under the direct attention of an expert.

The CO-OP



Engraved Stationery

You are invited to examine our complete line of engraved Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Reception, At Home and Church Cards, Visiting Cards, Birth and Death Announcements, Fraternity, Sorority and Society Stationery, Monograms, Crests, Business Cards, Steel Die Embossed Letter Heads, etc. Correct Forms, Work of Highest Excellence, Prompt Service, Reasonable Prices.

Don't fail to see our Initial Correspondence Cards and Stationery; all the latest.

Twin City Printing Co.

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H. & D. FLOUR 49 LB. SACK FOR \$1.25. We guarantee this flour to give absolute satisfaction or we will refund your money. When in need of Groceries go to 101 and 103 N. 11th St.

CHAMPAIGN, IL

First Customer—I wish to select a vase.

Floorwalker—Yes, madam. James show the lady to the crockery department.

Second Customer—I wish to select a vawz.

Floorwalker—Yes, madam. George, show the lady to the bric-a-brac department.—*Baltimore Sun.*



IN A CO-ED COLLEGE

Physics Prof.—What is a vacuum?

Freshman—Er-er-shucks, I've got it in my head, but I can't seem to get hold of it.—*Princeton Tiger.*



Pa (reading aloud from newspaper)—Well-diggers strike layer of peat in graveyard.

Ma (soulfully)—Poor Pete!—*Minnesota Minnehaha.*

One entire
store of
Overcoats
One entire
floor of
Men's Suits

Chicago
DOES NOT
touch our
prices or
variety

Jos. KUHN & Co.

**CENTRAL ILLINOIS' MOST
COMMODIOUS CLOTHES STORE**

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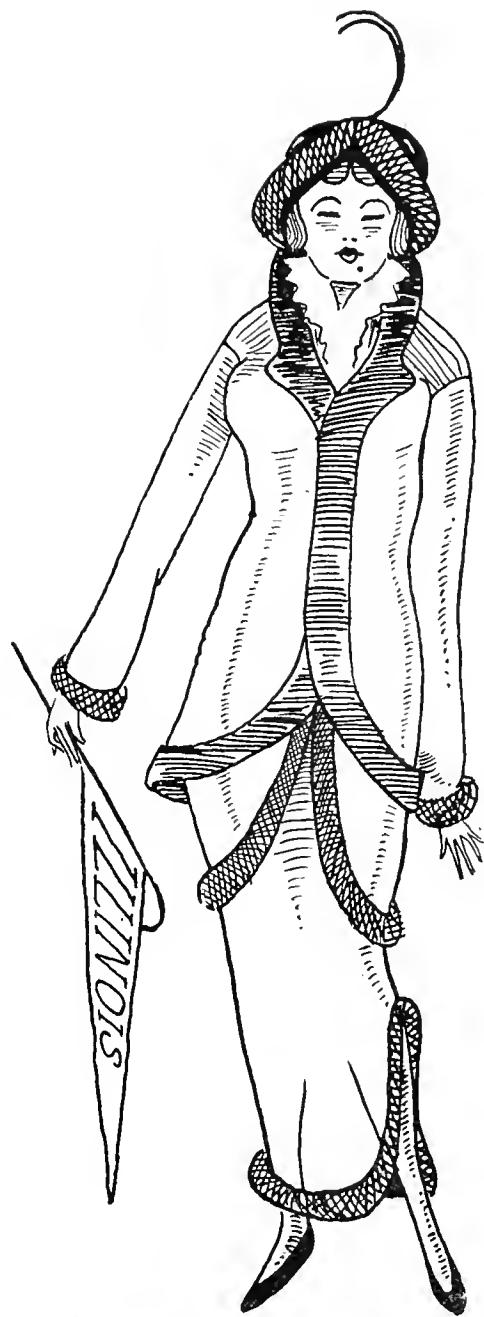
CHAMPAIGN ILL.

**NOT
MATCHED
IN
118 1/2
MILES.**

Mackinaws
unlimited
variety
No such
display
elsewhere

Why
waste time?

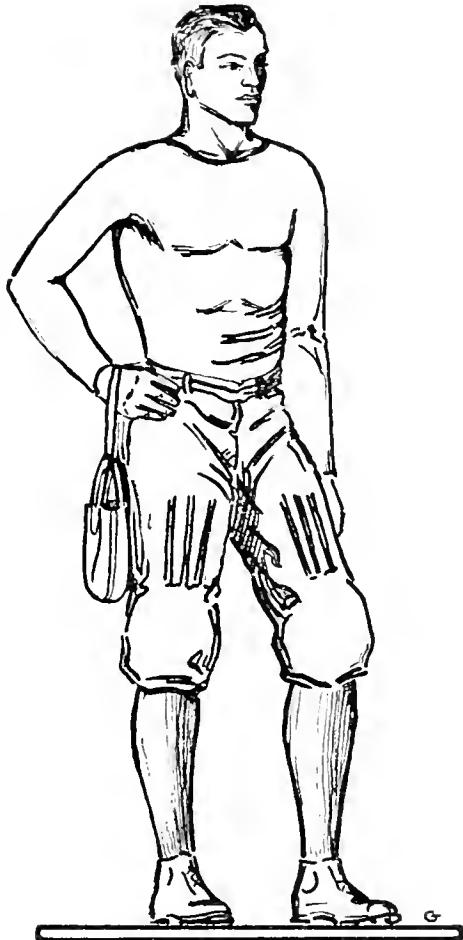
One look
tells



The Chicago Game Siren.



"Reports from Chicago say that three of Stagg's men are unable to play due to
injuries received while dancing the tango."
"'Nother 'Bear' Story."



Win or Lose, We'll Celebrate

I.

*Tis the day of the biggest game of all,
The air is crisp and clear,
The stands are bright with spots of light
For the college world is here,
The hum of the glad young voices
Reflects the spirit elate,
Which ever way is the game today,
Win or lose, we'll celebrate,*

II.

*Look there, the team is trotting out,
Filled to the brim with fight,
Hark to the cry that rends the sky,
There'll be heroes among them tonight,
Now, men, we have put our trust in you,
Remember, it's never too late,
Let every man give the best he can,
Win or lose, we'll celebrate,*

III.

*And when the sun's long crimson rays
Fall slanting across the field,
And one of the teams had the better means,
And someone was forced to yield,
Perhaps our boys are not the ones
Favored this time by fate—
Comes the cry again, "Cheer louder men,
"Win or lose, we'll celebrate,"*

IV.

*And whether we win or whether we lose,
A lesson for all is there,
To enter each fight with the knowledge of right,
And play every game on the square,
So although we may not always win—
Let each do his best to play straight
And after the fray at the end of each day,
Win or lose, we can celebrate.*

—W. E. T.



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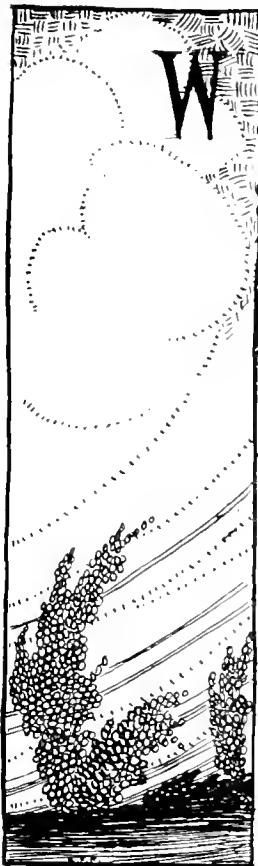
Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.



HE SIREN would raise her voice against knocking, against this subtlest and worst of knocking, against this "If I were doing it, I"—, or "A bunch of boobs are running it, if I"—, sort of stuff you often hand out to people who come to you for real information, and are dependent upon you for their idea of the game, of the team, or of anything of which you could at least say the best. We know "there's a reason" for sour grape nuts, but no man on the side lines need act like one of them, and kill the loyalty of those about him by shaking the bones of a skeleton dragged out of the closet of his pessimistic mind. We must remember that Loyalty is a contagious thing and that nobody will catch the fever if you sterilize the atmosphere with such a preventative as knocking.

To be sure a fellow has a right to his own opinion of the strength of the team, of its style of play, and of its championship prospects, however gloomy it may be. He has a right to air his opinions in a crowd of his fellow rooters who know the conditions and are able to take his conclusions with a wee bit of salt. But a man has no right to testify against his team before another college man even in the most personal conversation. He has no right to murder the spirit of loyalty that surges in every Co-ed's breast by his discouraging, yet supposedly more mature, judgments. He has no right to shatter the idealism of the little girl from home, who thinks that Jack's Varsity is the best in the world, by an exhibition of his own shriveled loyalty.

Think the best, say the best, and keep down the rot; it may hurt your reputation as a prophet, but it will save you the name of a "KNOCKER."



E are going to Chicago, three thousand strong! We are going with colors flying and the band playing and every heart swelling with the pride of backing Illinois.

We will go as thousands have gone before us; we will shout as they have shouted, we will fight as they have fought, and we will win as they have won.

We need not have the larger score to gain a victory. To put into the game all of which we are capable, to keep our playing clean and true, to realize the fullest possibilities of sportsmanship—that is the real victory, and that is the victory which has always been Illinois'. That wonderful Illinois spirit whose pulses throb thru every undergraduate activity and is known and felt wherever there are Illini, was born and grew up in the years in which our bleachers were backing losing teams.

We have had our *winning teams*; that is the kind of team we are going to Chicago to back. But winning or losing we will be right behind them all the time cheering them on to the real victory.

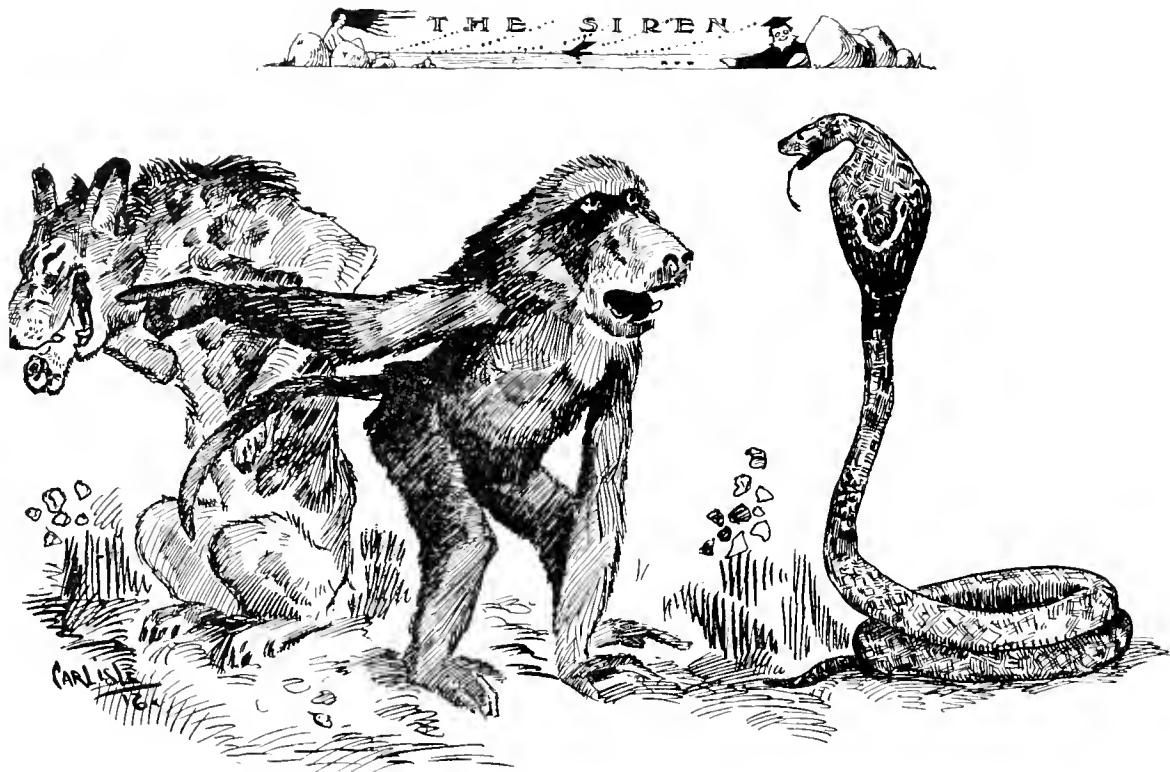
And when the game is over and the victory is won, the same old pride will come swelling into our hearts, the same old spirit go ringing in our cheers—and every Illini may stand before the world and say,

" . . . All I ask for mine
Is to stand, hat in hand,
With the best in the land,
And BACK THAT ILLINI LINE."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

SHALL those who admire and champion the tango be forced to suffer thru the indiscretions of a few thoughtless persons? If the devotees of dancing will be more considerate—keep the arm out and the bodies a respectable distance apart there will be no danger of the tango being abolished. The tango is really a graceful and beautiful dance and should be looked upon as such instead of the deplorable manner in which some dancers must view it.

Dancing at Illinois is as much of an institution as athletics, studies, etc. Dancing here is the Friday and Saturday night recreation instead of the usual down-to-the-city jaunts prevalent in most schools. We should then make our dancing clean, interesting and unmarred in order that it continue as such. If the tango is killed at Illinois, dancing will experience a decided slump; and if the present dancing is not remedied, it will be well deserved.



"Have you heard the gnus?"
 "No."
 "They're yelling their heads off."



THE FUSSER.

When you can't get her out of your thoughts, young man,
 And you hate what you have to do,
 And you cut every class that you find that you can
 And the others you hurry through.

When you can't think straight though you try and try
 I know how the symptom goes,—
 There's only thing for you to do
 The next time you see her,—propose.

When you think when you're called to the telephone
 It is she who has called you up
 And because it isn't you'll sigh and groan,
 And sulk like a punished pup.

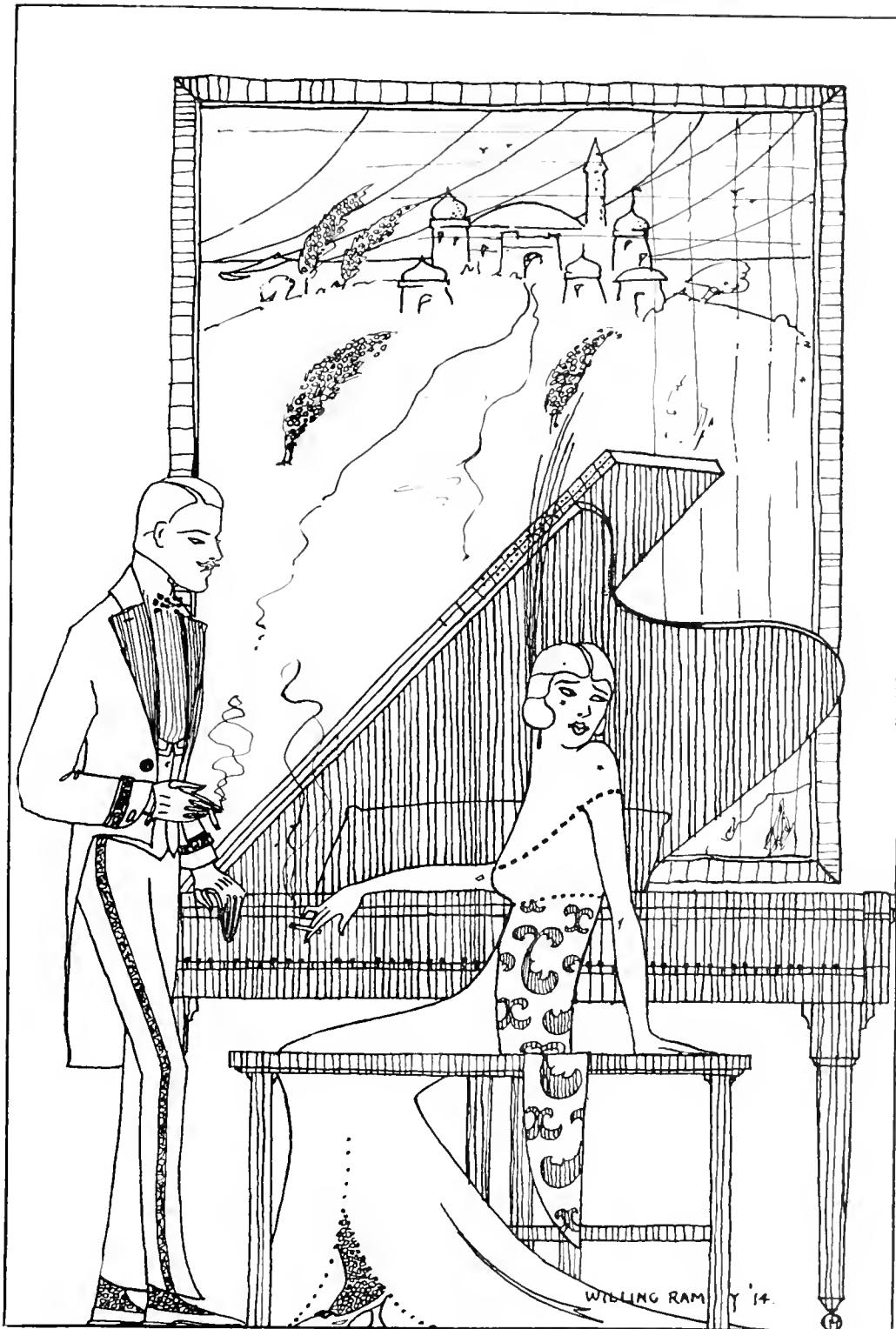
When you can't add figures or eat just right
 And your thoughts are all awhirl,
 There's only one way to get over it,—
 And that is to marry the girl.



A Chicago paper tells of an old maid who set her room afire while trying to warm her feet before going to bed. Here's a prize for any man who is seeking real wedded happiness.



That is certainly some Harry Lauder tie.
 If it were any louder I wouldn't wear it.



DAWSON IV
FORTUNE HUNTER



□□◎□□

FIRST DOWN OR FEATHER DOWN.

The boys were smashing them down the field; the game was great; and she, bless her heart, was enjoying it immensely. And I, as I sat beside her, was as happy as I could be as I was battered back and forth by the feather on her hat.

The whole story started with the kick-off; I realize now that my troubles might have been less if I had kicked first, but I was too much of a gentleman to remark about the position of that fine plume so near to my face. I felt the first down when the first down was made as she whisked the feather over my nose in her excitement. Then came a lively scrimmage, and I was kept busy with a lively plumage. After a few bruises with the tickler, I tried to play off side a foot or two, but she caught me and declared that she would pout if I didn't get into the game with her.

Before the first quarter was over I was trying hard to get her signals for an end run, whenever she would toss her proud little head in glee, but her interference was so good that I was caught around the neck every time I attempted to dodge around the end of the feather. I couldn't complain of this rather high tackling, for I imagine that is the style of play a girl resorts to when she wants to get her man.

To tell the truth, I was helpless before this new-fangled head gear. I thought of holding, but I was afraid of being set back about twenty-five yards in her estimation. Goaded to desperation, I resolved to grab the offending ostrich

ornament, but she wouldn't hold herself quiet long enough in her enthusiasm to allow me the opportunity of a fair catch. Then when the team made a touch-down, why—that was all my poor face did was—touch down. That was the reason I looked so tickled when we won the game.

As I walked home with her after the game but upon the side away from the feather, and finally stood on the deserted veranda of her beautiful home just as the evening shadows were cuddling up in the corners and beginning to play upon the lawn, she looked up into my eyes and said, "I am so glad you didn't become angry at my fake playing; I knew that that feather was bothering you all the time. I just wanted to see—"

I began to feel proud of myself.

"Little girl," I whispered as I leaned over, "I am going to penalize you for tickling."

"Just a moment, please," and she removed her hat.

□□◎□□

FOOTBALL TERM.



Gool—from the Field.



MY EXPERIENCES IN EUROPE.

By DEAN 'NARKLE CLARK.

I. ITALY.

The chief sport in Naples is drinking chianti from nice little straw covered bottles. Now, as reputation goes, I'm against it. Yes, sir! But, in Italy one must do as the Romans do, so willy nilly I had to follow suit. You can't play a diamond when hearts are lead. So, there I was sitting on the piazza of an Italian conversazione letting the demoniacal stuff trickle down my gullet. If T. N. E. could see me now, I thought, they'd feel less hard, I'm sure. Then the seraglio brought on a steaming plate of spaghetti running with delicious tomato gore. "Italiana, Italiana", I whistled between my teeth and remembering my vow to do just as the Italians do, I started to eat the spaghetti with my hands. It was hot and it hurt. Then of a sudden, the head seraglio comes sprinting up. "Che, Che, signorina," he gasped, "non dolce far niente". I looked up at him over the rims of my glasses in my inimitable fashion. "Diavolo", I grunted, "nicht versteh", and I grabbed up another hand full and threw it at him. "Multas grazias", he shrieked in pain, "taka da fork". "Never", I cried, "when I'm in Italy I does as the guinies do, but if hot applications can teach you English I'll teach yuh." Then I stood up and kicked him in the intermezzo. He doubled up and lay down on the floor.

Everybody jumped up from the tables and yelled "Lazzaroni".

I got up again and bowed and resumed my task of eating the infernal spaghetti.

Pretty soon a couple of dago coppers rushed in. (I almost called them woppers). "Carbor-nari?" they shouted, pointing to me.

"Si, Si, signors", the people cried.

They grabbed me.
We tussled.

Then the biggest fellow half-Nelsoned me, and the skinny one tied me up with the spaghetti from my plate. It made my heart bleed to see the succulent delicacy be sacrificed in such a base fashion. Then Skinny took my bottle of chianti and poured it over my sporty new suit. It turned from a brilliant yellow to a horrible bloody color.

What next, thought I.

Fatty lighted me with a glowing braggadocio. The flames spouted high and I did some fast thinking. If I can only tell them stories, thought I, I will have them going and perhaps I can collect enuf by the performance to pay my fine tomorrow morning.

I started in with my famous mother-in-law yarn which is known the world over. The gaping audience slowly gasped the subtle humor of the story and slowly and silently started to double up with suppressed mirth. Surreptitiously I gnawed at my spaghetti bonds. Another and another yarn succeeded the first and pretty soon the population lay strung out upon the floor like so many Corpo di Baccho. Still I gnawed at my bonds in a fine frenzy. My famous drunk story, my hands were free. My sorority tale, my feet were free, and half of Naples lay spellbound on the floor of the piazza. But the fire on my suit burned like boccaccio. How the dickens could I put it out? Ah, an idea, I had an idea!

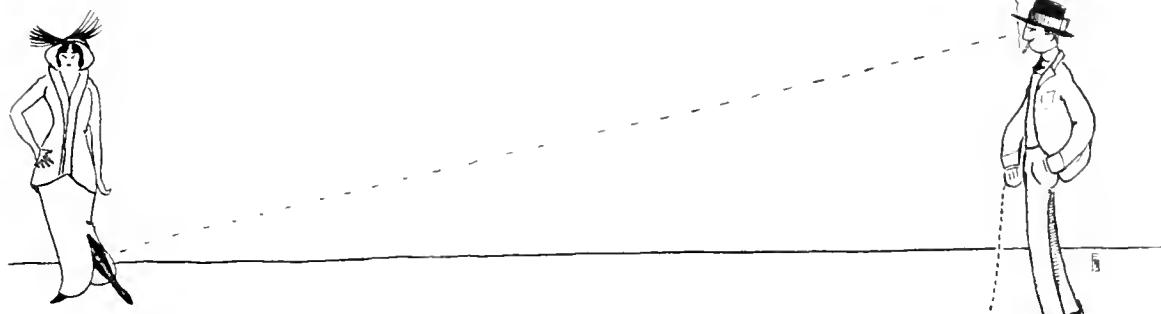
Lightly I stepped over the prostrate forms. They were fast asleep. I rushed into the street.

No water in sight!

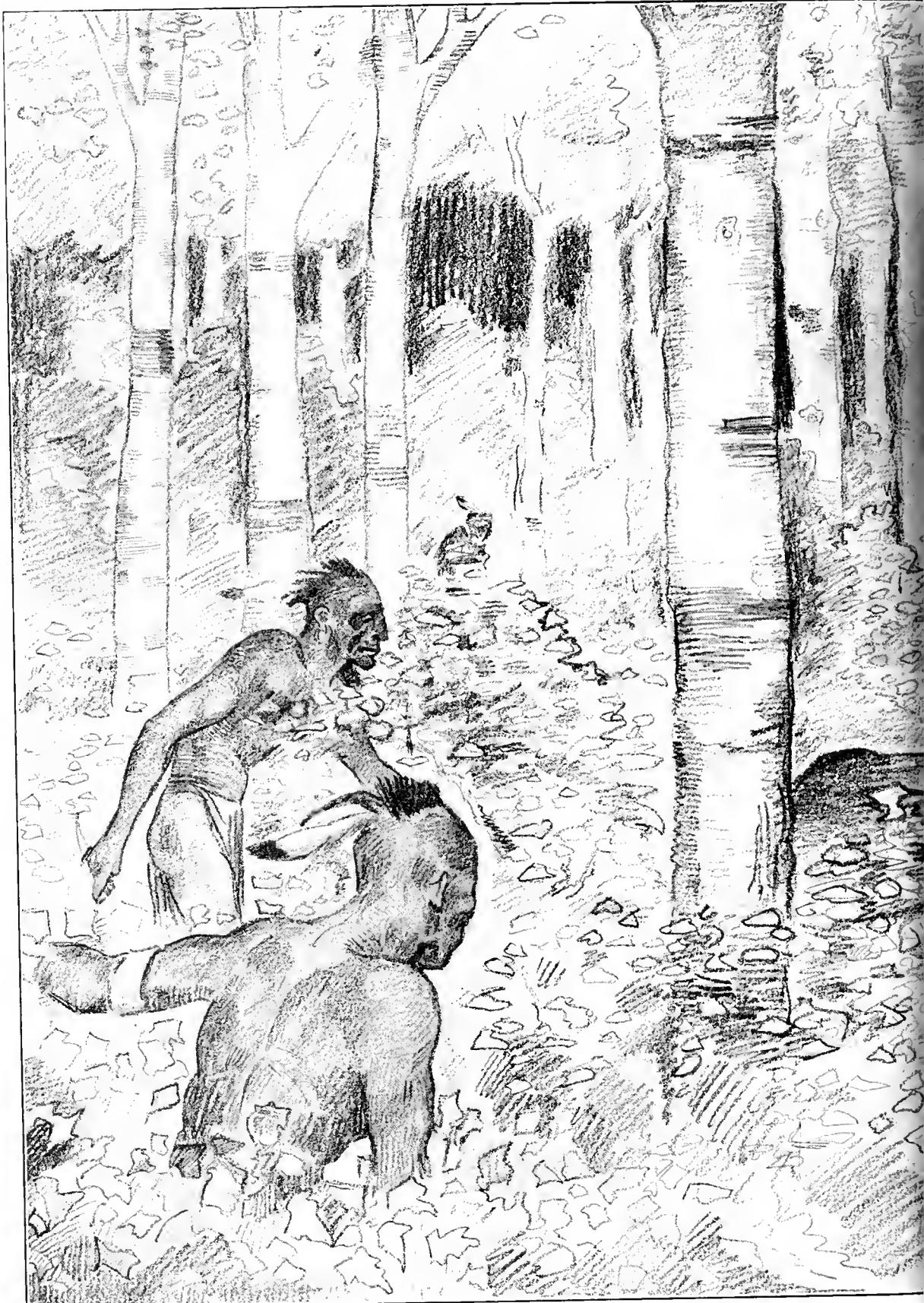
My blazing form lit up the town for miles around.

I spied a pole. I shinned up it and sat on the pinnacle, a living torch.

"I'm a lamp, I'm lighted", I yelled. And I guess I was.



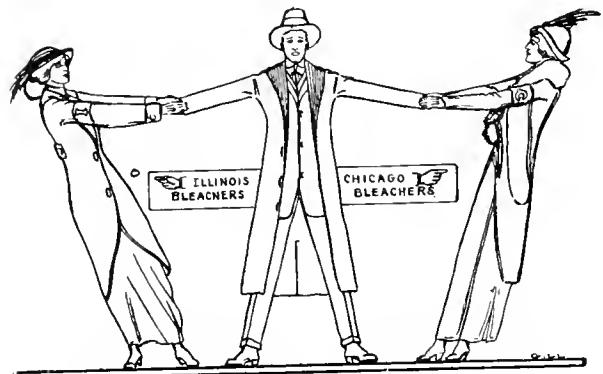
Peg o' My Heart.



THE E



GAME



Another Phase of the Eternal Question.



There is one thing you have to give the cannibal credit for, and that is that he is very fond of children.



"Jones' friends bawled him out for not being elected to membership in the Delmar Club."

"Yes, and his enemies blackballed him out."



A CASE OF EQUALITY.

Quizz—I say, old man, can you tell me why women never wear slits on the left side of their skirts?

Bizz—That's simple, my boy; ladies always wear their slits on the side they are able to show their "rights."



B. V. D.

He—How do you like the "International Rag"?

She—How dare you, sir! I've only seen their advertisement.



George—You say that you like Spring better than Fall—what can you see in Spring?

Herbert—X-ray skirts.



A SIREN BEAUTY HINT.

If studies account
For th' state of your looks,
Grow handsome, my boy,
To Hell with the books!!



ON HIS VACATION.

The old blind man of Tilitz
Is off on begging for bits,
But watches with smiles
The latest in styles
That's out in X-rays and slits.



Tres Moutard



"We had a ripping good time last night."
 "So I thought. I saw you tearing down the boulevard at sixty miles an hour."

□ □ © □ □

"I understand that he's one of the city's most promising young men."
 "He is, but his promises never materialize."

□ □ © □ □

Newlywed—I know a man who can tell by the bumps on your head what kind of a man you are.

Henpecked Hubby—Anyone can tell what kind of a wife I have by the bumps on my head.

□ □ © □ □

AFTER SHE HAD PROMISED.

She—Have you ever had any insanity in your family?
 He—No, father would not stand for the expense of an alienist expert, and so when I sowed my wild oats, mother had to explain it to the neighbors as just plain darned foolishness.

□ □ © □ □

THERE'S A REASON.

Dubb—Why is it distasteful to you to see a lady satisfy her thirst at one of those new sanitary fountains?
 Glubb—Why, man, why? It's because I hate to see a woman stoop to drink.

□ □ © □ □



The Salamander.



A Schlitz Girt'.

□ □ © □ □

HOW IT'S DONE.

Don't you think that your "chicken" joke is getting too old to spring again?
 I do.
 But how do you expect to get it over, then?
 Oh, pullet.

□ □ © □ □

A MID-SUMMER'S TALE.

"I met a girl in Nevada,
 She wore a gown so bad, oh,
 'Twas so thin, by gun,
 If she stood in th' sun,
 It wouldn't appear on her shadow."

□ □ © □ □

A FROSH.

Most every freshman is dumb,
 But the one whose head is the thickest
 Is the one who wanted a coupon book
 And asked for a season ticket.

□ □ © □ □

Divorce is the only life boat that is carried by the old ship Matrimony.

□ □ © □ □

"If I should die would you marry again?"
 "Perhaps, if the trap was set differently."



AT THE GAME.



Fulton took something that didn't agree with him.

□ □ © □ □

AN OBITUARY.

Here lies our wife, Samantha Proctor,
Who ketched a cold and wouldn't doctor.
She could not stay, she had to go,—
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Binks—Understand that little blonde got your number?
Jinks—Yep! she called up "Information."

□ □ © □ □

"Let's go out and play tennis."
"Can't do it; wrenched my knee and I won't be able
to play for two weeks."
"But I only want you to play for two hours."

□ □ © □ □

NUMBER 9 SANDPAPER.

Prof—How many grains do you think there are to the
square inch?

Stude—Roughly—about ten thousand.

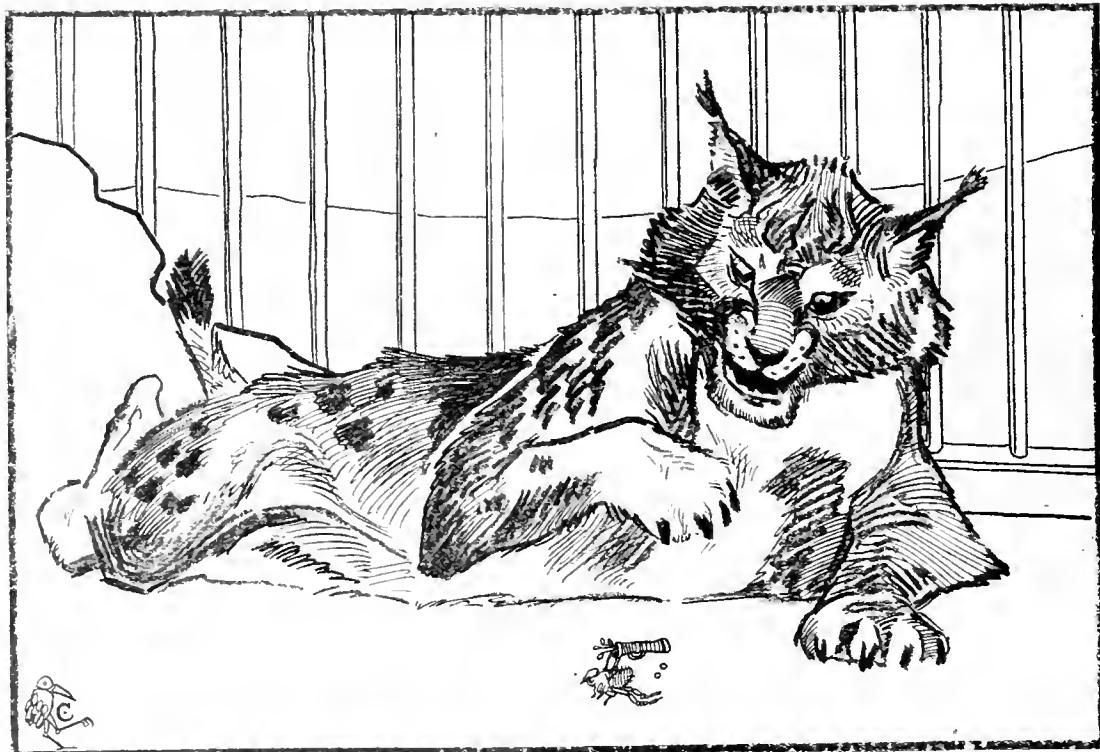
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"Who's that striking woman?"
"Dunno; she was just arrested for beating her hus-
band."

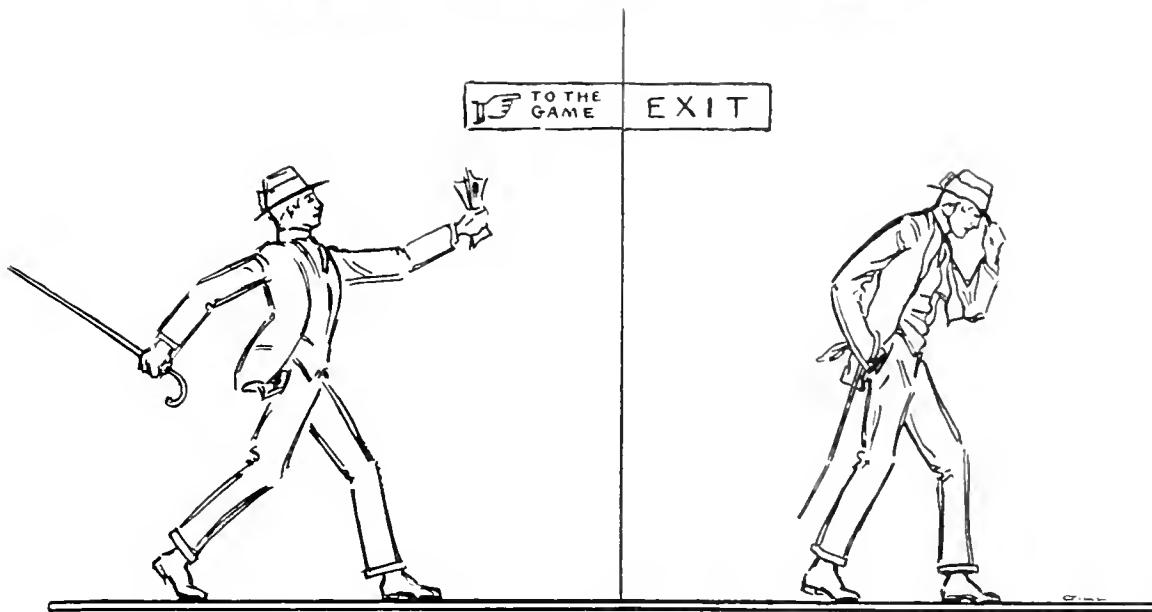
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General—Did you get any pointers on the enemy's
lines?

Scout—Pointers? Sev'ral—bayonets!



Billy Flea, golf enthusiast—Too many hazards on this Lynx.



Whose time is it this time?

"The women have always been determined to throw off the yoke."

"Yes. Look at the decolleté gown."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

Sue—Isn't Algy a perfect tango dancer?

Bess—Yes, indeed; he won all of the Turkish Trophies for Turkey Trotting.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

"What is his caliber?"

"Mental?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's a member of the class of '17, but I think his caliber is '22."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

Jinks—Did he heed the "Back to Nature" call?

Jenks—He must have; he had an unsuccessful career as a wrestler.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

"Why is it that medical fees are so low in this town?"

"Oh, the doctors are continually knifing each other."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

"MOTHER, I AM YOUR SON."

"Mother, may I go and play
In a real football game?"

"Yes, my boy, but this I pray,
You must repeat your name,
When they bring you back today
Your face won't be the same;
Mother won't know what to say
Unless you prove her claim."



Facts About Mythology: or Why Lacoon Saw the Snakes.



WORRY.

Worry is the one common ailment of humanity. The new born babe worries lest he be left alone and his cries bring the whole household to him. They are worrying lest he be sick. All through life he will have something to worry about. And he will be the chief worry of his parents. The more the business man has to worry about the larger the estate he will leave to his children. Why is it that worry is so prevalent? The struggling poet worried lest he would starve, and by the time he had secured the necessary cash to purchase a meal he became ill. The doctor told him he had contracted dyspepsia from constant worrying. And then he *couldn't* eat.

But we all must have something to worry about, even to the old maid whose chief care is to see that the cat is put out at night. The problem then is to do our worrying the most effectively. To accomplish this end I propose to organize a Worry Club. First of all, do not confuse this with a Don't Worry Club. This is distinctly a worry club. The object will be to worry and get the most out of it. Everyone will be eligible. The members will devote one hour each

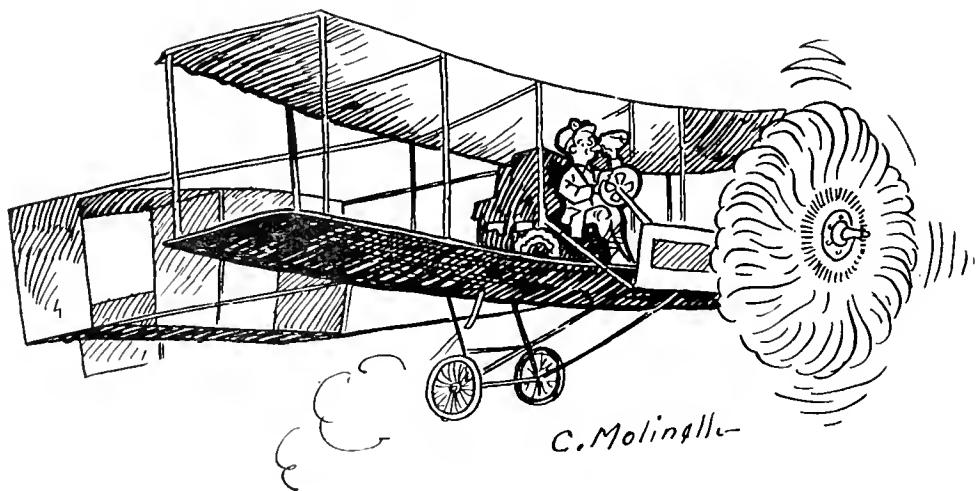
day to worrying. Select a suitable hour and then confine all of your worrying to that hour. You will find that you can do more worrying and obtain better results if you do it all at once.

Then if some one comes to you with a hard luck story or a query about the possible championship, tell them to come back at this scheduled hour and you will worry about it then. This will develope system, and save your other hours for your duties. When you find that you do not require an hour to complete your worrying you have become more efficient and need only to set aside half an hour. Soon you will need only fifteen minutes and then five, until you will be free from worry entirely. At this point you become an honorary member of the Club and you retire to let someone else take your place.

When you become an honorary member you pay your membership fee of one hundred dollars into the club treasury which fund will be used to wipe the curse of worry from off the world. Will you join the club? We invite you to membership. It will cure you of worrying, and you need it because right now you are worrying where that hundred dollars is going to come from.



SHOOTING TERM



Taking a Swallow on the Wing.



THE BALLAD OF MIKE McCALL.

There came a brawny Irishman
To a college town one fall
He wanted to be a smart C. E.
And squint through a transit tall.

He wandered by the football field,
The coach was looking grim.
Then rubbed his eyes, "Ha! Ha!—a prize,
I'll make a guard of him."

(Continued on Page 52)



WANTED

Watches That Won't Keep Time

Yes, we want you to bring us your watch that won't keep time and let us look at it and tell you the reason it won't, and the cost to have it put in first-class condition. No matter how fine a movement you have, we will be able to put it in good shape. We also take pleasure in calling your attention to our engraving department. We carry a line of exclusive fine stationery. Estimates and samples upon request.

RAY. L. BOWMAN

WALKER OPERA HOUSE

A good store in a good town, where the quality is always the best.



WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE

Oct. 18
Nov. 29
Jan. 17
Jan. 30
Feb. 7
Apr. 11
May 30

CRYSTAL

Nov. 14
Jan. 17

ONYX

Oct. 3
Nov. 1
Dec. 13
Jan. 16
Feb. 21
May 16

GRIDIRON

Nov. 22
Jan. 9
Mar. 14
May 9
May 30

VARSITY

Oct. 4
Nov. 8
Jan. 24
Feb. 28
Mar. 14
April 18

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

THE BALLAD OF MIKE McCALL.

(Continued from Page 51)

They dressed him in a padded suit,
And taught him about the game,
Said he "If McCall can't play football
It will surely be a shame."
He proved to be a terror,
And made the rest look tame.
Said the coach to the cap, "He sure can scrap,
Hold him out till the last big game."
That last game was terrific,
The field was red with gore.
Cried the captain "Quick! bring on the mick,
We cannot let them score."

Hurrah! the next instant the time was up,
Mike's kick had won the game.
And his famous shoe is still on view,
In that college hall of fame.

So they brought him from his hiding
And placed him near the ball,
So big was he, no one could see
The rest of the players at all.

The opposing halfback started
For a run around the end,
Then cried McCall, "Give up that ball,
If you want to stay my friend."

The runner though, came grimly on
But he reckoned without his hosts.
Mike picked up the ball, with the halfback tall,
And booted them over the posts!

All The New Things First

Spence's new Shop of Quality on Main Street at Neil is the newest haberdashery in town.

¶ Naturally his things are all fresh and up-to-the-very-second just now and they surely are "right".

¶ The Spence Shop is constantly watching out for the very-very-newest of the new things and you are assured of always being able to find the smartest things there.

Emerson Spence
Tailoring
Haberdashery
Main Street at Neil

"The Shop of
Quality"

HAVE YOUR

Dance Programs Printed

At the place where they
know how

The Urbana Courier Co.

Opposite the Post Office

"Ask Frailey - He Knows."



Old No. 21 Main St.

Champaign, Ill.

New No. 1008 Main St.

The Chester Transfer Co.
SOLICITS YOUR
Baggage, Livery and Carriage Work

*Tell the deal-
er you want
Lewis' Single
Binder*

*Annual Sales
12,000,000 a
year proves good
quality*

You
Pay
10c
For
Cigars
Not
So
Good



Rich, Mild
Quality
That
Never
Varies

STRAIGHT UP

"They say he's a fine, upstanding fellow."
"Every bar within a radius of a mile of here knows it!"—*Judge*.

We Rent
Visible Remingtons
Visible Smith Premiers
Visible Monarchs

TERMS: { \$ 3.00 for one month
 { \$15.00 for six months

Machines in first-class condition. Sent anywhere

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)

404 East Monroe St., I, O. O. F Bldg.
Springfield, Ill.

J. H. NIEMANN, Jr.

Local Representative 77 Neil St. Bell phone 448

AT THE SEA SHORE

She—Do you like the rag?
He (after a critical survey)—Yes, what there is of it.—*The Pelican*.



QUESTIONS

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
When Eve toiled and Adam sweat,
Who was then the suffragette?

—*Biff*.

New High-Art Pictures

Mounts Cupids Madonnas
Heads Landscapes

Hand Colored---Beauties---Very Low Prices

MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE

Champaign, Ill.

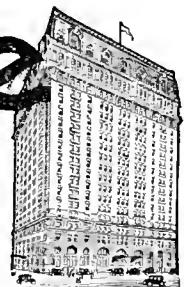
Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

The central location, perfect service, excellent equipment, luxurious furnishings and home-like atmosphere make Hotel La Salle the most popular hotel in Chicago. Whether you come to Chicago on pleasure or on business you will find Hotel La Salle the ideal place to stay.

It's easiest to reach—and closest to every place you want to go—Theatres, Public Buildings, Shopping Streets, Financial and Business Districts lie at its very door. Hotel La Salle gives more for the price you pay than any other hotel in Chicago.

Everybody Likes Hotel La Salle



RATES:

		Per Day
One Person		
Room with detached bath	-	\$2 to \$3
Room with private bath	-	\$3 to \$5
Two Persons		Per Day
Room with detached bath	-	\$3 to \$5
Room with private bath	-	\$5 to \$8
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath		
Two Persons	-	Per Day
Four Persons	-	\$5 to \$8
		\$8 to \$15

La Salle at Madison Street, Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager

LIKELY TO STAY THERE

First Undergraduate—Have you telegraphed the old man for money?

Second Undergraduate—Yes.

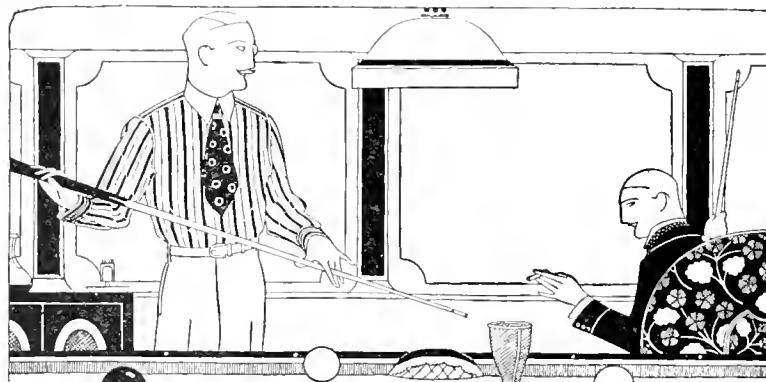
"Got an answer?"

"Yes. I telegraphed the old man, 'Where is that money I wrote for?' and his answer reads, 'In my inside pocket.'"

"They say Ella's fiancé has money to burn."
"Well, he has met his match."—*Town Topics*.



Parent—Why are you coming home so early from school?
Mischievous but Precocious Offspring—Simply a matter of principal.—*Yale Record*.



© 1913 BY
CP & CO INC

ARROW SHIRTS

Note the styles, enjoy the comfort and test the quality that an Arrow label assures in shirts. \$1.50. up.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., Troy, N. Y. Makers of ARROW COLLARS

"An' wher-r-re have ye been the day, mon?"
"Over-r-r to oor Roggie Zombr-r-r-ro's a lookin' at the bonne tweeds an' cheviots he's got for a showin'. Yeh see, Maggie is thinkin' of makin' me some new kilties and onyone knows that oor Roggie has the bonniest plaids this side o' Glesca toon."
"Yea, pit a Scotsman above groun' and he'll make guid, as the Yanks have it. Our Roggie isna sae muckle poor!"

Zom Zombro

Green Ave.

Champaign



WHEN YOU TRAVEL TAKE THE

Illinois Traction System

MCKINLEY LINES



Clean,
Comfortable,
Frequent,
Convenient,
Safe

AUTOMATIC BLOCK SIGNALS

Protect all Train Movements

When You Go Home Ride the

"ROAD OF GOOD SERVICE"

Bell 2142

Auto 1273

USE



**The Price is Right The Quality is Right
ASK YOUR GROCER**

TWIN CITY CREAMERY CO.

New No. 1004 Ware Place

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Service

Call a Brown Limousine
or Taxi

Herrick & Stoltey GARAGE

Auto 1543

Bell 187

Honesty pays in the long run.
Yes, but it's sometimes a mighty long run.



First Fusser—You can't wear either black or white shoes at dances any more.

Second Ditto—I bite.

First F.—Nothing but tan go.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.



"Why so sad, Archibald?"
"A friend of mine has gotten engaged."
"Cheer up, you'll get another girl."
"Girl hell!—where will I get a present?"—*Cornell Widow*.



REVISED

Give a fellow enough rope and he'll smoke himself sick.—*Chaparral*.

**The
Illinois Billiard Hall
has moved to
306 and 308 Hickory Court
Cavanaugh Bros.
Smokers Snndries**



THE PRINTING OF
BOOKS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

Is a large part of our business

WE PRINT THESE PERIODICALS:

THE ALUMNI QUARTERLY
THE FORTNIGHTLY NOTES
THE SIREN
THE SIGMA XI QUARTERLY
NORTH CENTRAL ASSOCIATION REPORT
THE UNIVERSITY STUDIES
STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES
THE UNIVERSITY REGISTER, and Many Others.

WE ARE EQUIPPED FOR ALL TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS
IF YOU HAVE PRINTING TO BE DONE
WE KNOW HOW TO DO IT

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THE HOME
of the
MIRROR
SCREEN

LYRIC Present-
ing
HIGH CLASS
THEATRE PHOTO PLAYS

Sanitary, Clean and Comfortable

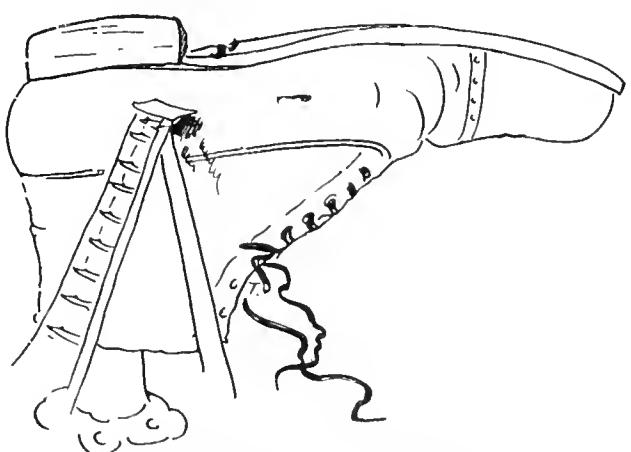
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Every Day

Pathé Weekly
The Illustrated
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Multiple Reel
Features
Three Times
A Week

SHOES REPAIRED

One day Service



HARRY R. LaSELL

*First door North of Boneyard. Wright Street
Champaign, Illinois*



HOME--COMING NOV. 14, 15, 16

TELL EVERY LAST FRIEND YOU'VE GOT ABOUT IT

-- B O O S T --

EMPIRE Steam Laundry

103 West University Ave.
SHAW & PLOTNER BROS., Props.
Telephones: Home 1392; Bell 748

Champaign Steam Laundry

ON the square, assembly, if a girl wants to just land me right smack dab into the boat, if she wants to hypnotize me and make me feel like a million dollars, all she has to do is to subtly suggest (good stuff, that) that we ooze into Harris and Mead's and try to make nothing out of a li'l ol' lunch or a "choklit dubble". Ma-a-a-n that's enough to mesmerize a second dynasty sphynx. Ho-hum, I certainly should 'bibble'.





Student's Smile

When calling at Maurer's Jewelry Store on Neil St. and see the New Stuff and the reasonable prices. Waldemar Chains and Santoir Chains, Link Buttons, Scarf Pins, Tie Clasps, Watch Fobs, College Pins and Souvenirs all kinds. Charlie will treat you right—come.

CHAS. MAURER, Jeweler
Next Door Elk Billiard Hall

*Before your dance
try the Beardsley's
6 o'clock dinners
in our private dining room.*



BEARDSLEY HOTEL
Champaign, Ill.

NEW CURE

Country Lady (after descending the Woolworth Tower)—Mercy, how these fast elevators do take one's breath away!

Saturated Sam (who must soon return to his uxorial roof)—Me for the—hic—elevator.—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*



Boaster—I am a self-made man, I am.
Roaster—Well, there's one thing you needn't worry about.

Boaster—What's that?

Roaster—Taking out a patent.—*The Pathfinder.*



Young Doctor's Wife—Oh, Jack, just fancy! There's a patient in the sitting room.

Young Doctor—All right, dear, I won't be a moment. Just run and lock him in.—*Life.*



AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

She—Oh, dear! I forgot to wind my ankle watch!

He—Allow me—er—that—is—did you?—*Judge.*



Eeks—Saw a young woman with an X-ray skirt this morning and I looked the other way when she came between me and the sun. What would you have done under the circumstances?

Ray—Same as you did, you d— liar!"—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*



Willie—What's a vision of bliss?

Bill—An X-ray skirt.—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*



She—Do you know why a sober, sensible man is always ready to strike a poor, harmless snake?

He—Perhaps because they can never hit the snake, except when they are sober.—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*



Sims—They serve such bad beer there.

Dims—Rats There isn't any bad beer. Some is just better than others.—*Punch Bowl.*

THE WHITE SHOP

CLEANING

and PRESSING

**Suits called for
and delivered.**

—
Calls answered promptly
—

Work done correctly
—

Deliveries made on time
—

Phone Bell 1237 118 S. Race St.

URBANA

Whenever you are in need of

Special Sizes in Rugs

or special work in Picture Framing, or anything at all in

Furniture

call on us. The variety and quality of our Library Furniture speaks volumes in its favor.

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Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Picture Framers, Undertakers



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Champaign,
Illinois

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Co. Wholesale Grocers

43-45 MAIN STREET
Champaign, Illinois

URBANA STEAM LAUNDRY

WHITE, PROPRIETOR

Student Agent, NICHOLS

Student Agent, AUTEN

First Stude—What makes that red spot on your nose?

Second Stewed—Glasses.

First Stude—Glasses of what?—*Purple Cow.*

FLOWERS

**BIGGEST VARIETY
BEST QUALITY
LOWEST PRICES**

To see them is to buy them

Call at

GUS JOHNSON'S

or phone in your order

**Springfield avenue and
Fifth Street**

ON THE CAR LINE

Bell 1179

Auto 1471

HOW HE KNEW

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students; "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For instance—

Picking up a jar of chemicals of vile odor he stuck one finger into it and then into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student.

After each one had licked his finger, and had felt rebellion through his whole soul, the old professor exclaimed triumphantly:

"I tol' ye so. Ye dinna use your faculties. For if ye had observed ye would have seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



DISQUALIFIED

Mrs. McCarthy—An' phwat does your son Teddy be doin' now, Mrs. Flynn?

Mrs. Flynn—He's doin' toime, Mrs. McCarty;—but it's not his fault that he's a pickpocket, poor bye! They won't let him on the peerleece foorse on account of his lungs.—*Puck.*



Joe—I've got a chicken from home over in my room; come along.

Gish—What's her name? — *Princeton Tiger.*

Fond Mamma—They say Sylvia's arms are so well shaped because I have made her do a great deal of sweeping.

Chemist (trying to make a hit)—Does she walk much, Mrs. Ridgeley?

Exit Sylvia.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*



OBITUARY

He had just been placed on probation for the third time.

"But, Dean," he said earnestly, "I am trying."

"Yes," said the Dean, as he opened the door, "very!"—*Lampoon.*



HIS EXPLANATION

Boss (meeting clerk at ball game)—How is this, Perkins? You asked off to go to a funeral.

Clerk—Yes, sir; that's what it's been for the home team.—*Boston Transcript.*



Willie—What made the tower of Pisa lean?

Willie—Why-er, it was built in time of famine.—*Chapparral.*



I SHOULD SMILE

Maiden—Do you day-dream much?

Man—Oh, my, yes—you see, I'm a night watchman



Watching the Team

Good college spirit, but to help the time pass you need Fatima Cigarettes.

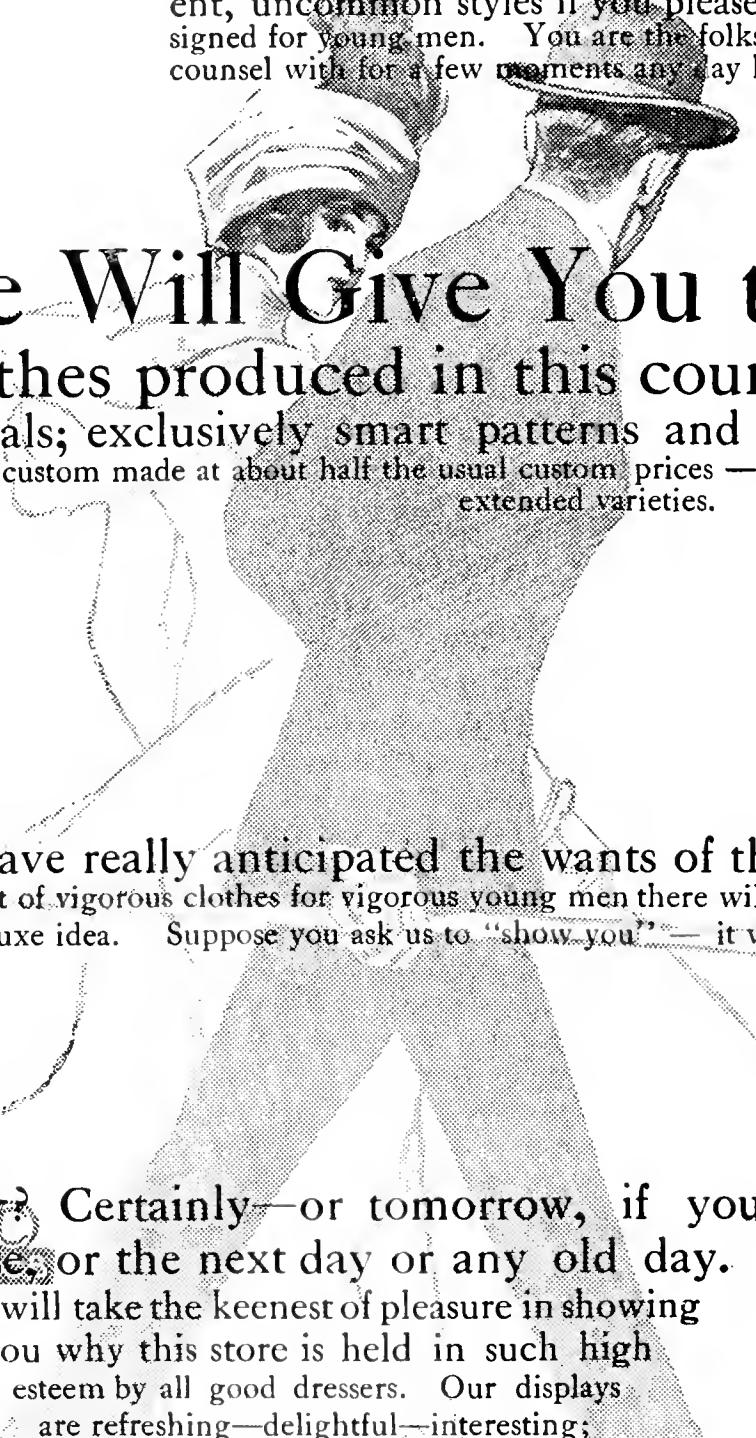
**20 for
15 cents**

With each package of Fatima you get a pennant coupon, 25 of which secure a handsome felt college pennant (12x32) — selection of 100.



You Young Chaps Who

are keen for styles that are totally different, uncommon styles if you please, especially designed for young men. You are the folks we want to hold counsel with for a few moments any day here now.



We Will Give You the Smartest clothes produced in this country; smartest materials; exclusively smart patterns and colors, garments equal to custom made at about half the usual custom prices — and you can choose from our extended varieties.

Gulick Tailored Clothes

We have really anticipated the wants of the young men and in our exhibit of vigorous clothes for vigorous young men there will be seen every conceivable new and dé luxe idea. Suppose you ask us to "show you" — it will surely be a pleasure to do so.

Today? Certainly—or tomorrow, if you please, or the next day or any old day.

We will take the keenest of pleasure in showing you why this store is held in such high esteem by all good dressers. Our displays are refreshing—delightful—interesting, and above all valuable to you. Valuable in the ideas, qualities and values. Drop in and say, "Hello." Do it today--now.

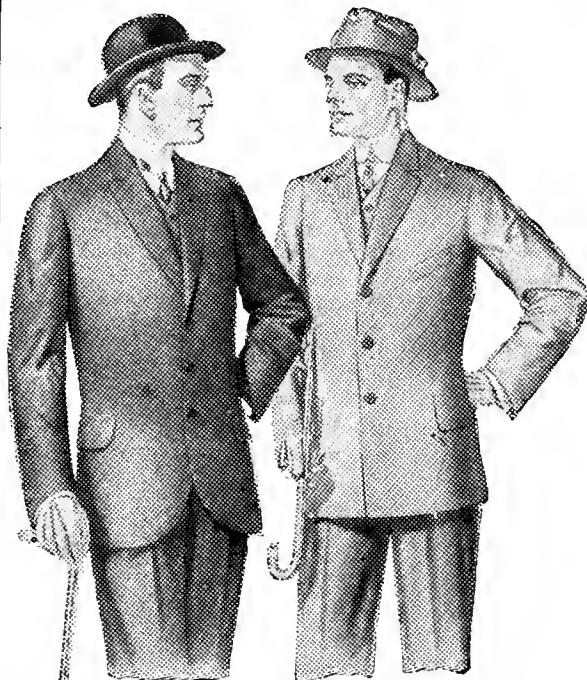
SIREN

•VOL. 3 NO. 3•



HOME-COMING

Babcock



Made-to-Measure

garments are the first choice of every clever dresser. They offer the best value, the greatest comfort, and the most lasting satisfaction.

"The Tailoring You Need" is made by A. E. Anderson & Company, Chicago, and is backed by a double guarantee covering the fit, materials and workmanship. The linings are guaranteed to wear as long as the suit.

Why not order your Fall suit to-day? You can't invest a few dollars in anything that will bring bigger returns. Our door is open and the tape measure is ready. Come in.

FRED G. MARSHALL

Tailoring and Furnishings
Bradley Arcade, Champaign, Ill.

LINDLEY DINING SHOP CO.

Cor. Fourth and Green Streets
Champaign

Meals Served in
Main Dining Room:
Lunch Room:

Lunch Counter
Short Orders
Tables for Ladies

Dolly Varden Tea Room:
Open Sunday Evenings
from 5:30 to 7:00
Reserved for Special
Parties During the Week

Banquets:
Complete Equipment
for Banquets, Lunch-
eons, etc., served any
place in the Twin Cities

GOING SOME

Joe—They say Blitz is a speedy gent at night.

King—Well I have seen him fast asleep.



ARDENTLY

Ruf—Do you follow the latest fashions?
Tuf—D— right, if they're on class.



"Have you any valid reason for hanging around that convent the way you do?"
"Nun."—*Minne-Ha-Ha*.



Bell 2250

Auto 2176

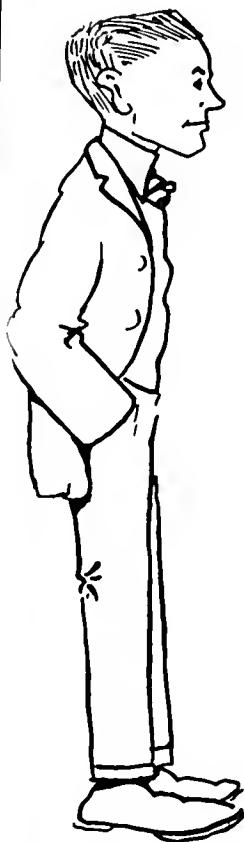
Dick's Place

Cleaning, Pressing
Repairing & Dyeing

Ladies' and Gents' Garments

*"you get everything
back but the dirt"*

508 East Green Street
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS



Prof.: "Define HOME-COMING."

Frosh.: "Home-coming is a yearly gathering of the old students."

Prof.: "What points of interest should all Home-comers visit?"

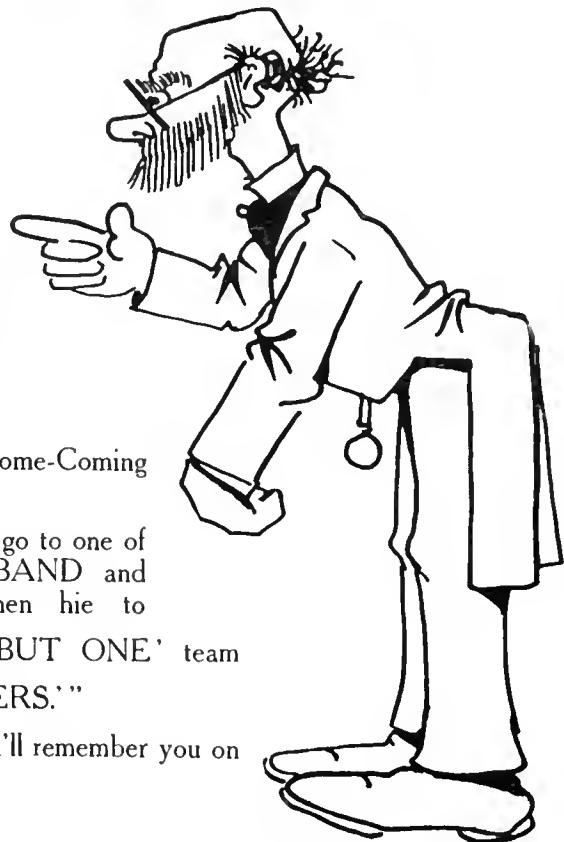
Frosh.: "They should visit every building on the campus and then call at **LLOYDE'S** where they can get POST CARDS, VIEW BOOKS and choice bits of ILLINOIS SOUVENIR JEWELRY."

Prof.: "What is the most important event of Home-Coming week?"

Frosh.: "Every man, woman and child should go to one of **LLOYDE'S STORES** get an ARM BAND and PENNANT, then hie to

Illinois Field and help ZUPP'S 'ALL BUT ONE' team
'HAMMER THE BOILER MAKERS.'"

Prof.: "You certainly have the right spirit. I'll remember you on Exam. day."



Father (visiting at college)—My son, these are better cigars than I can afford.

Son—That's all right, father; take all you want; this is on me.—*Yale Record*.



Announcer—The bar in the pole vault now stands at ten feet.

Voice from the Grandstand—I'm glad every bar doesn't stand that high.—*Yale Record*.



First Frosh—Did you ever look thru an X-Ray?

Second Frosh—Well, I passed one on the street yesterday.—*The Widow*.

NOW RUNNNIG

The Arcade Billiard Parlor

EVERYTHING SUPERFINE

**The Only Cheap Thing
Is the Prices**

Tobacco

Cigarettes

Cigars

WE WOULD BE

Pleased to Meet You

DEWEY

and

ROCKSIE

A CONVENIENT PLACE TO MEET YOUR FRIENDS

**Y. M. C. A.
BARBER SHOP**

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED
E. P. Gaston, Prop.



The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of MILWAUKEE

Is an "OLD TIMER"

We want every Illinois Man to know that our office is at his service.

TO OLD TIMERS

Come in and see us.

Talk over your adventures and experiences.

Our office, Stationery, type-writers, stamps and
cigars are yours. We want to see you.

BUSINESS PROPOSITION

DOES ADVERTISING PAY????????

¶ The resident student body comprises: male, 3,500; female, 800. THE NORTHWESTERN insures men only, from the age of 16 to 60 years. Presumably 7,000 men attended the U. of I. from Feb. 1st, 1911, to Nov. 15th, 1913. How many of these men have insured in the NORTHWESTERN during this time?

¶ I will pay TEN DOLLARS to any student or faculty member who guesses closest to the correct number. Detach and mail the attached coupon. The name of the lucky guesser will be published in the next issue of this paper.

¶ All answers must be in by December 1st, 1913.

F. R. SMEDLEY, District Agent

First National Bank Bldg.

Champaign, Ill.

Name _____

Address _____

My Guess is _____



SIXTH HOME-COMING

WUESTEMAN

The JEWELER

Invites you to come in, get a souvenir of the occasion and see the glittering display of Jewelry and kindred lines.

Specials for Home - Coming

\$1.75 Fraternity and Sorority Plates
with Greek Letters in 24 carat
gold at 85c each

WUESTEMAN

JEWELER of CHAMPAIGN

Keep Your Eye

ON

KANDY'S

Barber Shops

Green Avenue

University Place

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

He—Did you know that turning down the gas saves matches?
She—No, but turning down the gas often makes matches.

Editor's Note—Turning off an electric light often causes sparking. Turning off a gas light causes an increase of pressure. An increase of pressure causes a lessening of the waste.—*Lehigh Burr*.



"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn around and look after a gentleman?"

"But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

PROGRAM for "Home - Coming" Week

WARM
WANTS

{ Hot Coffee and Sandwiches
Hot Chocolates, Doughnuts
and Cakes
Hot Bouillons, Wafers

COLD
DESIRSES

{ Famous Bradley Bostons
Fruit Sundaes, Ice Cream
Divers Fountain Drinks

PLEASANT INTERIMS—A Bradley Date

Bradley

ARCADE

Across from the Date Factory.

Home-Made Pure Food Candies

Soft drinks of all kinds.

Every day is visitors' day in the Candy Kitchen at

SOL REIMUND

Over in Urbana

AGENT FOR THE VICTOR



THE SIREN

Bell { 1037
1038

TELEPHONES

Automatic { 1676
1212

HEGENBART CO.
GROCERIES

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
H. & D. FLOUR 49 LB. SACK FOR \$1.25 We guarantee this flour to give
absolute satisfaction or we will refund your money. When in need of Groceries give
us a trial. PROMPT DELIVERY.
101 and 103 North Neil St.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Spalding & Quirk

2 Drug Stores

Red Cross Store

59 N. Neil

Green St. Pharmacy

6th and Green

Exclusive Druggists

SMITH'S

The reasonable place to buy
Hamilton, Howard, Elgin and
Waltham Watches, Pairpoint
Cut Glass, Seth Thomas Clocks,
Alvin Silver, and all the leading
and best known lines of Solid
Gold and Gold Filled Jewelry.

Remember this is the store that
sells the Perfect Diamonds.

IN OUR SHOP

we do Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing, diamond setting,
engraving, and make wedding rings.

GRADUATE OPTICIANS

Opposite (East) Beardsley
CHAMPAIGN

FLOWERS

Biggest Variety
Best Quality
Lowest Prices

To see them is to buy them
Call at

GUS JOHNSON'S

or phone in your order

Springfield avenue and
Fifth Street

ON THE CAR LINE

Bell 1179

Auto 1471

The Boys are Getting "Hep"

To the fact that

Scott Sells

Some Sodas and Candies

SCOTT'S SODAS

2 Doors North of Lyric



“It Does Us Good”

¶ To see the Illini of the former days return.

¶ We are not mercenary in this.

¶ Our happiness is in no way dependent on your purchases.

¶ We are just glad you came ---for we too, are of the tribe of Illini.

The CO-OP.



MOLL and His HENDERSON

Everyone, of course, enjoys—and should have—the fresh

Morning air to ginger up,—to start the day right,—

Motorecycling, aboard the HENDERSON, will do the trick!

Only Motorcycle built that you would ride.

Let us demonstrate to you,—and show you a Motorecycle as

Light and smooth-running as a watch.

She is silent, durable, comfortable and speedy.

Every machine absolutely guaranteed in all respects.

Let us show you the FOUR CLYINDER advantages;

Look at the flexibility and power of a highly developed engine!

Same proposition exactly as the high class automobile.

The HENDERSON is the one you will be proud to ride:

Hike right out! Open 'er up! And it doesn't sound like the ARTILLERY had cut loose either.

Every rider is happy with his Henderson.

How exhilarating to speed along over the roads!

Either creep along at four miles,—or beat it! EIGHTY MILES an hour!

No pedals to bend or break, but comfortable, easy footrests.

Dependable construction in every particular.

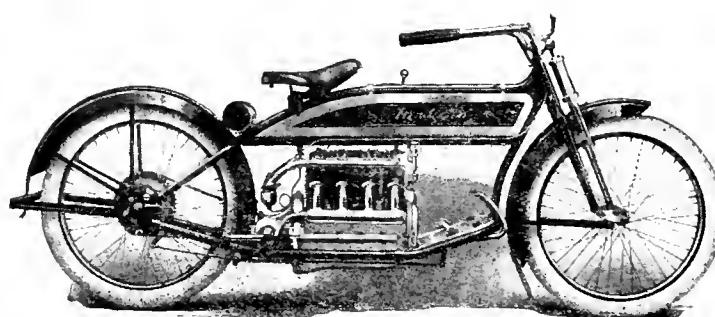
Every Henderson starts with a CRANK:—you don't have to

Run and shove and jump and snort,—comical sight, isn't it?

Simply crank up and comfortably be seated—

On with the Gas,—and you are READY TO GO.

Nothing else like this in the Motorcycle world.



613 South Wright Street



Old No. 21 Main St.

Champaign, Ill.

*Tell the deal-
er you want
Lewis' Single
Binder.*

You
Pay
10c
For
Cigars
Not
So
Good

*Annual Sales
12,000,000 a
year proves good
quality*



*Rich, Mild
Quality
That
Never
Varies*

NO FORCE NECESSARY

1st Grad—My wife's gone to the West Indies.

2nd G.—Jamaica?

1st G.—No,—she wanted to go.—*The Orange Peel.*



TALES TOLD

Guimpe—Why is Ella such a popular girl?

Chemise—Because she keeps them all in the dark.—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

“SERVICE” is the Watchword

at

The Home of
Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

¶ This small word has made Lowenstern's what they are. For over two score years this store has been called the “STORE OF SERVICE.”

¶ This service is for you, perfected by us.

¶ Why not test this service?

STETSON HATS

CLUETT SHIRTS

ARROW COLLARS

COWAN'S CRAVATS

M. Lowenstern & Son
URBANA

ZEKE & Dyke are the cocks of the roost when it comes to handing out the joyful victuals. They are bigger pure food cranks than old Doc Wiley, himself. There is no danger of you're being afflicted with dyspepsia, appendicitis, or any of the “gobble” diseases when you eat at Zeke & Dyke's.

“Heaven”, says Elbert Hubbard, “is a condition of the stomach”, and the sureway to this blissful condition is by the way of Zeke and Dyke's Cleanly Cafeteria.



ZEKE and DYKE
CONSIDERABLE CAFETERIA

Sixth Street off Green

Champaign, Illinois



Cook Bros. Two Stores

12 Main St. 208 Green Ave.

Invite you to call at their stores and inspect their choice selection of

Men's Hats and Haberdashery

in connection with their beautiful array of Woolens in their Tailoring Department, and their Picadilly Overcoats in their Overcoat Department.

Always choice selections.

Cook Bros., Champaign

When Your Appetite Has an Edge

¶ Coming from class along about ten o'clock in the morning or after a lab. period in the afternoon, you often-times get so hungry that you could eat three Sunday dinners! About that time you are already headed for Harris & Mead's!

¶ Everyone from Senior to Freshman knows that you can't find a better place for lunches than Harris's. A variety of good things is always in store for you.

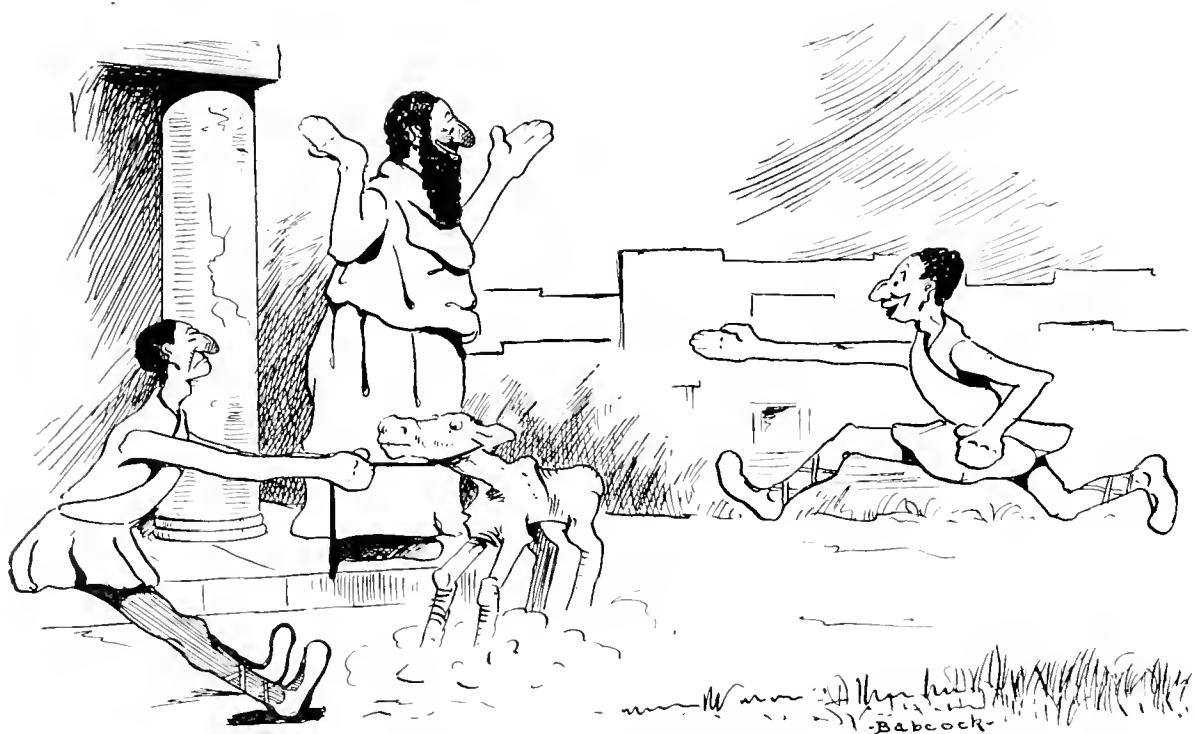
Harris & Mead, on Green Street



"ENOS"

From '17 to '72
We drink—bottom's up to you.

THE FIRST HOME COMING



"THE ORIGINAL HOME-COMING."

The return of the Prodigal Son.



BLASE BUNK



Bill Roxbury had invited Father and Mother and Sister Dorothy down for the Homecoming. For Billy was on the Team.

The Big Game was on and the Roxburys were present in force. The struggle was magnificent, but at the end of the First Half Roxbury Senior nonchalantly lit a cigar and vouchafed, "Rotten game." "Yes", agreed the Fond Mother, "and William doesn't play at all well, does he?" Dorothy simply remarked that those co-eds were the worst frights she had ever seen.

Soon the playing was resumed and The Roxburys sat silently chewing a cigar or toying with a handkerchief, according to sex. As the whistle shrilled the close of the game and the crowd came swarming down over the bleachers and out of the gates, Roxbury and Family pushed their way up to the Gym door just in time to encounter the bruised and steaming Billy.

"Great game, Bill, great game!" shouted the elder Roxbury.

"My boy," gurgled the Proud Mother,—"my boy, how grandly you played, how grandly!"

And Dorothy sidled up to him and cooed in his ear, "Oh, Billy, I have enjoyed it SO much. The thrill of the game and the huge crowd of handsome men and beautiful girls"—

Smiling, Billy entered the locker room and threw his soggy jersey upon a bench.

He was very happy.

—The Cynic.



THE LEFT OVER

Today, while the boys are playing the biggest game of all,
A picture floats before my eyes, old memories to recall.
I can hear the thundrous cheering for good old Illinois,—
What wouldn't I give to go back home, and just be one of the boys!
Last week when Bill was over, and wanted me to come
With him to see the good old school, and make the old town hum,
I knew at the time I'd be sorry that I didn't heed the call
To live again those good old days the dearest to me of all.

—E. W. T.

A Health to Illini Men

*We're drunk to the school—God bless her—
We're drunk to the good old days;
We're drunk to our absent brothers
Who are scattered a hundred ways;
We're drunk to the young student body;
We're drunk to the dear old Dean,
And here in a wee small toddy,
Is a toast to the days we have seen.*

*They change the skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam,
For we're learned of the old alumni
To call "Illinois" our home,
We read of the Harvard spirit,
Of the thousands that worship her shrine,
But a strong pull comes at my heart-strings
When I think of that old school of mine.*

*She has no great natural surroundings,
No rivers nor lakes can she boast,
But a loyalty bred in each student
Makes her famous from coast to coast,
To the brotherhood then of her children,
To the union of hearts evermore,
To her future success and her triumph,
Let us drink as in days of yore.*

*We're drunk to the school—God bless her—
We're drunk to the good old days;
We're drunk to our absent brothers,
Who are scattered a hundred ways;
We're drunk as much as we're able,
It's a year till we'll meet again,
Last toast—and a foot on the table,
A health to all Illini men.*

R. E. H.

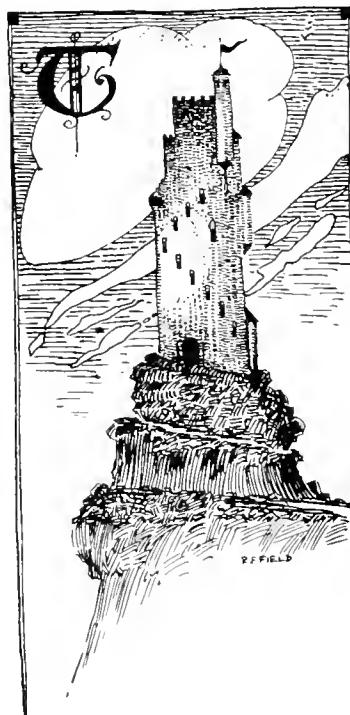
(After Kipling's "Health to the Native Born")



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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.



O YOU, dear old grads, we want to say that we should like to get hold of you for a minute, while everybody is trying to welcome you to death, and bid you make yourself at home and one of us.

We all realize what hollow mockery it is to have "welcome, welcome everywhere and not a drop to drink." We want to forget, and we want you to forget that you have ever left this place even for the shortest time. We want to believe that you have been here all the while, and that we are all going out together for a couple of ripping days of sport.

Now the Union will bedeck you with Orange and Blue. Prexie will say, "In behalf of the faculty and the students of the University of Illinois, I extend you greetings." But the Siren asks you not to expect anything formal of her. She wishes to flirt with you, to hear you laugh, and to have you forget that you ever had a degree. She asks you all to be undergrads again, and to be very hoarse after that game.



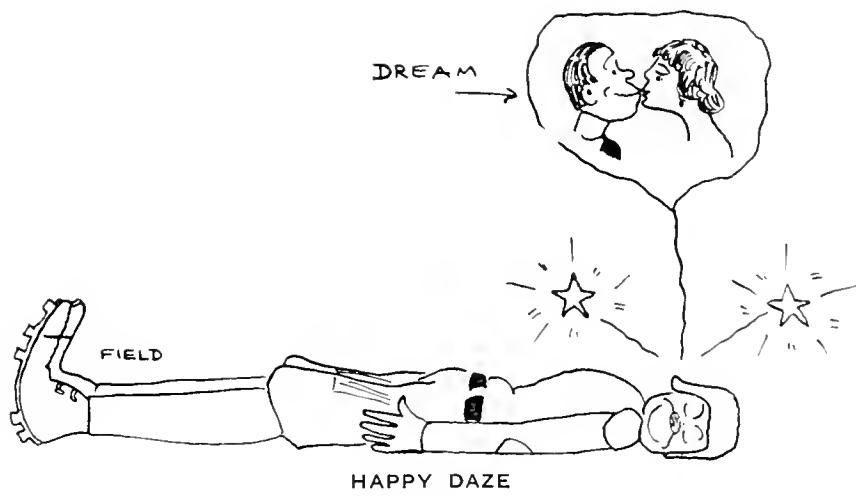
ALKS and smokes and eats are promised us in the Armory on Friday night. But will the grad of seventy-eight meet the other old grad and the other old grad of seventy ditto disporting himself in the ancient drill hall, or will they be far away in the inmost sanctum of their fraternity houses cosily ensconced in a spacious armchair trying out brother John's new brand of cigarettes. Can you imagine, gentle reader, how the prodigal son would have felt, had he returned to find that father was down

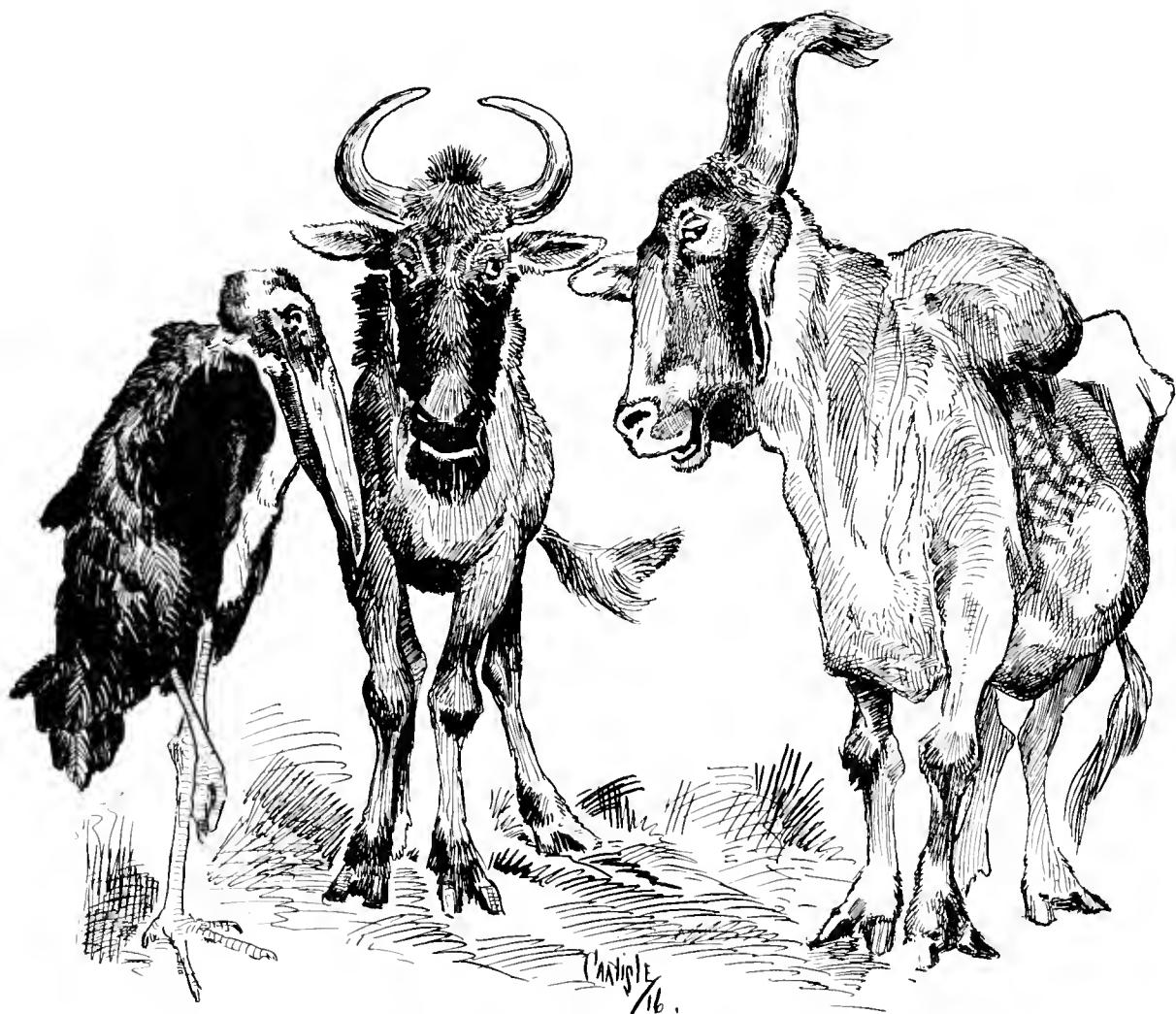
town shooting billiards, and ma and the kids were taking in a nickel show, and nobody was home, not even the mangy old cat? And so, O Fratres in Universitate, if your imagination can stretch that far, don't let the brothers of seventy-eight and umpteen stay at the house, but entice them, cajole them or drag them out to the smoker.

Some of us are apt to forget that our best friends in the good old days of yore were not Fratres, or even Sorores, but were just the plain and unassuming barbarians who never smoked anything better than 'timas. 'Tis possible that these same barbs may now be piloting themselves about in a sixty horse-power buzz-wagon, and are in general more or less worth while meeting. Go down and meet them and take the other old grads along, they love you still, tho' you may have forgotten them.



At a frenzied meeting where forty-seven Omars and thirty glasses of cider were consumed the Siren board carelessly allowed "Nemo" Nathan and "Barney" Barnard to slip by. Now "Nemo" is Campus Scout Emeritus and dashes off humorous couplets, their rate just within the Champaign speed limit. "Barney" is the handsome devil who has his own ideas of sirens and knows how to draw them. He draws the dog on' pictures.





Mrs. Zebu—John says that Mr. Camel can't let drink alone for more than eight days.



The moonlight was leaking thru the vines on to the porch where she and he were gently rocking back and forth in the swing.

"Oh, Clarence,!! she sighed, "you surely have a mortgage on me!"

Promptly he foreclosed.



NEVERTHELESS

Jamie—So you would describe that last kiss as el-lip-tical.

Mamie—Yes, why?

Jamie—Oh, I was going to say it was a durn fine kiss for the shape it was in.



"Did you hear how Chloe was made to quit her gaiety?"

"No; how was she treated?"

"Chloe reformed."



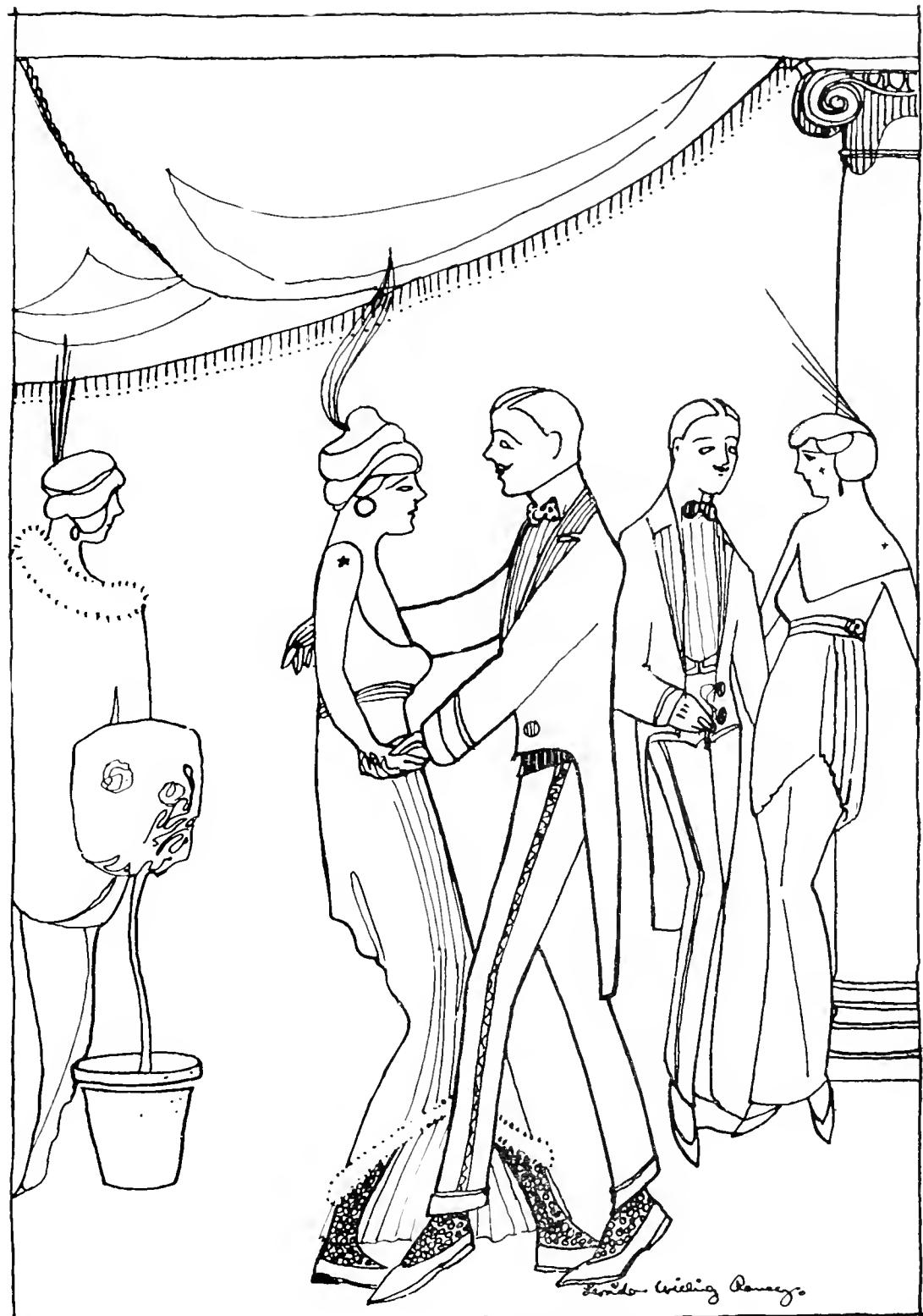
THE EXCEPTION

"Cite one example, if you can, to disprove the theory that 'a joy forever is a thing of beauty.'"

"Easy."

"Well, shoot."

"The Tango."



THE DIFFERENCE

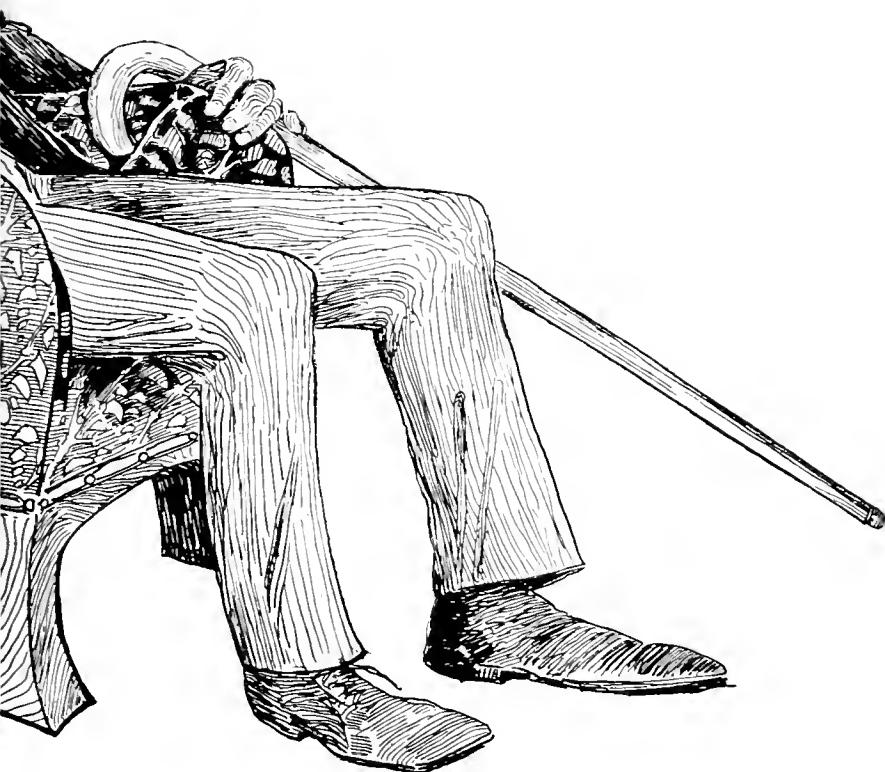
Jene—Why is George such a graceful tango dancer?

Harold—Because he learned to slide his feet along on the floor in the good old days of the two-step and waltz, when he was doing his best to keep off the ladies' feet.

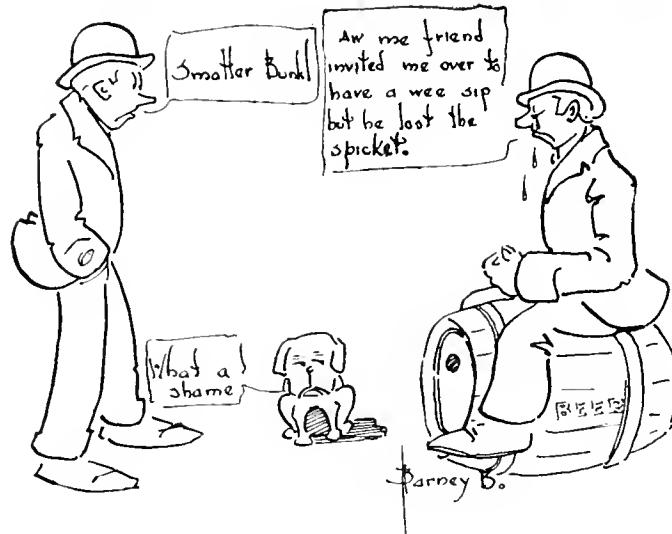
W. T. Cawelti
1916



M E



RIES



He wept over his friend's bier.



ON THE WAGON

It's a long lonesome ride
On the wagon.
And monotonous, besides
On the wagon.
But you don't see cows with wings,
Or a rattlesnake that stings,
Or a blue bob-cat that sings,
Or a grizzly bear that clings,
Or a green giraffe with rings,
Or a thousand other things,
On the wagon.



“Speaking of complementary objects”—
“Yes”—
“Well, they've established the Barber's College near
the Deaf and Dumb School.”



Things ain't divided right, by gum,
Some loaf while others toil.
Some folks get all the wine, and some
Get all the castor oil.



“Why can't we have something on the house?”
“We have.”
“What?”
“A mortgage.”



With the possible exception of her tongue, woman
can generally hold her own.

“His actions run to the extremes.”

“How's that?”

“Aw, he takes the back row seat in the class room
and a front row seat at the Walker.”



He put his arm around her waist,—
The color left her cheek,
But upon the shoulder of his coat
I saw it for a week.



THE JOHN STREET PASSING SHOW



THE JOHN STREET PASSING SHOW

College life has many pleasures, four years quickly slip away.
Dances, parties, smokers, ball games, something on most every day.
I enjoy a little vod'vil and I seldom fail to go,
But I find my chief enjoyment in the John street passing show.

In the John street passing show,
Can't you see those co-eds go.
Hurrying home to get some dinner,
Hardly time to say hello—
In the John street passing show,
Almost every one you know
Comes tramping home at noon time,
Be it rain or shine or snow.

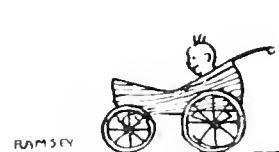
When the day is bright and shiny and the trees are getting bare,
I hurry home at 12 o'clock and grab a front row chair,
With my feet upon the railing and all nicely tilted back,
I'll sit and watch the crowd go by and air my views to Mack.

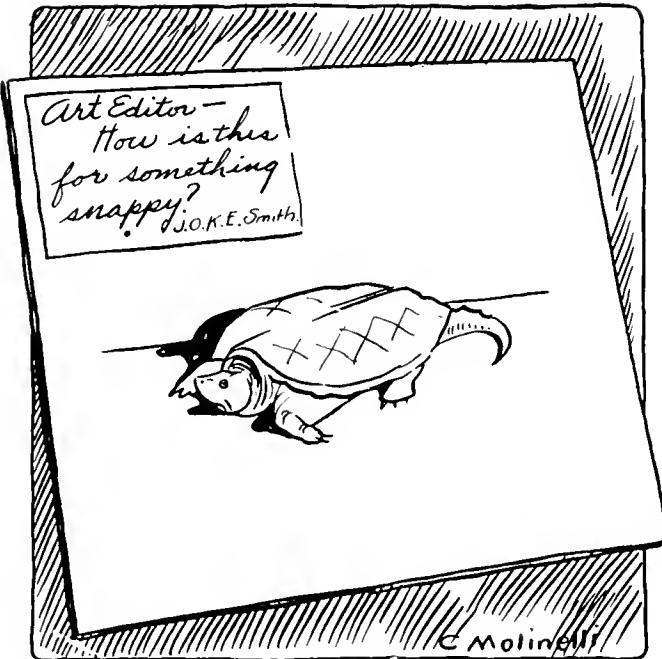
Mack and Heine, Bill and Zeke,
Possibly a freshman meek,
While the crowds pour by so steady
There ain't half a chance to speak,
By the John street passing show
Where most every one you know
Comes tramping by at noon time.
Be it rain or shine or snow.

"Hi, there, Charlie, Come on over, don't know what we'll have for lunch."
"My gosh, Heine, pipe what's coming. One like her would make a bunch.
Spirit to that bright red blazer.—Naw—she ain't a bit too tall.
You're darn right that girl's a dancer!—Had her to the senior ball.

So I love to watch them pass,
In a solid moving mass.
They walk upon the side walk,
In the street or on the grass.
In the John street passing show,
Almost every one you know,
Comes tramping by at noon time,
Be it rain or shine or snow.

—R. E. H.





Art Editor—Your drawings are not deficient in humor, but they lack snap. Get something snappy next time.



HOME-COMING DE LUXE



HE home-comer is an ex-student who takes advantage of the special rates to once more spend a few fleeting hours—as we poets say—nursed in the bosom of his alma mater.

Home-comers as a type vary from the ante-bellum variety whose chief delight is to tell you of the many kind and gentle bovines he has milked on the site of the present Chem. building to the hard man who has been absent from our midst just long enough to foster a notion that he can get away with those oft repeated tales of what a devil-devil he was in the good old days. Those were the days, we are informed, when he and a few chosen ones ran this university in a masterful way that has never been known since. History, however, blushes to record that the toughest thing he ever did was to follow one of our Thursday night frenzied mobs meanwhile blowing off a half a box of 22 blanks and ever and anon hollering "Rah for umpty-steen". And a look at his senior record in the Illio reveals the

enviable enumeration of :

Corporal, university regiment (2), and
Onyx dancing club (3), (4)

A home-comer who in his student days would tremble and turn pale at mention of the name of Tommy Arkle, now, behind the vast protection of a position (formerly pronounced "job") at 12 per, is able to pass him by with a contemptuous "I should get uneasy" expression peculiar to a city bank president dealing with a country constable.

A home-comer spends 3 feverish nights trying to untangle his physiognomy from Brother Bill's pedal attachments without inconveniencing Bro. Harry, whose hat pin elbow is promiscuously probing his Adam's apple. Also 3 joy-crammed days plodding thru the slush and mud of Green St. for the purpose of seeing a push-ball scrap, a students union production or the annual debate with Milliken which is being fought out for the glory of the institution. I have seen old grads wander aimlessly about for two days hunting in vain for some old familiar sight only to break down in tears on the third when the Champaign weather, unable to hold off any longer even

(Continued on Page 96)



First Golfer—I drove off of the first tee and the ball rolled up within an inch of the hole.

Second Golfer—Gee, that is a fine lie.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

AFTER THE BATTLE

Veteran—I was waiting in ambush when I heard a shot and the bullet grazed my head.

Little Grandson—It couldn't graze there now, could it, grandpa?

□ □ ⊖ □ □

AT THE PROM

The Brainy One—Will you PROM-ise to be PROM-pt at the PROM?

The Other—Yes, but I don't want to PROM-iseously PROM-ote my own interests by PROM-ulging my PROM-inence."

□ □ ⊖ □ □

Customer—I think this meat is spoiled.

Meat Market Proprietor—Perhaps so, Mum, but that meat came from a prize lamb and it may have been petted too much.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

First Stude—What are the pledge colors of the Milwaukee Club?

Second Stude—Blue Ribbon.

□ □ ⊖ □ □

It's a wise man that holds somebody's else money.

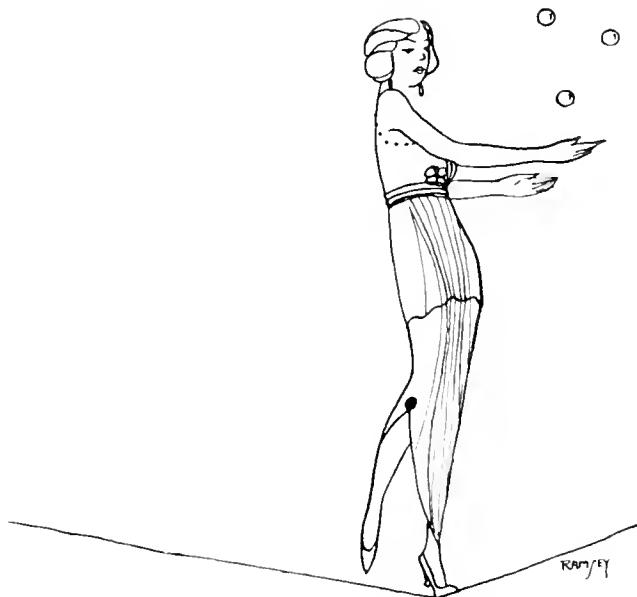


The Castle Walk

□ □ ⊖ □ □

You can reduce purses on chicken but you can't fat-tan batting averages on fouls.

□ □ ⊖ □ □



A trick play on the line.



Bill—as his class of '92 knew him.

Bill—as he appeared to them at his first home coming.



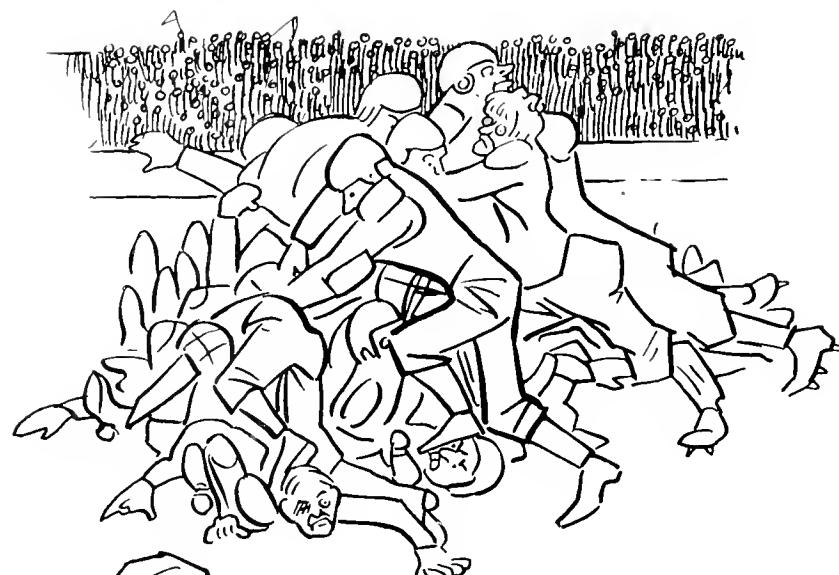
Pat—And were you born in this country?

Sad Pete—You bet! And I'm glad of it.

Pat—Well, it isn't your fault, man; it's your misfortune.

"You know that 'dream girl' Bill had at the Prom? Well, the last I saw of him he had her locked in his embrace and was tousling her hair."

"Ah, another case of 'Roughing It De Luxe.'"

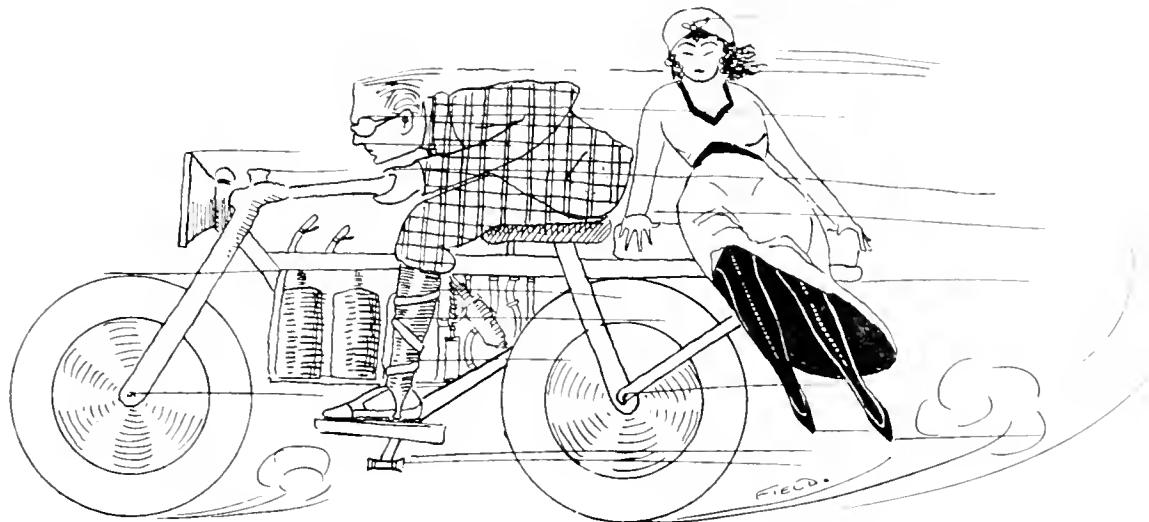


C. Molinelli

Football Player Beneath—Bill, got a date tonight.
Other Player—Get busy, this is not Northwestern.



THE PASSING SHOW



MY EXPERIENCES IN EUROPE

By DEAN NARKLE CLARK

II. FRANCE

En route twixt Marseilles and Paris. Aboard the Dijon Express.

11 A. M.—I think I'll keep a diary of my trip on this blooming jerk water road. A swell looking dame just climbed into my coupé. We are the only ones in it.

11:02—Her eyes! Her eyes!

11:04—Long black curly cue lashes. Brown, brown, brown eyes!

11:06—Why the dickens doesn't she look at me?

11:07—She does! She does!

11:08—She has darling little feet in cute suède pumps. Mon dieu, she is ze grande pip-pip. She should have been Mrs. Fauckett's famous foot test. She is a winner.

11:10—Heavens! Do I see rightly? Ye Gods!

11:11—She is wearing red—no, yes, yes, red socks! Mon Dieu!

11:13—Is she an ad for Paris Garters? Ha, ha, that will make a swell story to tell in a consultation back home!

11:14—She is digging out a yellow backed novel.

11:15—Sapristi! It is an infamous book, "Les Trois Semaines." It is nothing for her to read; she is too young. Too lovely.

11:17—Ah, she has put it down. She is gazing lovingly out of the window. Nom d'un chien! She seems to be weeping!

11:20—Anyway, it's none of my business.

11:21—She might be an Apache and wish to do violence to me.

11:22—She may be—Ye Gods, those tears are too much. I must speak. How shall I begin? Heavens, how does one talk to a girl that cries and wears red socks?

11:23—I have it! I'll ask her if she knows what time it is.

11:24—Oh, I haven't got the nerve.

11:25—Why didn't I learn to fuss as well as swear when I was in college?

11:26—I'm going to—

11:27—I've done it. She smiled mistily thru her adorable tears and said, Je ne sais pas.

11:28—What on earth does she mean?

11:30—Darn it all, why don't I know French?

11:31—Or even some sort of sign language?

11:32—I have it. I'll press my hand over my heart. That certainly *must* mean something.

11:33—It evidently does!

11:34—Oh, she is sliding over into my seat.

11:35—No, she isn't after all. She has decided to remain, but she's stopped crying.

11:36—Shall I press it again?

11:37—I have.

11:38—She's coming over. No! Yes! She's here.

11:40—She seems to be scared of me. What can it be?

(Continued on Page 93)



The Ag Dance

AT THE DRY GOODS COUNTER

The Benevolent Gentleman—"My, what do women do with all of the things they buy here?"

The Clerk—"They usually bring them back and have them exchanged."

□ □ ® □ □

Grecian polish reached its lowest point when it took to shining shoes.

□ □ ® □ □

CONVICT 999

"For a young fellow he's had a checkered career."

"Rather striped, also."

□ □ ® □ □

Constant mirror-gazing never reflects any credit on one.

THE DISGUISE THICKENS

"You say that you can't see through Miss Chick's designs as you could at the resort last summer."

"Yes."

"Well, you must remember that the fall styles call for less transparent materials."

□ □ ® □ □

"Funny the new practice of women's wearing men's bathing suits hasn't even caused a ripple."

"No wonder, the ladies never go into the water."

□ □ ® □ □

There's one good thing about the thirty-five cent hair-cut rate. It encourages men to become poets or artists.



Caught in a Tight Place

HIS JUST REWARD

All night long the crowd had been gathering before the gates. By the time day was broken and had splashed light all over the Pearly Portals, making them shimmer like a Tiffany show-case, the people were banked up in the street for blocks and blocks. No, this was not a sale of tickets for the Purdue game—it was Judgment Day.

You may be sure that the Prophets were taking advantage of the opportunity to solicit orders for gauze wings, and over near the station of the Heaven to Hades R. R., the angels were carrying on a brisk trade in ice-cream cones.

Saint Peter was a busy man. At his elbow was a pitcher of iced water from which he frequently took refreshment as he shuffled over papers, stamping O. K.'s or blue penciling, in the task of examining credentials.

A crowd had just been ushered into the city and were rejoicing over their good fortune. They were the Champaign merchants who had given credit.

At last there strode up to the Gate a lonely stude. Out of his pocket he pulled his record papers and flipped them onto the desk. The good Saint began to run hastily through them and his face broke out in smiles.

"You seem to be all right," he said. "But how

(Continued on Page 95)

There is a Reason

THERE ARE MANY REASONS

It will pay you to tell us why your Christmas Shopping will be a pleasure if done at this store. :: ::

See Our Window

Ray L. Bowman

WALKER OPERA HOUSE

Champaign, Ill.



WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE

Nov. 29
Jan. 17
Jan. 30
Feb. 7
Apr. 11
May 30

CRYSTAL

Nov. 14
Jan. 17

ONYX

Nov. 14
Dec. 13
Jan. 16
Feb. 21
May 16

GRIDIRON

Nov. 22
Jan. 9
Mar. 14
May 9
May 30

VARSITY

Jan. 24
Feb. 28
Mar. 14
April 18

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

THIS SWAY OUT!

She (tragically)—You know how impulsive I am. Can't you bear with me a little?

He—Well, I'll take a chance. I don't think the cop's lookin'.—*Ohio Sun-Dial*.

Professor of Biology—Are there any more questions on this subject?

Freshman—Yes, sir. I'd like to know, if a clam is silent, what is a clamor?—*Judge*.



WELL FIXED

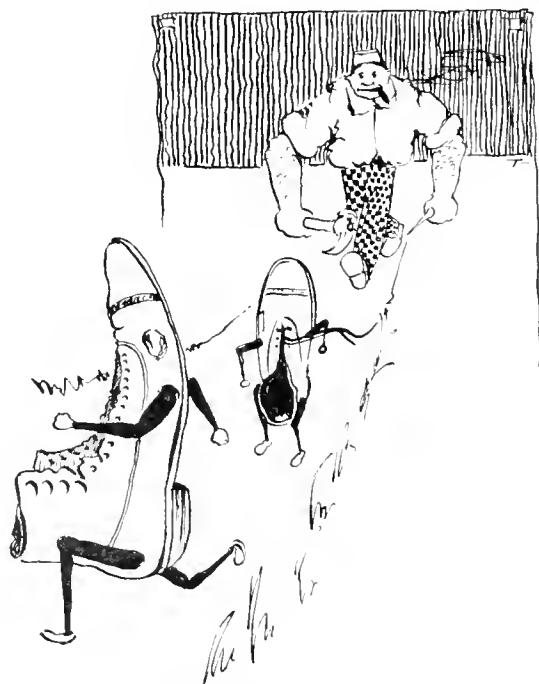
Howlitt—Has she any visible means of support?

Fowlit—Has she! Say, did you ever see her in one of those slit skirts?—*Judge*.

In chem there is an oxide
Which brings us all to grief—
The old oxide of leather,
Known often as roast-beef.

—*Sun Dial*.

SHOES REPAIRED--ONE DAY SERVICE



HARRY R. LaSELL

First door North of Boneyard, Wright St., Champaign

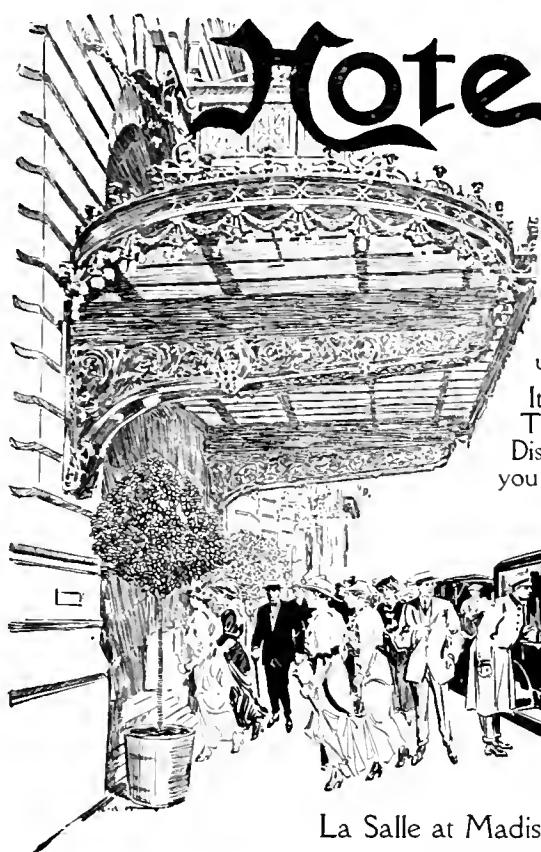
Service

Call a Brown Limousine
or Taxi

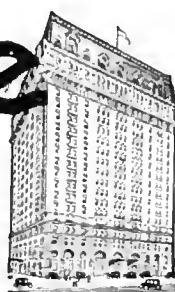
Herrick & Stoltey
GARAGE

Auto 1543

Bell 187



Hotel La Salle

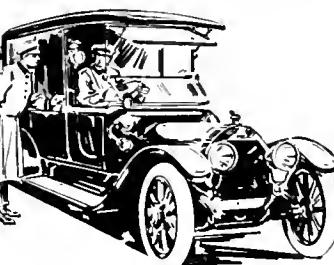


Chicago's Finest Hotel

The central location, perfect service, excellent equipment, luxurious furnishings and home-like atmosphere make Hotel La Salle the most popular hotel in Chicago. Whether you come to Chicago on pleasure or on business you will find Hotel La Salle the ideal place to stay.

It's easiest to reach—and closest to every place you want to go—Theatres, Public Buildings, Shopping Streets, Financial and Business Districts lie at its very door. Hotel La Salle gives more for the price you pay than any other hotel in Chicago.

Everybody Likes Hotel La Salle



RATES:

One Person	Per Day
Room with detached bath	\$2 to \$3
Room with private bath	\$3 to \$5
Two Persons	Per Day
Room with detached bath	\$3 to \$5
Room with private bath	\$5 to \$8
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	Per Day
Two Persons	\$5 to \$8
Four Persons	\$8 to \$15

La Salle at Madison Street, Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager

© 1913 BY
CP & CO INC

ARROW TANGO SHIRTS

ARE an essential addition to the evening wardrobe of the well-dressed man. \$2.00 and up.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., Makers

"Let never wine glass touch your lips."

My pa has made this law;

I cannot disobey him, so,

"Bartender, add a straw."

—Jester.



He—Since you lost your bet, I think I can claim the forfeit.

She—I really don't know what you mean; and, besides, someone might see us.—*Yale Record*.

WE HAVE THEM

Electric Lamps for Every Use
 Desk Lamps Floor Lamps
 Portable Lamps Fixtures and Domes

IDEAL ELECTRIC SHOP

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SOLICITS YOUR

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After making the exposure you want those kodak views to be good. Our established record for the best service is to be maintained by giving you the best prints that can be made.

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Visible Remingtons

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TERMS: { \$ 3.00 for one month
 { \$15.00 for six months

Machines in first-class condition. Sent anywhere

Remington Typewriter Company
Incorporated

404 East Monroe St., I, O. O. F Bldg.
Springfield, Ill.

J. H. NIEMANN, Jr.

Local Representative 77 Neil St. Bell phone 448

Pa—Now what's the old hen eating them tacks for?

Willie (just home from college)—Perhaps she is going to lay a carpet.—*Sun Dial*.



Sunday School Teacher—Now, Tommy, I want you to suggest some Easter music for next Sunday.

The New Kid—Aw, slip in a bunny hug.—*The Widow*.



Prof.—“Have you read Lamb's Tales?”

Short Ag.—Nope. We have a few black sheep, but I dunno as I ever seen a red un.”—*Sun Dial*.



Extra Good Service

is our motto

Hoover's
Sanitary
Barber Shop

First National Bank Bldg.



Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO

COME boys, a cheer—All together
—V-E-L-V-E-T—smooth!

Velvet cheers you on and cheers you up. It's so smooth. The selected leaf is hung in the warehouse over two years—changing harshness to complete mellow-ness. Then all "bite" has disappeared—and good taste and the enjoyable smoothness are pre-eminent. This "time-process" is not patented—just costs us more—and the result is "Velvet"—smooth and wonderfully pleasing.

Now once more everybody—V-E-L-V-E-T—smooth! At all dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



10^c
Full Two
Ounce Tins





LYRIC THEATRE

HOME OF THE MIRROR SCREEN

PLEASING PASTIME, WHOLESOME RECREATION

PRESENTING THE BEST PICTURES IN THE CORRECT WAY
WITH PURE AIR AND RFINED SURROUNDINGS

Homecomers Welcome

Make the Lyric your Meeting Place. The most convenient and comfortable place---at the intersection of all street car lines.

**PATHE WEEKLY
ILLUSTRATED NEWS PICTURES
EVERY MONDAY**

**NEW PICTURES
EVERY DAY**

**MULTIPLE REEL
FEATURES
THREE TIMES A WEEK**

My idea of something to accomplish is the proposition that Zom is getting away with. Did you say, "What's that?" Listen!!! To consistently buy and sell the smartest, last-word, up-to-the-second duds and haberdashery things. Considerable proposition is right.

Zom Zombro
Green Avenue
Champaign

A TALE OF THE SEA

A DRAMA WITH ONE DREAM

(Phyllis is seen strolling gracefully up and down the beach, attired in a brand-new bathing costume, which she guards carefully from the dampness.)

(Enter Percy)

Percy (admiringly)—By Jove, Phyl, that new bathing suit is ripping!

(Quick exit Phyllis.)

Tune—"Pity the Blind For They Know Not What They Miss."



Some—What made you call her noisy?

Sport—Well, she wore bangs, didn't she?—*Sun Dial*.

The Illinois Billiard Hall

has moved to
306 and 308 Hickory Court
Cavanaugh Bros.
Smokers Sundries



URBANA STEAM LAUNDRY

WHITE, PROPRIETOR

Student Agent, NICHOLS

Student Agent, AUTEN

Hand Painted Photographs

Artistic reproductions for Wall Decorations

Your Choice for 25 Cents

See our window display

MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE
East of Opera House

Champaign

The reason the girls walk on the inside of the street is so they may see their reflections in the store windows."

MY EXPERIENCES IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 85)

11:41—Is it possible that I look ferocious?
11:42—She's trying to say something.
11:45—Go to it, little one; say it again. I don't seem to get her meaning.
11:46—She says, Shall I press heem for monsieur?
11:47—I said yes.
11:50—My heart feels better. Darn this diary.
12:10—She's leaving. Good-bye, good-bye. Au revoir!

* * * * *

12:15—A nice expr— My watch! My scarf pin! Darn it all—my money! Hang it! By jove! Theey're gone! They're gone! O hen!

THE PRINTING OF
BOOKS, MAGAZINES, ETC.
Is a large part of our business

WE PRINT THESE PERIODICALS:

THE FACULTY LIST
THE STUDENTS' DIRECTORY
THE TRUSTEES' MINUTES
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THE FORTNIGHTLY NOTES
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THE SIGMA XI QUARTERLY
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The Flanigan-Pearson Co., Champaign, Ill



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When calling at Maurer's Jewelry Store on Neil Street and see the New Stuff and the reasonable prices. Wademer Chains and Santoir Chains, Link Buttons, Scarf Pins, Tie Clasps, Watch Fobs, College Pins and Souvenirs all kinds.

Charlie will treat you
right—come

Chas. Maurer, Jeweler

Next Door Elk Billiard Hall

THE WHITE SHOP

**CLEANING
and PRESSING**

**Suits called for
and delivered.**

Calls answered promptly

Work done correctly

Deliveries made on time

Phone Bell 1237 118 S. Race St.
URBANA

MISUNDERSTOOD

'16—I want some winter underclothes.
Clerk—How long?
'16—You boob, I don't want to rent 'em;
I want to buy 'em.—*Tiger*.



"You are very rich, aren't you, Helen?"
"Yes, Tom," replied the girl frankly, "I am worth about two million dollars." "Will you marry me, Helen?" "Oh, no, Tom; I couldn't." "I knew you wouldn't." "Then why did you ask me?" "Oh, I just wanted to see how a man feels when he loses two millions."—*Milwaukee News*.



Pasha Pshaw—(colloquial equivalent for A. D. T. messenger)—M'lard, Adrianople has fallen sir!

Cheezah Peek Boy—Muhullah! Did she sail her outskirts?

(This is funnier in Turkish.)—*Lampoon*.



ARTIFICIAL

Eight-fifteener—Hasn't your girl any class this hour?

Queener—Nope. She doesn't get up 'till nine o'clock, so it's still on her dresser.—*Stanford Chaparral*.



DIPLOMATIC

May—Do you think it's disgraceful for a woman to expose herself in a new X-ray gown?

Jay—Oh, it depends on how one looks at it.



ENOUGH

Taye—What do you see about that girl that you like?

Saye—About two million dollars.



SHE KNEW

Jee—I'm crazy about that girl.

King—Yes, she said you always acted strangely when you saw her.



JUST AS GOOD

Skee—Mrs. De Rich commands a high salary.

Zix—I didn't know she worked.

Skee—She doesn't—she bosses her husband.



He who queens last queens best—*Chaparral*.

**Before your dance
try the Beardsley's
6 o'clock dinners
in our private din-
ing room.**



**BEARDSLEY HOTEL
Champaign, Ill.**

John Ruskin says:

"Beautiful forms and compositions are not made by chance, nor can they ever, in any material, be made at small expense."

We have sold substantial goods of standard design for more than twenty years, and have specialized in medium and low cost articles. Let us figure with you

**Mittendorf & Kiler
Furniture, Rugs,
Linoleums, Picture Frames**



Yes, Chicago Slipped One Over

and the knockers say we laid down; but who ever heard of
Illinois laying down, or



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

laying down either, when it comes to giving to the people all there is to be had for their money.
A little "pep" now for old Purdue, and

LOOK FOR THE SIGN AT THE END OF THE STREET CAR LINE IN URBANA

EMPIRE Steam Laundry

103 West University Ave.
SHAW & PLOTNER BROS., Props.

Telephones: Home 1392; Bell 748

Money Saved, Money Earned

We guarantee you that you can save 25% on everything we carry.

Suits made to order with the best tailor's guarantee.
A fit or no sale.

All high grade shoes in all of the latest lasts. English or flat toes. Pug toes or rubber soles, tan or black, lace or button.

Trunks, suit cases and handbags.

St. Louis Bargain House

67 E. UNIVERSITY AVE. BELL 2138

HIS JUST REWARD

(Continued from Page 87)
about your college career? What did you ever do there?"

"Oh," said the stude. "I'm the guy that got Harris and Meade to install their caliope—hurdy-gurdy."

"To Hell with him," yelled Saint Peter.
And the fiends claimed their own.

The Cynic.



SQUELCHED

Employee (slowly sauntering into store)—Gee, I feel mean today—just like punching someb' dy.

Employer—S'enough. Go an' punch the time clock; yer ten minutes late an' fined a dollar.—*Chapparral.*

This space reserved
for
The Martel Blow-Out
Protector Co.

Suits and Overcoats \$18.00 Made to Order

If your allowance is limited and you want the best possible clothing value for the money, "Have a Look" at what we are showing at our one never changing price of \$18.00.

THE NOBBY TAILORS

World's Greatest Tailors

Neil and Church Sts.

Jos. Bauer, Mgr.



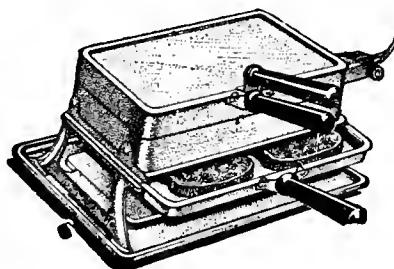
HOME-COMING DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 82)

for a home-coming, dropped back into the habit of a life time and wept copiously buckets of tears on the assembled crowds.

Many a home-comer who spent the greater part of his student life crossing off the days on the calendar till the next vacation and explaining to the brothers how in 3 weeks he would be back in "God's country", now, stands in the lobby of Uni Hall and in a choked voice tells the sympathetic stude that the present generation doesn't appreciate the advantages of attending a great American institution of learning as he did when a boy. R. E. H.

R. E. H.



"El Grillo"
Electric Grill
Toaster and Stove

\$5.00

The Caldwell Electric Company

Auto 1250

Champaign, Ill.

Bell 999

Champaign Steam Laundry

Monroe & Keusink Bros., Proprietors

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28 N. Neil Street, Opposite Walker Opera House

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WHEN YOU TRAVEL TAKE THE
Illinois Traction System
McKINLEY LINES



Clean,
Comfortable,
Frequent,
Convenient,
Safe

AUTOMATIC BLOCK SIGNALS

Protect all Train Movements

When You Go Home Ride the
“ROAD OF GOOD SERVICE”



The Secret of Good Batting

is similar to the secret of Good Business—it happens to some and just misses the others.

If there ever was a commercial home run it's Fatima, the Turkish-blend cigarette. The expert who conceived this blend was some batter! Fatima was first lined out in the college towns — the student body quickly proclaimed them winners. Today Fatima is the biggest selling cigarette in this country!

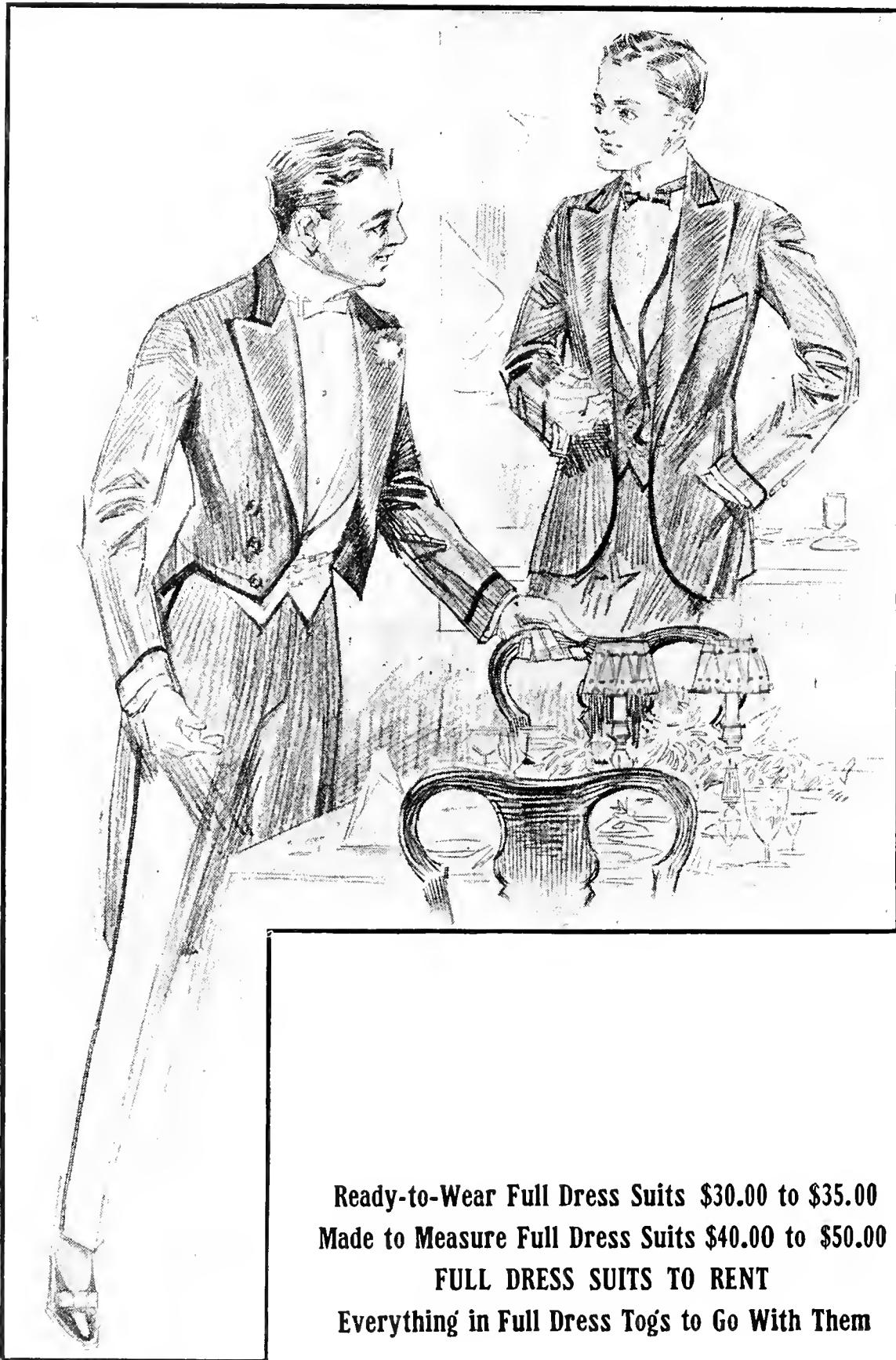
The secret is — pure, good, choice tobacco — no expense in the package — quality all in the smoke — "Twenty."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 15¢

"Distinctively Individual"

FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND
CIGARETTES



Ready-to-Wear Full Dress Suits \$30.00 to \$35.00
Made to Measure Full Dress Suits \$40.00 to \$50.00
FULL DRESS SUITS TO RENT
Everything in Full Dress Togs to Go With Them

DECEMBER, 1913

VOLUME III. NO. 4



Xmas Offerings

Wilson Bros. Neckwear	- - -	50c to \$2.00
Wilson Bros. Shirts,	- - -	\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00
Wilson Bros. Pajamas,	- - -	\$1.50, \$2.00
Wilson Bros. Mufflers,	- - -	\$1.50
Wilson Bros. Gloves,	- - -	\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
Holeproof Hosiery,	- - -	\$1.50 and \$2.00 Box
Phoenix Silk,	- - - -	\$2.00 Box
Longley Hats	- - - -	\$2.50 and \$3.00
Donchester Dress Shirts,	- - - -	\$2.00
Tango Dress Shirts,	- - - -	\$2.00
Anderson Tailored Suits,	- - -	\$20.00 to \$45.00

Fred G. Marshall
Tailoring and Furnishings
Bradley Arcade

LINDLEY DINING SHOP

Cor. Fourth and Green Streets
Champaign

Meals Served in

Main Dining Room:

Dolly Varden Tea Room:

Open Sunday Evenings
from 5:30 to 7:00

¶ Reserved for Special
Parties During the Week

Banquets:

Complete Equipment
for Banquets, Lunch-
eons, etc., served any
place in the Twin Cities

It is IMPORTANT that you take your IMPORT
for a little visit to the Bradley Arcade and introduce
her to that famous drink, the

BRADLEY BOSTON

Open all the time.

Bradley

THE CAMPUS CONFECTIONER

HER LIFE WORK TRAINING

The college girl is up to snuff,
Utility she's seeking;
Astronomy is not enough,
She takes some public speaking.

And when she gets him out at night,
And lovingly they're walking,
If he can't read the stars aright
She'll tell him by her talking.

But if he is both deaf and blind:
It's useless todo scolding,—
She'll get him into shape, you mind,
Through practice in art moulding.

Senior's and Group

Pictures

for the

ILLIO

at

Abernathy's

53 N. Walnut St.

Auto 1194

FLOWERS



Biggest Variety
Best Quality
Lowest Prices

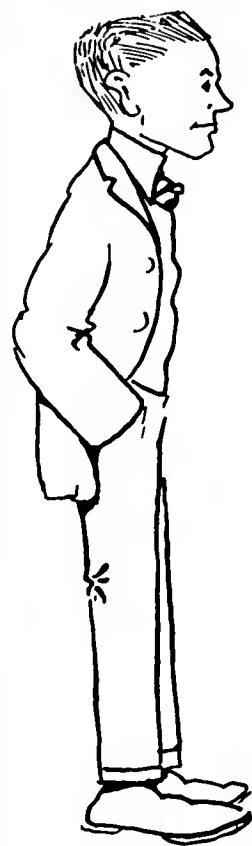
To see them is to buy them
Call at

GUS JOHNSON'S

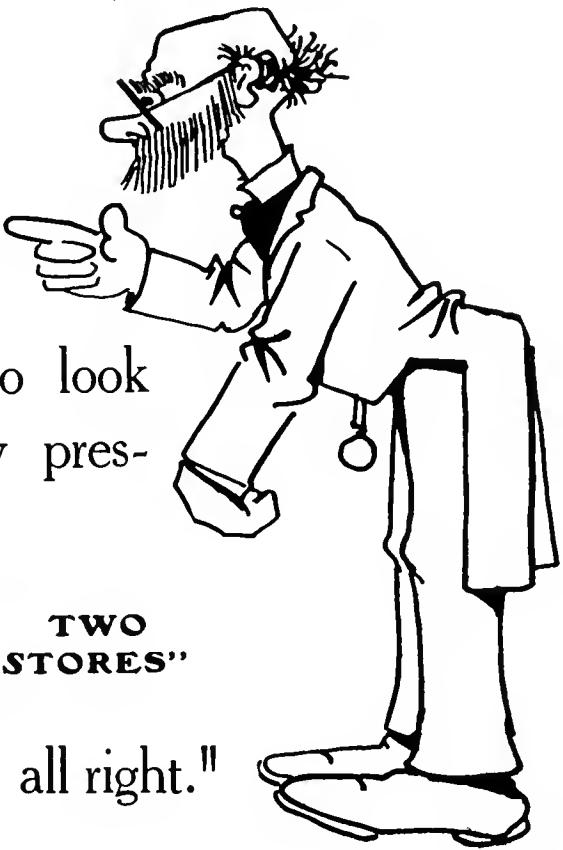
or phone in your order
Springfield avenue and
Fifth Street
ON THE CAR LINE

Bell 1179

Auto 1471



Prof: (Parting words before Holidays) "Allow me to wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, but don't forget to look over the line of Holiday presents shown at



LLOYDE'S TWO STORES

Stude—"I'm wise to that, all right."

¶ Mr. G. W. BASS of 1004 West Green St., Urbana is the winner of the Ten Dollar prize offered by F. R. Smedley, District Agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., under the conditions set forth in his ad in the "Home-Coming" Siren.

¶ Mr. Bass is therefore added to the long list of men who are glad that they considered

The Northwestern

¶ On behalf of the Siren management, we wish to thank all who evidenced by their replys that they read the advertisements in this good paper.

F. R. Smedley, District Agent
Champaign, Illinois

"I hear Mrs. Pankhurst gave a coming out party."
"Shoot."
"Out of jail."—*Jester*.



"Tell me, Pat, is there any truth in it that they hurried poor old Mike to his grave?"

"Well, there may be, for I know that he arrived there in a brothless condition."—*Pelican*.



Sweet Thing—"Have you been playing football?"
He—"Well, er—I tackled your father."—*Jester*.

DR. CHARLES H. SPEARS
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.
HOWARD BUILDING, 117 WEST CHURCH STREET
BOTH PHONES



The Store
with
the
Sensible
Gifts

The CO-OP
(ON THE SQUARE)



SAY, YOU! DON'T FORGET THE SMITH JEWELRY STORE

THE MONEY YOU SAVE BY TRADING HERE
WILL PAY YOUR CAR FARE HOME

OPPOSITE BEARDSLEY HOTEL, NORTH NEIL STREET

(BUY THAT FAMOUS GEBHARDT CLUSTER DIAMOND RING OF US)

Fashions come and fashions go, but whalebone stays forever.—*Pelican*.



A light-weight champion is usually related to the butcher.—*Jester*.



A very young man fell on his knees and implored the ravishing widow to marry him. The widow looked at him a moment and said: "What's the difference between me and Johnny Smith's Holstein cow?"

"I don't know," replied the aspirant.

"Then," said the widow, "you had better marry the cow."

Bell { 1037 1038	TELEPHONES	Automatic { 1676 1212
---------------------	------------	--------------------------

HEGENBART CO.
GROCERIES

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
H. & D. FLOUR 49 LB. SACK FOR \$1.25 We guarantee this flour to give
absolute satisfaction or we will refund your money. When in need of Groceries give
us a trial. PROMPT DELIVERY.
101 and 103 North Neil St.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

Keep Your Eye

ON

KANDY'S

Barber Shops

Green Avenue

University Place

Fresh—"Are you out for the Soph show?"
Soph—"No, I'm in for it!"



"The least of us may make an opening for others," said the grave-digger as he shoveled in the last clod.—*Jester*.



She (to Dad)—I must have a new gown. I want to be the prettiest one at my party.

Cruel Brother (who is in love)—"Then don't invite Ellen."—*Jester*.

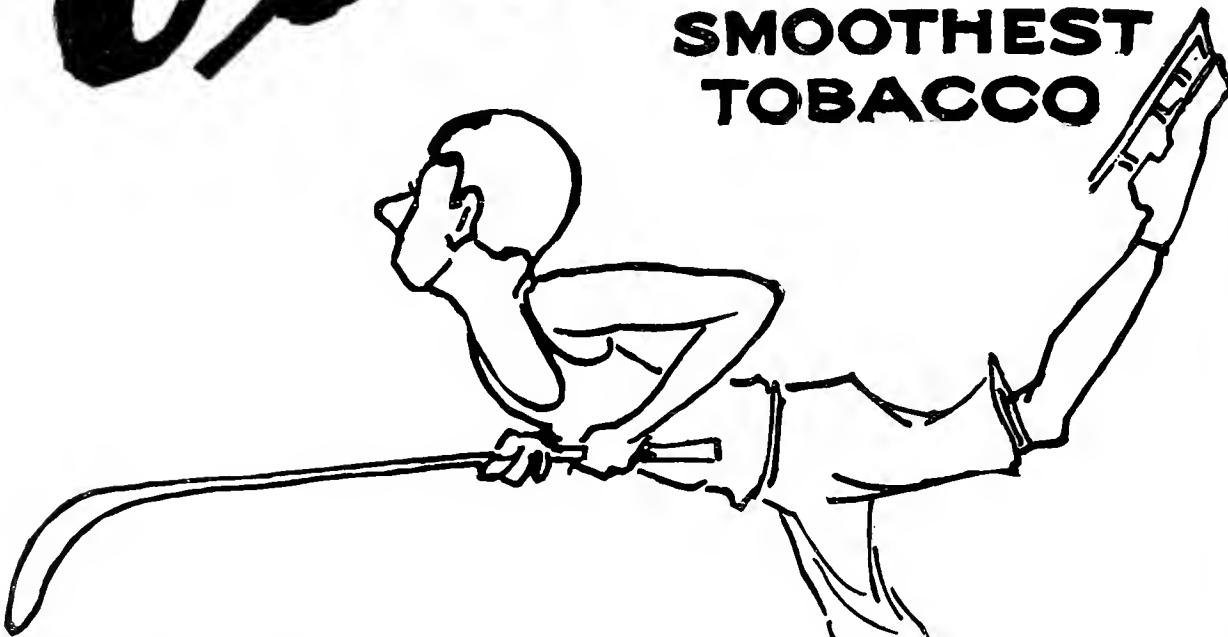
RENNÉ'S
STUDIO

H. L. RENNE
Photographer
39 N. Neil St.
Champaign, Illinois



Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO



PUSH it along—Shoot it over!

Velvet—so-called because exceedingly smooth—smooth because aged over two years, in which time all harshness disappears from the leaf leaving the goodness that we all crave for our pipe. Velvet is a tobacco mellowness hitherto unknown—too smooth to harbor a "bite." It's just the sort of a tobacco you would make for yourself. Millions of men cheer for it. We never knew of a man who didn't like Velvet! Hurrah! Don't let it pass you! At all dealers.



10c

Full 2oz. Tins

Lizgett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Old No. 21 Main St.

Champaign, Ill.

Tell the deal-
er you want
Lewis' Single
Binder

Annual Sales
12,000,000 a
year proves good
quality

You
Pay
10c
For
Cigars
Not
So
Good



Rich, Mild
Quality
That
Never
Varies

AT THE INFIRMARY

Frosh—Doctor will you please give me something for my head?
Dr.—My dear boy, I wouldn't take it as a gift.—*California Pelican*.



CAUSE ENOUGH

Stude—Our psychology prof. says we sleep entirely too much.
Stood—But his lectures are so uninteresting.



'16—Do you believe in infant damnation, Professor?
Married Prof.—Only at night.—*Penn. Punch Bowl*.

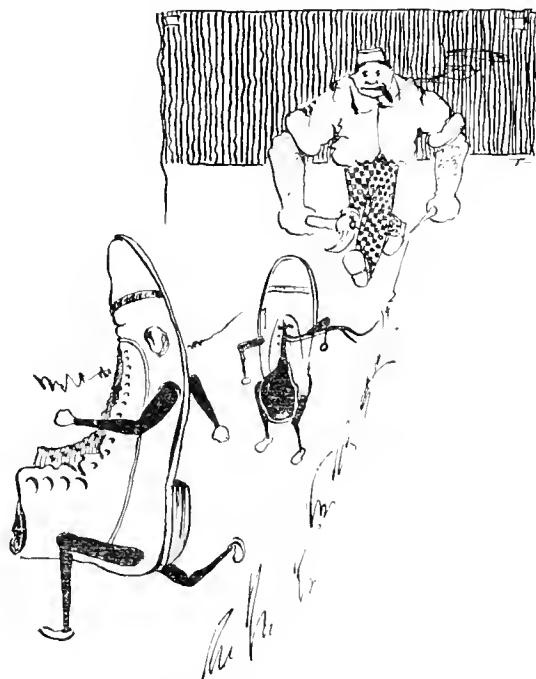
Giving LaVogues for Christmas puts you in the "Man - of - the - world - who - always - knows - what's-right-to-do" class. LaVogues and Christmas are inseparably associated. They're both considerable propositions!

Harris and Mead

Green Avenue

Champaign

SHOES REPAIRED--ONE DAY SERVICE



HARRY R. LaSELL
First door North of Boneyard, Wright St., Champaign

"Why so sad, Archibald?"
"A friend of mine has gotten engaged."
"Cheer up, you'll get another girl."
"Girl, hell!—where will I get a present?"—*Cornell Widow*.



First Stude—What are you going to do this summer?
Second Stude—Take a good loaf.
First Stude—Good! I'm going to a summer school, too.—*Wisconsin Sphinx*.

For First Class Barber Work Call at

Y. M. C. A. Barber Shop
NONE BETTER

Y. M. C. A. Bldg. **E. P. Gaston, Prop.**

OUT, DAMNED SPOT!

He—Have you read "Freckles"?
She (quickly)—Oh, no! That's my veil!—*Sun Dial*.



"No man can serve two masters," observed the good parson who was visiting the penitentiary.

"I know it," replied Convict 1313. "I'm in here for bigamy."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



The joke-smith would have starved, you bet,
If HE and SHE had never met.

If You Want Something for Mother
Father
Sister
Sweetheart
or Friend for Xmas

Come and See us. A visit will cost you nothing.

Bell 1998 **IDEAL ELECTRIC CO.** Auto 1013

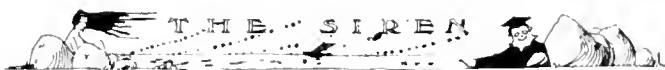
Service

Call a Brown Limousine
or Taxi

Herrick & Stoltey
GARAGE

Auto 1543

Bell 187



CHAMPAIGN CREAMERY CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MILK AND CREAM

415 E. University Ave.

Bell 1204

Auto 1533

DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Class—Something that keeps your mind off of classes.

Classes—One place to meet class.

Petticoat—(obsolete) A garment formerly worn by women.

A Good Friend—One that will lend you money.

A Pest—One that tries to borrow it.

Legs—Limbs grown bold.

Easy Money—A bet on Stanford.

Vice—What the other fellow enjoys and you don't care for.

Harmless Amusement—What you enjoy yourself.

Modesty—Once the mark of a lady. No longer fashionable.

A Fashion Show—What the sun reveals.—*Chaparral*.

"Merry Christmas"



Spalding & Quirk

2 Drug Stores

Red Cross Store

59 N. Neil

Green St. Pharmacy

6th and Green

Exclusive Druggists

The Arcade Billiard Parlor

WITH THE

Bowling Alley Annex

promises to be one of the finest in equipment etc. in the state

AUTOMATIC PIN SPOTTERS

EVERY BALL MINERALITE

ALL READY TO SHOOT JAN. 5

ROCKSIE & DEWEY



Lindbergh Remy.

THE TANGO TEA

"Mamma, may I go to the Tango Tea?"
Asked the maiden in manner prairful.
"Yes, dear, but tho you can't be good,
For the love of Mike, be careful."

THE SIREN



THE SPIRIT OF THE DANCE

GILL



DELBURN gradually drifted out of the haze of slumber and found himself awake and suffering from one of those beastly dull headaches with which the leisurely are almost constantly affected. After awhile he reached for his watch and noted that it was eleven and two classes had been missed. The only thing that bothered him, however, was the fact that he had not intended to get up until twelve, and now he must occupy another whole hour before luncheon.

When a Freshman had put down his window and the room had become comfortably warm, he arose and attired himself in that careless fashion usually employed on the day of the Prom. Luckily, Xanthe could not come down until just in time to "undress" and make a run for the dance. He hoped they would be late for the first four dances at least. He had only invited Xanthe because she had secured him a place at the Vanderoon party during the vacation, and because she was a rather decent dancer and sure to bring along the kind of clothes that would make her conspicuously out-of-place looking, like any grand dame at a barn-dance.

The day wore on like any other day for Delburn. In the afternoon he played a little billiards and finally decided to go to his class in Greek 44. By dinner time he was even more bored than usual. It was eight-thirty when he was helped into his coat and started out to the car to run down to the depot to meet Xanthe. Just as he was about to step into the car a Freshman called him into the house for a phone call. Delburn was swearing softly as he stepped into the telephone booth.

"Hello", came a voice in response to his statement that this was F. X. Delburn, "Telegram for you, Mr. Delburn. 'Mamie ill. Can't possibly make it. Sorry.—Xanthe.'"

Delburn turned to the other phone and called little Mamie Kezikce, from over on Canal street, and asked her to go to the "rummy" over at Schnider's Hall with him. He was whistling merrily as he left the house.

And Xanthe had a glorious time with Jack Jerreau at the Lambda Sig dance that night.

THE CYNIC.

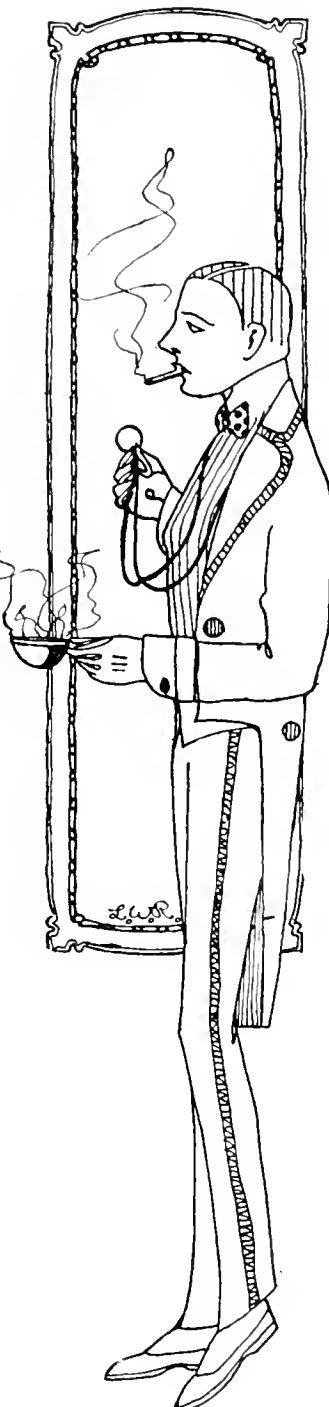
A Story of Human Nature

This is a story of nature
That is linked with a thousand wails,
Discussed by monk ancestors high in a tree,
Holding each other's tails.
Each had a date
And each thought that his mate
Was the envy of all the land,
But each said to his brother
That the choice of the other
Was too much to understand.

* * * * *

This is the day of the imports,
You see them where ever you go.
The boys are so proud they are bustin'.
They're standing at Mead's in a row.
We've heard of the charm
Of this girl from the farm
For a year, and we looked for a queen,
But we each have to smile
As we note her poor style
Compared to our own woman keen.

This story of human nature
Which was known since first there was life,
Is a lucky condition for all of mankind,
And saves us from unending strife.
For most girls that you know
Would be short of a beau
And start knitting to pass 'way the time,
If we each had a taste
For the same style of waist
And each fell for the same sort of "line".





BOARD OF EDITORS

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.

THE Council of Administration has snapped their fingers in the faces of society and the dancing masters of the country. It shows that our conscript fathers are laboring under the yoke of that kind of prudery which can only say limb for leg, and that with a blush.

Naturally enough our dancers who have forgotten the Minuet and Polka are a little bit vexed at what Grandpa has ordered. Why can't we have pie once in a while, even if the cook doesn't like it? We don't eat it with our fingers and we can come out of the process without having dirtied ourselves. It isn't rum-soaked mince pie we're asking for, either.

O, crool, crool Council! Think of the trouble you have made the girls at home who have had to put in two weeks of hard work learning the two-step that they might attend just one little hop. We hope that the Armory floor will be a surprise and really be slippery enough for these War-time frolics you have forced upon us.





THE Imports are coming, hurray, hurray! We are going to have one more glimpse at real femininity before the Xmas orgy! Of course we are all going broke in order to bring this about, and have said the sad "So long" to cigarettes and Bostons. "O, Woman, Lovely Woman", we would give these up forever in order to have just three little days with you before falling back again into the monotony of co-ed companionship.

Take these flowers. They represent our true love and three old suits and a derby. This carriage, dear, is bought with the self-sacrifice of devotion—and the fee of a much-needed tutor. For this prom ticket, love, we'll probably have to give up riding on the street-car from now until we beat Chicago. It's all for you—and gladly given.

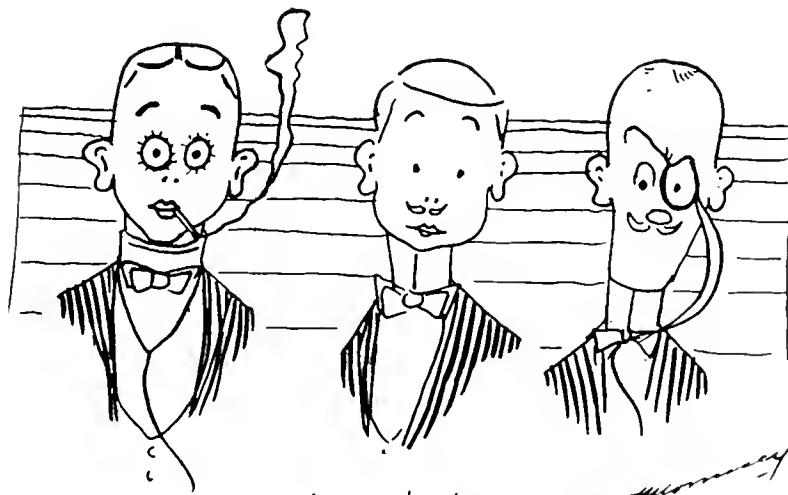
Imports, real girls, reason incarnate of why men come back home—welcome, the town's yours!

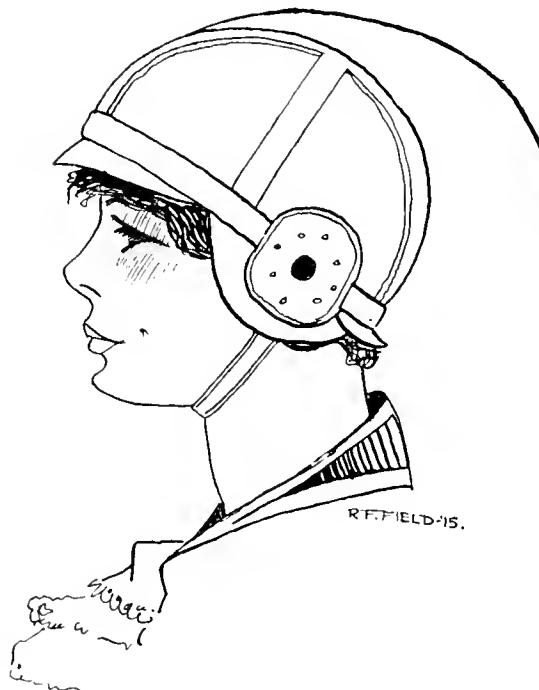


It's back home for Christmas in a few days, boys—to dear old home that never looks better than at Christmas time. It's back to the fireside with the folks again. It means getting better acquainted with the Santa Claus of your kid days—dear, old dad. It means learning to appreciate mother and that art of hers that makes a fellow even fall in love with anyone who can compare with her in the least.

There's the "Kid" and little "Sis" with their worship of "big brother" back from college. And aren't you dying to get to that phone, and hear her say, "Oh, so you're back, Jack," as though she hadn't been waiting for the very minute that you would call?

It's that spirit we are going home with in a day or two; keep it pure and fresh, and "God rest you, merry gentlemen."



THE SIREN'S FASHION HINT NO. IV.

The headgear hats, particularly becoming to young girls in love with football heroes.



SPORTS OF ALL COLLEGES
I.

I admit there is excitement in the hunt for lions, and such, And its followers must be men who do and dare, But equally as thrilling is the running down of "bugs", And unseen dangers often linger there.

Just for instance: once while hunting the elusive butterfly, I had sat me down to rest upon a lean-stile, When a hymenoptera (which the vulgar call a "bee"), Stole up behind and stung me in the meanwhile.



What's the use of employing one's time uselessly when there are so many things that amount to something. For instance, there's a lot in a real estate transaction, a good deal in almost every card game, and more than I can say in the dictionary.



"That girl is a classy dresser from beginning to end." "What have you been doing, playing strip-poker?"

REHEARSING

'Tis told of an "import" named Bess, While rehearsing with train and dress, She turn'd seventy ways, Then collaps'd in a daze; That train made her headlight, I guess.

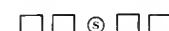


Co-Ed—Speaking of the University traditions and buildings, told "Uni" forms a binding recollection for the "Old Grads."

Freshman Escort—Yes, but not nearly so binding as uni-forms in military.



Officer—"Come! come! Wake up!
Weary (dreamily)—"Ah, playful Madam, ye may tap me wid yer fan, but another ledy claims me heart."



TO BE ILLUSTRATED

And they say journalists are moral:
The power of the press.
The reporter pressed her for an answer.
She wrote for the press.
3:30—press time.
(in answer to other means of minimizing copy.)



A—"Why do you like to play checkers more than any other game?"

B—"Because it's always on the square."



MORNING AFTER THE PROM

Professor (after several unsuccessful attempts to get a recitation)—"Does the class know anything at all?"
Stude—"No, especially some of us."



Junior—"Why is it that stout people rarely are guilty of meanness or crime?"

Freshman—"Well, it's so difficult for them to stoop to anything so low."



Mary had a sickly lamb
Mary ought to fret,
The lamb that died on Mary's hands
Is the lamb that Mary et.



Art—"How could a tango dance be started with military orders?"

Artless—"By having the bugle blow the "Call To Arms."



Mac—"Why are bakers very self-denying people?"
Lou—"Because they sell what they knead themselves."



"Poor kid, he doesn't know what he's up against."



APPROACH OF WINTER

While sings the cricket on the hearth,
The wind blows o'er the heather,
To eke with shriek,
The coming forth
Of blustering old winter.

The yellow fox has sought his hole
Abaft the bank of willows,
Anon upon
The grassy knoll,
The partridge seeks his fellows.

All things are tinged by Painter Frost,
Who is an artful master,
Their sheen of green
The trees have lost,
To yellow, red, and amber.

P. A. D.



A—"Anyone could tell that the architect of that building was a woman."

B—"Why?"

A—"Can't you see all the fancy work around the outside?"



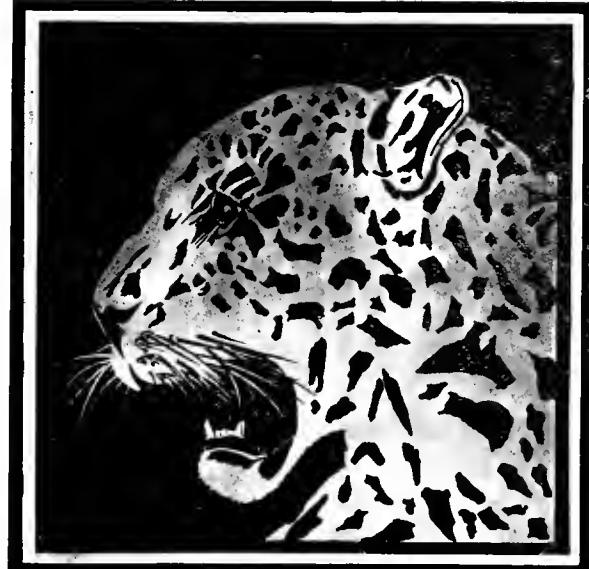
He (dramatically)—"Oh, like a vicious blood hound,
I have searched thee out!"

She—"How, George, is my perfume that bad?"



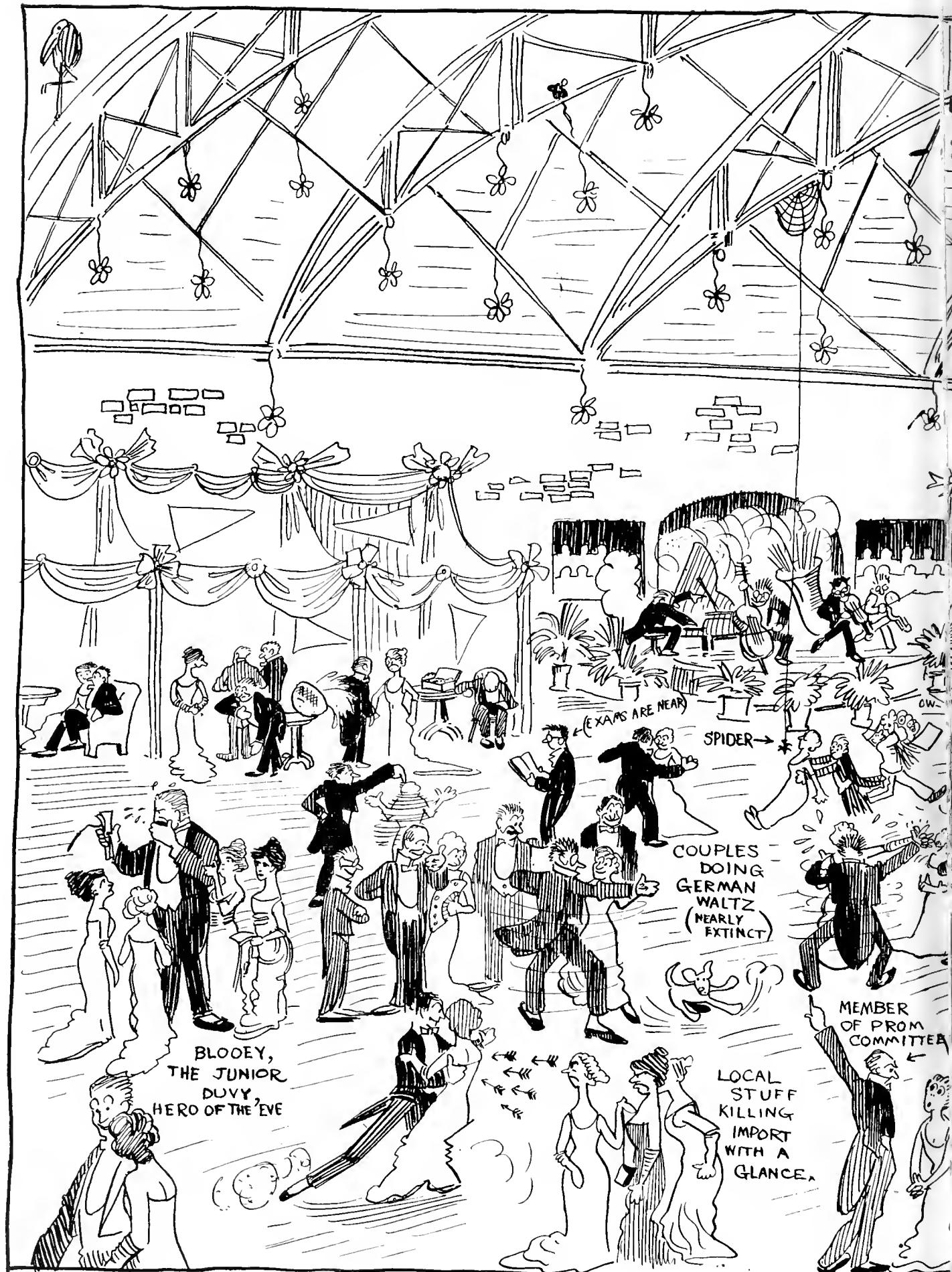
"Why is Jenks so brilliant?"

"Because he plays baseball and is a diamond star."

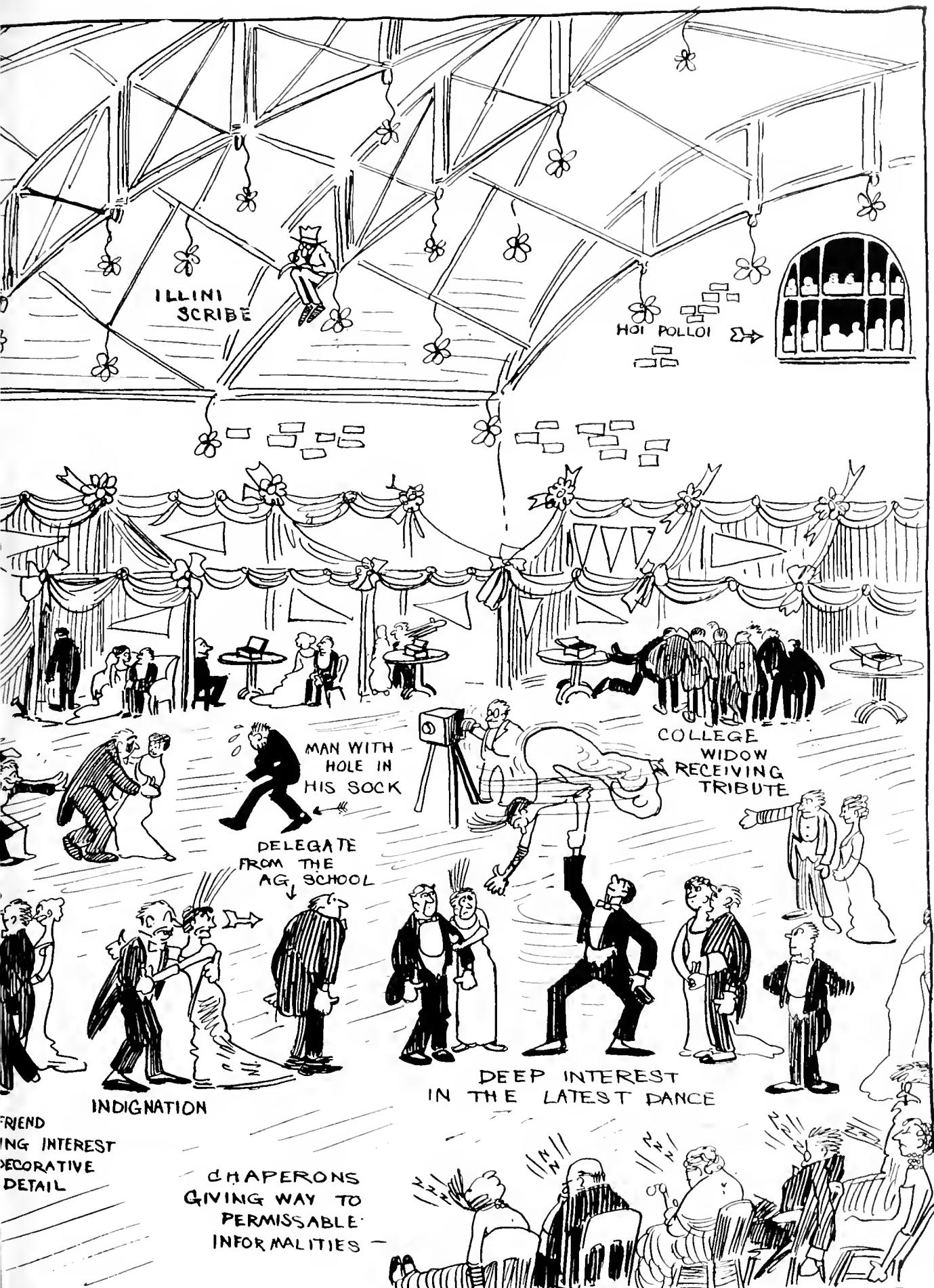


LEOPARD SPOTS

The leopard will have spots,
The Spaniards will fandango;
And, believe me, Council of Admin.,
Chicago girls will tango.



WHAT' ER YOU M



N—PROMENADE?



YOO HOO! COME ON OVER.

I ain't mad at nobody,
Wasn't goin' to tango at the Prom.
Didn't have no newfangled tango pumps.
Couldn't get the money from "Mom".

I ain't signing no petition
Handed 'round by them young squirts.
How in Heck can I tango
Without one of them "mussed up" shirts?

I ain't finding fault with the faculty,
I ain't raising no holler.
What do I care about tangoing,
When I haven't a Valcourt collar.

But there's one thing in these styles,
One fad that hits me right.
I've hunted out grandfather's old stock tie,
And I'm goin' to wear it that night.



A Wit (looking up and seeing a man cutting out bad spots and preparing a tree for winter)—"That man must be a surgeon, he is operating upon the limbs."

B Ware—"No, he's a baggageman, who has specialized in handling trunks."

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING VACATION
Bill—"Hello, Mac, How was everybody at home?"
Mac—"Oh, she was alright, thanks."



Ding—"Why is botany required in the Journalistic and Public Speaking courses?"

Bing—"To enable one to be flowery in his speech or writing."

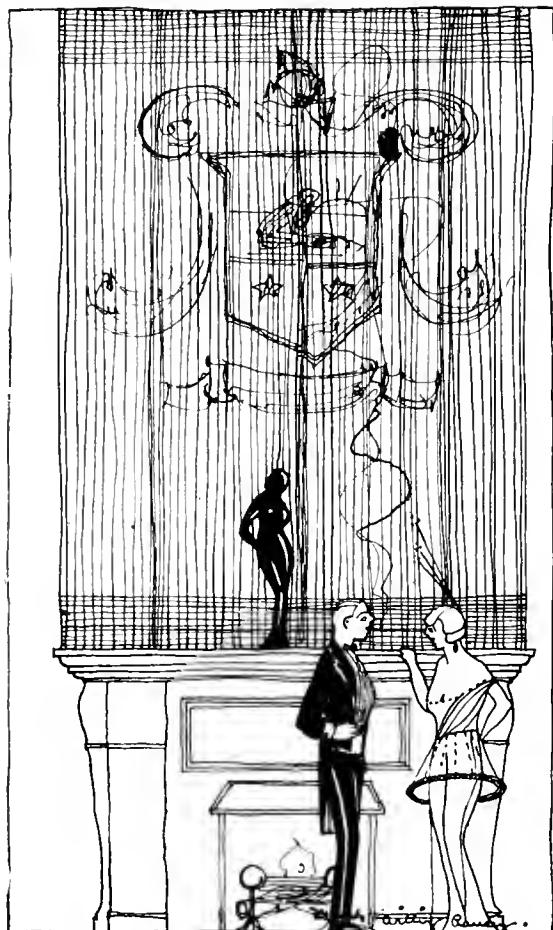


It's sometimes the mere slip of a girl that the fellows fall hardest for.

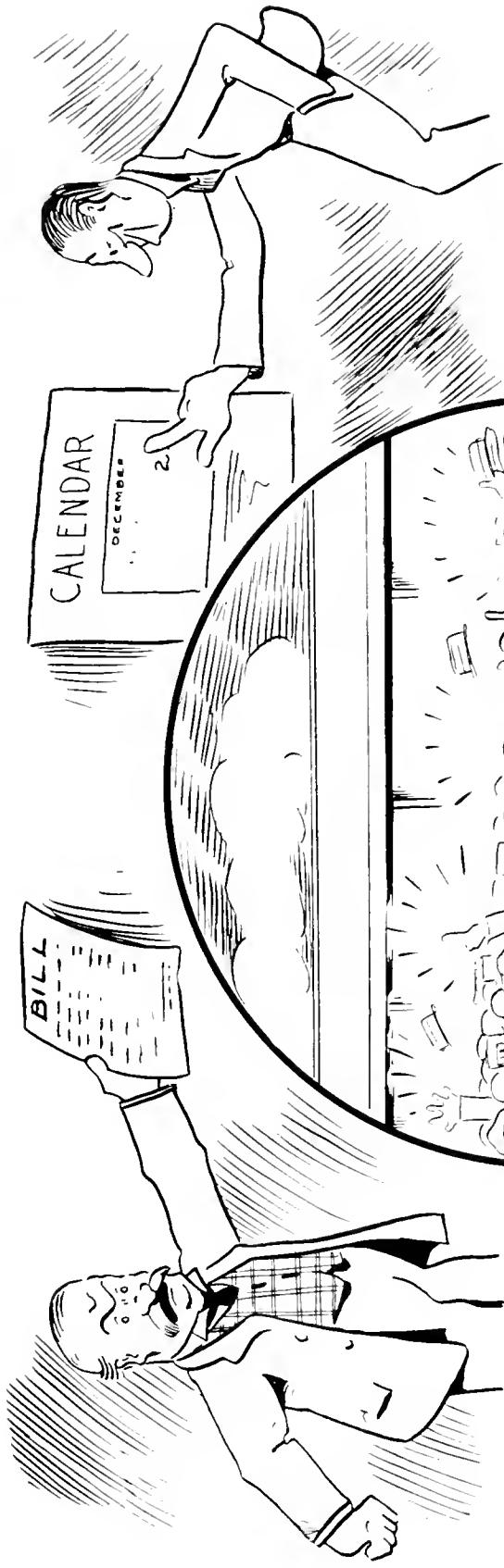
All's fair in love—'cept the girl, most times.



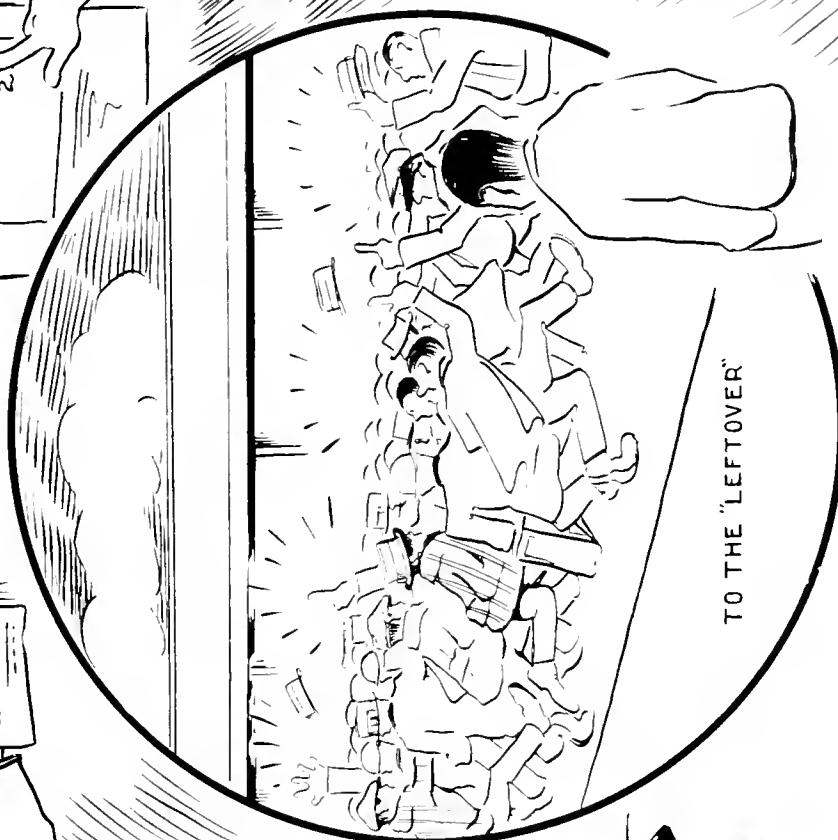
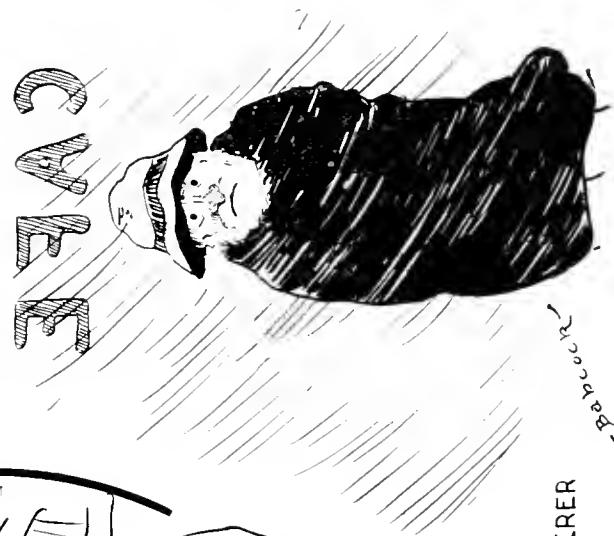
Typographical error—"The Bottle Cry of Freedom."



"Hortense, do you know the latest tango story?"
"Roswald, how dare you insinuate that I'd even listen to it?"

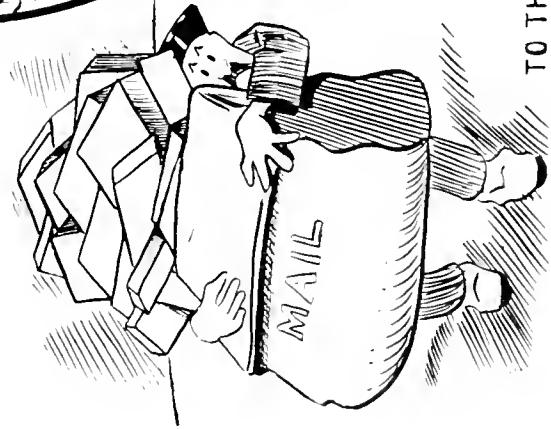


TO THE FROSH



TO THE "LEFTOVER"

! XMAS !



TO THE POSTMAN



TOWARD THE PROM BUT INTO PARADISE

'Twas the eve preceding the night of the big Prom. While sitting alone before the dying fire after all had gone to rest save a few worried "importers", Lot O'Cash was suddenly pulled out of his chair and deep study by this "wire"—

Thursday, December 11, 1913.

Mr. Lot O'Cash,

Long Green Avenue,

Cramp-pain—ill.

My dearest Dearie:—

Made weight for the big bout—the Prom—this afternoon at three o'clock. Will arrive with my training camp at six tomorrow night. Never was in a more perfect condition for a ringside match. Have developed wonderful footwork. Will fight in a twelve ounce gown.

Yours for twenty-four rounds,

Ella Ghent.

"Great Heavens," gasped Lot O'Cash, "she is coming down and is expecting to put on a clever exhibition, entirely ignorant of the ruling of the Council of Sadministration that 'Though the

Boston comes and the Boston stays, the tan-goes forever."

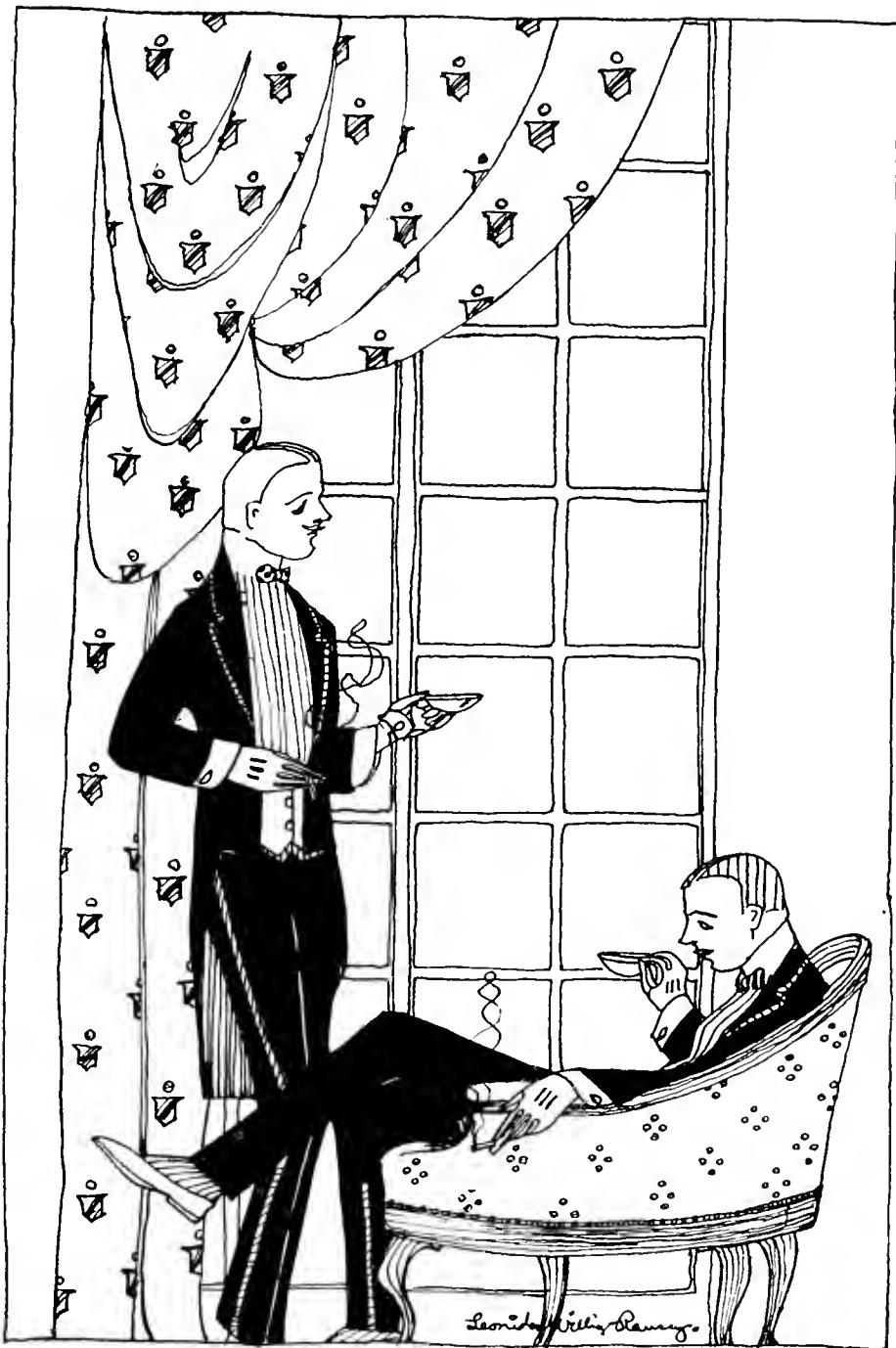
Lot sank back into his chair and fell into a deeper study. He thought of how he had met Ella during the summer, and of how he resolved to show the boys back at s'college some class in the shape of an "import" for the Prom. Ella Ghent and her whole family were favorable. Now she was coming prepared for the worst—and the tango was to be barred at the Prom.

But how was he to square himself with her when the "cute little stranger" arrived? This bar upon new dances almost drove him to one, drink was no remedy for this disaster. He must tell her the truth, or break a leg immediately. But Lot O'Cash was a "man for a' that"; he resolved to show his metal; he had been lead to it and he had the brass, and so he steeled himself against the irony of his fate.

* * * * *

The excitement of her arrival postponed the
(Continued on Page 128)

THE SIREN



BETWEEN DRINKS

Some coeds hand you such a line of stringy talk that it's no wonder it's hard to follow the thread of conversation.

* * * * *

To play a good game of billiards is a sign of a gentleman, but to play a d—— good game of billiards is the sign of a misspent youth.



HOW IT HAPPENED

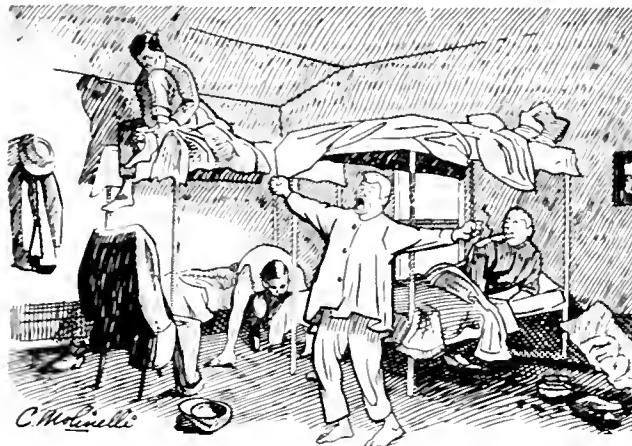
"Yes, sir, it was about the biggest little thing that I ever pulled off, this leading the left wing of the Grand March of the Annual Charity Ball up in Chi—and I have to kick myself even now every time I think of placing in the limousine league with the niece of the city's society leader helping me turn the right corners. It was some party and I had no more business being among those present than I'd have addressing the Western Society of Engineers with three summer schools and five specials on my slate. But there I was, big as life, with a Flat Iron dress suit and a few little accessories that I picked up around the house to help me get away with it. You see, Willella's aunt, she's the get ready, get set, go, of every real function that's pulled off in the windy city, and when I danced that 14th bout with her I had to grit my teeth to keep from interrogatin' as to what the original price was on the 3 dozen sparklers that was hanging around her neck; but that ain't getting us anywhere with the story. You see Willella (that's the girl) used to go to Smith, but it seems she got tired of that bunch of Amherst fussers and wanted to do something real desperate so as to get a couple lines extra in the society column of her home paper, so she just naturally packed up and beat it for the wild and wooly, entering here as a teakettle engineer in our little old Alma Mater. That's how she happened to get here and how I happened to get her was the flimsiest piece of work that old mother fortune ever turned loose.

I was settin' around the fire one night caressin' my piperheidsik and helping Steve decide why he ever took up education as his life work. Steve says something about fightin' society and the way she is did by some o' the boys down here, and right then a life sized vision of ambition loomed up in the firelight and I had a feeling that I wanted to mix in the sorority whirl myself. I could not shake it, either, and after I thought her over a bit I just ambled into the bookcase and pulled down a last year's *Illio*. I figured it out that I didn't have much show with the major league and that about the only chance my hope had to materialize was to corral some damsel not possessing the charms that the normal man goes for. I looked over in the tail end of the woman's section and spotted the Zeta Kaps as my meat. Every aggregation in the woman's line has one or two strong girls, strong usually because they are not popular with the men and have time to sit at home and work out the problems that keep the bunch running while the frivolous sisters are trippin' on the wax and working

the line of talk that makes them what they is, so I finally settled on an individual whose name I had never seen in the function writeups but had been in one of my classes two or three years back, and I called her up. It was kind of late but she was at home all right and said she believed she could stand the second show at the Orpheum. I put on about the most sensible brand of conversation that I had with me and after we had walked home (she said she needed the exercise) I felt that I was fairly well acquainted. I had doped the case out about right.

I was hopin' a little but didn't expect anything to develop immediate, when she up and made a statement that their annual shindig was coming off in about a week and that she had got a letter from her best girl friend at home accepting an invitation to come down. I said that I would be glad to help in the entertainment and would be there in the boiled shirt on Friday night. That was pretty good for me and I hot footed it all the way home to tell Steve. You could have heard the yell that went up from the bunch a mile when I let 'em in on the news and in the quiet days that followed I signed up a few of the brothers for the necessary costume effects. About Thursday I began to wonder if the invitation had really happened or if I just remembered it from one of my pipe dreams and when some body told me that the Zeta Kap house had called up that morning I felt that dance program slipped out of my lily-white. I knew one thing, if I did not get to that tussle I would be stuck higher than a soph proc on a sorority house with the bunch kidding me at every turn. Sure 'nough, my good samarita says she's sorry but the little friend from home had had an accident with her health and would not be among the honored guests. I thanked her real lady-like and dropped back into a window seat as docile as a guy that's come in late 3 time in succession to Rhet. 10. I didn't put any of the boys wise and it was lucky for me I didn't for about the time I got reconciled the automatic gave a couple of long noisy ones and I was on the job. Yes, it was her and she says she wants me to come over that night at seven bells to meet the fairest of the fair who had just blowed in from N. Y. and matriculated. They wanted to make a hit with her and thought that I would be just the man. I told her to tie that line outside, but that I would be tickled to death to be there with the hearty handshake. So I beats it over to greet Willella. She was there all right, so there

(Continued on page 122)



7:30 A. M.

WHAT A CHANGE!



8:00 A. M.

THE GIRL THAT YOU BRING TO THE PROM.

I.

Here's to the girl with the dreamy eyes,
You knew when you saw her you'd picked out a prize.
Brown, gray, black, or blue,
They have surely got you.
The girl that you bring to the Prom.

II.

Here's to the girl with the form divine,
The one that you've longed that your arms might
entwine,
Slim, round, short, or tall,
She's the queen of them all,
The girl that you bring to the prom.

III.

Here's to the girl with the wonderful smile,
Whenever she laughs everything seems worth while.
Whether she's dark, or she's fair,
She's the prettiest there.
The girl that you bring to the Prom.

IV.

Here's to the girl that you see in your dreams,
In fancy's gay revel her figure oft gleams,
And you know that tonight
Will be one of delight,
To the girl that you bring to the Prom.

V.

And when it's all over, and passes along
To its place in the midst of your memory throng,
May you always be true
To the best that's in you,
And the girl that you bring to the Prom.

E. W. T.

119

James—"I had my finger smashed under the cover of my card index today."

John—"Index finger, I suppose."



"I'm being rushed by a fraternity," said the waiter of the Alpha Zeta as he hurried along.



"Within the Law"



A—"Why does your mother always use Plymouth Rock eggs in making her cakes?"

B—"Because they make the best layers."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □



St. Nick—"And after all the trouble I had getting down that chimney!"

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

And the Englishman remarked, "These coeducational schools are mainly for Literachoor hand 'Earts."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

The reason most fellows don't pat themselves on the back is because their arms aren't long enough.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

"They're sure makin' a fuss over us," shouted the irate husband to his wife, as the couple in the flat above started their daily scrap.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

There's no reason for scientists having such cold expressions when they're always wrapped in thought.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

PUTTING IT MILDLY

Tom--Did you say your friend is slender?

Tab--Well, she returned a silhouette gown because she couldn't make a shadow in it.—*Judge.*

"What fo' do they all call yo' grandpap, 'Uncle Tango'?"

"Ain't yo' all noticed how he done shuffle his feet?"

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

"An idea struck me."

"The coward!"

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

Some fellers 'ud shure go t' heav'n ef they repeated the Responsive Readings in church as well as they do th' titles on th' films at the Movies.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □



"An Early Woodcut."



A Rural Attachment.

THE PROM-CAN IT WAS

What a funny thing a Prom are,
Only rich feller can go,
And when go, cann't tango.
I reckon barn dance will be did
But Uncle Hiram, he sed,—
"Gosh! That dance aint so bad
Folks thinks it's wrong 'cause it's a fad."
And t'other day I tried to learn
To do that dance, and Gosh Durn!
When I danced with that gal Lizzie
I couldn't think of no bad,—too gol darned busy
Doing that dance and keeping step
To think of anything else, by Heck
'Taint wrong.



ON OUR TONGUE'S TIP

"If you were suddenly beset by a Princeton Tiger,
what would you request him to do?"
"Oh, I'd say, 'Do purr, do.'"



Old Si (visiting the city)—Could you tell me where
the National Bank is?
News Kid—I'll tell you for a quarter.
Old Si—You should not ask so much for such in-
formation.
News Kid—Well, I can't be a bank director for noth-
ing.

Christmas Gifts

That please are the kind that you'll find at
Ray L. Bowman's

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry

We just feel this way about it that to
buy your Gifts without seeing our selec-
tion would be cheating yourself both
in design and price.

Ray L. Bowman
THE GIFT STORE

Walker Opera House

Champaign, Ill.



WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE

Jan. 17
Jan. 30
Feb. 7
Apr. 11
May 30

CRYSTAL

Jan. 17

ONYX

Dec. 13
Jan. 16
Feb. 21
May 16

GRIDIRON

Jan. 9
Mar. 14
May 9
May 30

VARSITY

Jan. 24
Feb. 28
Mar. 14
April 18

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

HOW IT HAPPENED

(Continued from Page 118)

that I didn't mind the walk over into the Urbana quiet district.

I knew I was going to enjoy that Friday night and began to bet with myself on how many dances I would have with her, but I was not prepared for what was coming. She was one of them dancers that's so even gaited that you know the orchestr's workin' with you and that's all. But that free cab ride was the revelation. I knew she was well bred, but I did not expect

nothing like that. She says she's just had a line from Aunty up in Chi—wanting her to come up the next week-end for the charity ball and be sure to bring an escort from the many college men she knew she must have met. I did not remember much after that. I just grabbed hold of that tassel they use on the curtains at funerals, said pleased to meet you and held my breath for 7 blocks. The next hundred and fifty-eight hours was one smear. I emerged in a state of mind that couldn't be touched by a stude pledged Tau Bate on a cribbed record. And when I settled back beside her on the Seminole I felt like my hat band was full of rice.

RUBIN & BOWMAN have picked out some gewgaws for which any regular Illini will be glad to trade a string of wampum, or two. The R.& B. Jewel Shop surely has some real ideas regarding what you and I and she will like for our Christmas presents.

Bowman is a regular Indian name, and Rubin, well that certainly isn't Eyetalian. Their's is a real Illini Gift Shop and the prices they quote are just right.

Rubin & Bowman
Two doors north of
City Building on Neil
Champaign.

Your Mother

Your Sister

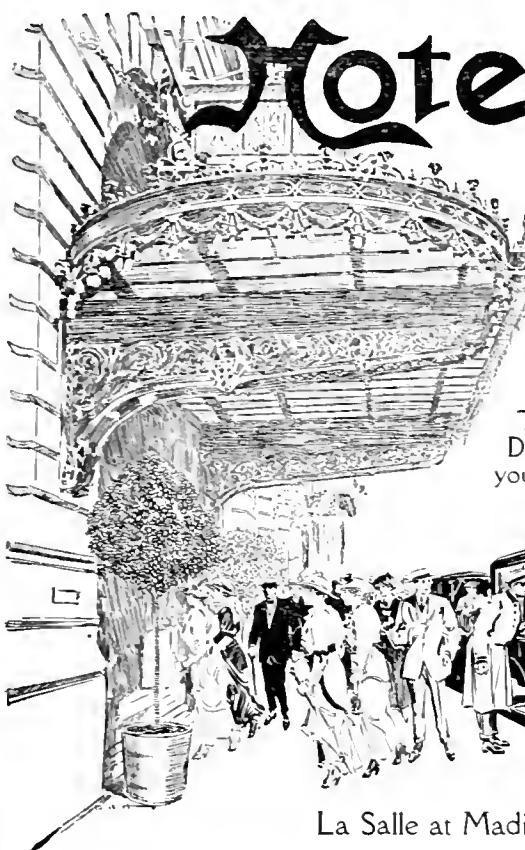
or the other fellow's Sister

would appreciate a really good picture for a Christmas Gift.

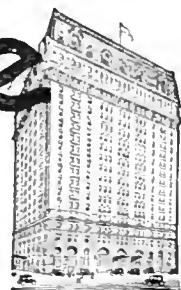
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Leslie - Urbana



Hotel La Salle

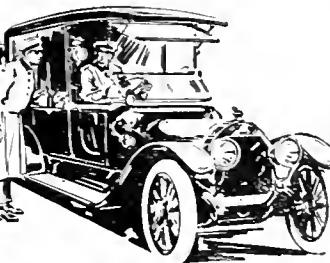


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		Per Day
One Person		
Room with detached bath	-	\$2 to \$3
Room with private bath	-	\$3 to \$5
Two Persons		Per Day
Room with detached bath	-	\$3 to \$5
Room with private bath	-	\$5 to \$8
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Two Persons	-	\$5 to \$8
Four Persons	-	\$8 to \$15

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ARROW TANGO SHIRTS

ARE an essential addition to the evening wardrobe of the well-dressed man. \$2.00 and up.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., Makers

He—Darling, why are you so sad?

She (gulping down a sob)—Oh, dearest, I was just thinking this will be our last evening together until tomorrow night!—*Puck.*

"Before I married my wife I could listen to her voice for hours."

"And now?"

"Now I have to."—*Houston Post.*

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Baggage, Livery and Carriage Work



EAT

TWIN CITY CREAMERY BUTTER

ASK YOUR GROCER

HIS VIEW

Friend—And were you ever in Venice?
Mr. Richquick—Yes. Slowest town I
was ever in. The sewers were busted all
the time we were there!—*Puck*.



I SHOULD SMILE

Maiden—Do you day-dream much?
Man—Oh, my, yes—you see, I'm a night
watchman.—*Chaparral*.

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Visible Remingtons
Visible Smith Premiers
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Christmas Tip—

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Strauch Kodak Finishing Shop
Above Co-Op. Auto 2218

ON THE TROLLEY

Conductor—Did I get your fare?
Passenger—No. You rang it up.—*Tiger*.



Jones—A bridegroom doesn't count for much at his own wedding.

Smith—No; he might as well be Vice-President of the United States.—*The Club Fellow*.

YEH, y'see Dad went here to school before I did and he—well dad wasn't exactly a mummy. Last Xmas I took him a couple of Zom-Crayvats and th' ol' fellah was tickled t'death. Said it brought him back to the old days when he was here, when Lindy and Lowie and Moynie and Carrie an' the bunch were still in the grades and football was like the Mexican Revolution. Well, 'm on my way!

Zom Zombro **Green Ave.** **Champaign**



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EVERY MONDAY

MULTIPLE REEL FEATURES
Three Times a Week

NEW PICTURES EVERY DAY

The
Illinois Billiard Hall
has moved to
306 and 308 Hickory Court
Cavanaugh Bros.
Smokers Sundries

"You were shooting this morning?"
asked Smith.

"Yes, I had to kill my dog," answered
Jones.

"Was he mad?" asked Smith.

"Well," said Jones, "he didn't seem any
too well pleased." — *Livingston Lance*.

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THE SIREN

THE SIGMA XI QUARTERLY

NORTH CENTRAL ASSOCIATION REPORT

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Charlie will treat you right—come

Chas. Maurer, Jeweler

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and delivered.**

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URBANA

NEXT!

I would I were an artist!
'Twould fill my soul with cheer;
For when I got a thirst on,
I'd draw a glass of beer.
—California Pelican.

Still, I'd like to be a woodman,
And walk the forests through,
And whenever I got hungry,
I'd take a chop or two.
—Princeton Tiger.

The law would offer me more scope.
I love the legal race.
With thirst and hunger I could cope;
Just order up a case.
—Michigan Gargoyle.

My occupation's better still.
If you don't think so, try it.
I coach the frisky chorus girls,
And chicken is my diet.
—Cornell Widow.

But here in Minneapolis
We go to Calhoun Beach
And seated on the sandy shore,
Enjoy a luscious peach.
—Minneapolis Minne-ha-ha.

A sporty hubby ain't so worse—
There's one thing he can boast—
No matter how late he returns,
Wifie meats him with a roast.
—Stanford Chaparral.

On hashing over all this bull
We're cowed and quail a-gnu
This beets us, lettuce meat to-night
And roll home in a stew.
—Pelican.

WE think this rather far-fetched stuff,
Each verse an idle boast—
Now notice, gentle reader
We've contributed a roast.



Miligan—If I be after laying security
a quil ter what I take away, will yez thrust
me till nixt wake?

Sands (the grocer)—Certainly.

Miligan—Well, thin, sell me two av thim
hams, an' kape wan av thim till I come
agin.—Puck.

*Before your dance
try the Beardsley's
6 o'clock dinners
in our private din-
ing room.*



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EMPIRE Steam Laundry

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CLOSE

Star—Is your boarding house manager stingy?

Ving—Stingy! Why, it breaks his heart to feed the furnace.—*Chaparral.*



Old Lady Visitor—Poor man, what ever made you take up such a profession?

No. 99765—Well, mum, I found I could open me gym locker.—*Cornell Widow.*



“Something is sure to turn up,” said the bystander, as he hugged the leeward side of the Flat-Iron Building.—*Jester.*

WALKER

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TOWARD THE PROM BUT INTO PARADISE

(Continued from Page 116)

breaking of the sad news until there were in Lot's big machine cozily closed in and on their way to the Prom.

"Miss Ella Ghent—Ella," he found himself saying, "I think I ought to tell you that there is to be no tango tonight according to the powers that be. I know that this edict strikes you harder than it does me, for you are so interested in getting up on this new dance stuff. It means so much to you to be able to show some of—"

"Lot," protested the little "import," as she took advantage of a lurch to cuddle closer to him, "I only learned those dances so as not to disappoint you, for when you import you expect—"

"But Ella, think of the fun, the delight that you will miss in not being allowed those new holds and positions which are not to be seen on the floor tonight."

"There's no use of missing any pleasure, Lot, if we stay in the car, where they can't see us."

Lot quickly raised the curtain behind his driver's head. "Don't stop driving until further orders," he said, and pulled the curtain down tightly again. Two little gloved hands gripped his arm. And mysteriously he guessed that somewhere in perfumed darkness of the broad back seat, but easily found, were two pretty lips pursed for—Lot O'Cash.

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You fellows know what that means! We've been very successful in this regard with Fatima Cigarettes. By the way, these cigarettes were first sold in the college towns—and you agreed with us that they were good

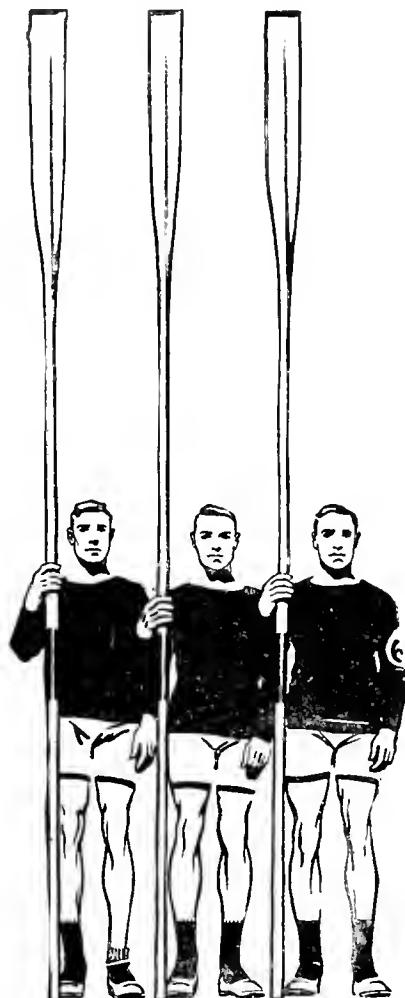
Then we put out for the big race, to make Fatimas of nation-wide reputation, and today more are sold than any other cigarette in this country.

No purer, or more carefully chosen tobacco grows than that in Fatimas. We purposely put them in a plain inexpensive wrapper—in this way we can afford quality tobacco, and twenty of the smokes for 15 cents.

Now your college crew is of utmost importance to you—so is a good cigarette, and it's your aim in life to keep Fatimas in the lead—right up to their good quality—right up to where you first found them, and will always find them.

Success fellows! You started this cigarette on its successful career—and you pull a strong var all over this country.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND
CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢



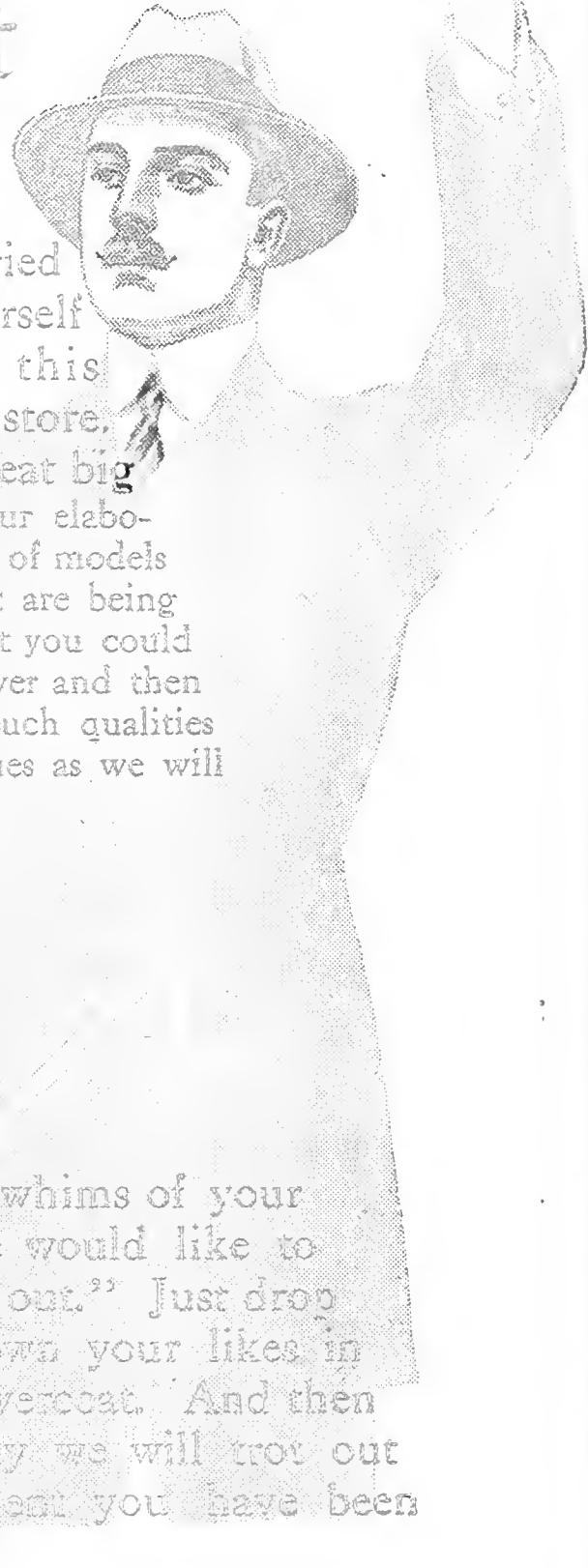
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"Just a Moment Please"

Just take a moment off in your hurried dash for business and refresh yourself mentally and apparently at this great bristling quality clothes store.

We want you to get the one great big surprise of the season by viewing our elaborate array of new Fall Suits in a score of models and our stunning new topcoats that are being sold here now. It's a safe bet that you could search the whole blessed town over and then wouldn't find such styles and such qualities and absolutely never such values as we will give you here now.



You can satisfy the whims of your every desire. We would like to have you "test us out." Just drop in and make known your likes in a Fall Suit or Overcoat. And then see how quickly we will trot out the very garment you have been thinking of.

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Arcade

Bowling and Billiard Parlors

are now running with most up-to-date equipment that could be purchased. Try them.

Dewey & Roxey

Wise—When is a mouse when it spins?

Acre—Easy, the higher the fewer.

(For the English who missed this we submit):

Symply—When does a chicken cross the street?

Stuffie—On a rainy day.—*Pa. State Froth.*



Minister (calling on inmate of prison)—
Remember that stone walls do not a prison
make, nor iron bars a cage.

No. 6776—Well, they've got me hypnotized
then, that's all.—*Pa. State Froth.*



Asking a girl's permission to kiss her is
cowardly. It is putting the responsibility
up to her.—*Pa. State Froth.*



She—Charles, what's a cabaret?

He—A cabaret is a place that takes the
rest out of restaurant and puts the din
in dinner.—*Princeton Tiger.*



Drug Clerk—Now what kind of a tooth-
brush did you want?

Ole Olsen—It must be a strong wan;
dere bane seven ane ma famlee.—*The
Purple Cow.*

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TELL ME NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS

"Triplets," announced the nurse to the proud father.

"Really," he replied, "I can hardly believe my own census."—*The Sun-Dial*.



CUSTOMARY

Bill—Did you declare everything when you landed?

Jack—Everything, but she would only be a sister to me.—*Chapparal*.



H. L. RENNE
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Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO



W.A.C.
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10¢

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IN a debate, there is no evading the issue. Does your smoking tobacco bite or doesn't it?

Velvet is aged 2 years—which eliminates the leaf harshness and mellows and tones the richness. Produces a fine flavor and a smoothness that smokers appreciate above all else.

Gentlemen—there is only one side to this smoke question—that's the smooth side—"Velvet." Ask for Velvet at your dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



SWALLOW THIS

"Here's a story about a man who got a piece of ice lodged in his throat and choked to death."

"Ah, another case of death from hard drink."—*The Sun-dial*.



"Next year I'm going to get a Packard with a rumble."

"Why don't you get a Ford with a rattle."—*Harvard Lampoon*.



You can't play hookey from the school of experience.—*Jester*.



"How long will I keep my shape?" asked the woman who had fear of obesity.

"As long as the corset stays."—*Chaparral*.



Ara—I would never marry any one but a hero.

Bella—You couldn't.—*The Sun-Dial*.

First Roommate—Where the —— are all my handkerchiefs?

Second Roommate—All blown up.—*Jack O'Lantern*.

ALL———FOR———YOU Attention "Short Courters"

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We Excel in Service

AT THE COTILLION

Bright Bean—"My collar's too tight."

Decollette Dear—"A tight collar always makes me sick. You're sure to have sore throat."

Bright Bean—"I'll bet you'll have indigestion, or at least heart trouble."—*Chaparral*.



Brick—"What become of the 'Athletic Edition' of the daily?"

Bat—"You mean the sporting edition?"

Brick—"Yes."

Bat—"I guess it was too strong for the faculty."—*Northwestern*.

AT THE BANQUET

"My plate is damp."

"Thar's the soup, old cockerel!"—*Jester*.



He (at piano)—Don't you think this is a beautiful melody?

She—Yes. I consider it quite a strain.—*Jack O'Lantern*.



Father of 1917—Those language courses are expensive things. Here my son gets charged \$20 extra for English.

Father of 1916—That's nothing. My son has an \$85 extra for Scotch.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



Pure Candies

In our new sanitary candy kitchen, we are making a line of pure, wholesome home-made candies fresh every day that excel in quality, any made in these two burgs. We have four expert candy manipulators; and they are busy daily, concocting dainty confections for you.

*Visitors Welcome at any Time to
Candy Shop*

HARRIS and MEAD

120 Green Ave.

Opposite the Big Tree

CARRYING A JOKE TOO FAR

"What do you think of the jokes Bill brought over from England?"
"I think they were pretty far fetched."—*The Princeton Tiger*.



Ed—I can tell that you have the "movies" habit all right.

Edna—Why, how's that?

Ed—Why, by that filmy look in your eyes.—*The Chaparral*.



Madame—Did you know that sheep are the stupidest things in the world?

Monsieur—Yes, my lanib.—*The Princeton Tiger*.

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EAT

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ASK YOUR GROCER

Do y'know gang, there's one li'l ol' study that sure keeps me from falling asleep and snorin' right out loud—guess what! Studyin' the new duds over 'Zoms. Bokoo study, eh what? Nice part about it is that, if you study 'em just now and then, you can pass any ol' examination that you can run up against.

Zom Zombro

Green Ave.

Champaign

GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT

Hip—Taste this!

Hop—Why, that's the best soup I ever tasted.

Hip—Yes, but the steward had the gall to say it was coffee.—*The Gargoyle*.



Drug Clerk—Now what kind of a tooth brush did you want?

Ole Olson—Oh, it mus' be strong wan; dere bane seven ane my famle.—*The Purple Cow*.

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ED WITH SILK, AT TWENTY-FIVE
DOLLARS, BY THE BOND STREET
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CHANGE FOR THE WORSE

"That's not fare," remarked the conductor, as a passenger handed him a plugged nickel.—*The Sun-Dial*.



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THE CURSE OF AN EMPTY PURSE

You made me what I am today,
I hope you're satisfied;
You surely fixed me when you barred
The Tango and the glide.
The boys and girls I used to know
Are gone, and what is worse,
There isn't a chance with the old-time dance,
That's the curse of an empty purse.





GEE BUT THEM WERE BULLY DAYS!

When all the world seems gloomy, and we study every night,
When all the joys of living seem completely out of sight;
Then we sometimes feel of dreaming, neath the study light's green rays,
And our thoughts turn to the past: "Gee but them were bully days."



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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.



Of all of us "Illinois Loyalty" is a familiar phrase. It is described to us as a mysterious, compelling spirit which cannot be demonstrated simply by yelling at football games or boasting of Illini nines. All of us would like to have the opportunity to show that we have that loyalty.

One good way would be to place the service of the University above that of any other organization which might offer more dazzling opportunities for fame or even fortune. Surely there can be no greater reward for services rendered than the undying friendship of some four thousand college contemporaries.

And this lies within the grasp of him who will place his duty to Alma Mater first.

We have said what will come to him who gives his best to the University. Now we dare go so far as to say that for him who scorns such an opportunity there should be nothing but the contempt of his classmates and of all who stand true to Illinois.

Of course such a case might never arise. These lines are but the idle reflection of the *Siren* upon what it believes to be student sentiment.

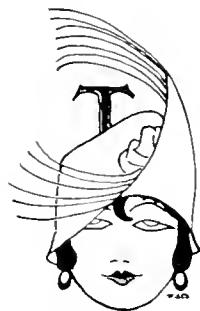


WE have met the enemy and we are his'n—again fice thousand students search the vocabulary of profanity for suitable, gentlemanly words to express our utter disrespect for the Chicago horse shoe. Just when the coveted little victory seems snugly tucked away and twenty-four assistant managers are applying for the job of painting the ball—up jumps the Jimx. Chicago with unparalleled luck turns a defeat into



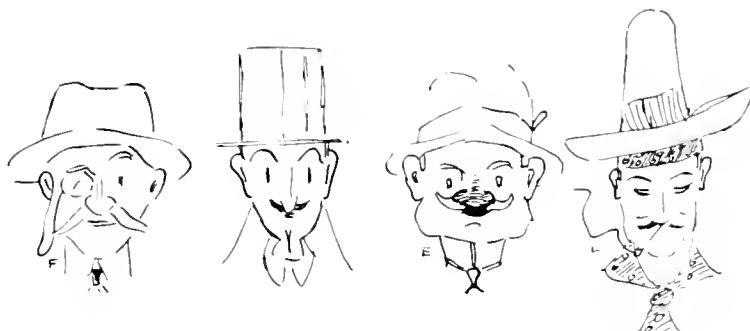
a victory and again a spell is cast over the community similar only to that wrought by our near-by social duties—Exams.

But we trust that some sweet day, while sitting before a big grate fire, cuddling those whom we hope someday to see wearing an Illinois "I", we will pick up a daily and read that besides the fact that seats were reserved in the new armory just after breakfast we have committed the unpardonable sin of defeating the Chicago Jinx. Then, too, we'll remember with kindest thoughts and sincerest admiration—Jones' squad way back in '14.



HERE we were in the little back room over Harrison Mead's. The whole staff was gathered there (except "Stork" Carlisle), lounging around on the tables and chairs, and even on the window sills, waiting for the business of elections to start. Suddenly the door opened and in strode "The Stork". "Welcome", shouted Ye Ed., "—and what have you for us this time—a girl?" (We had all so hoped that it would be a girl.) "No," said the Stork, "not a boy, either. Three of 'em". "Triplets", gasped the crowd, ensemble.

And aren't they cute? Hill, Babcock and Mollinelli—a literary wit and two good artists. Watch for their work and you will see some good stuff, now that they have been elected to the *Siren* staff.



Sports of all Nations.



IN THE JUNGLES



"Last night I noticed Miss Chicken wrapped in thought."
"It's well she had something on."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

OH! WHAT'S THE USE.

Teacher—Willie, I don't believe you ever study your geography.

Willie—Well, father said the world was changing every day and so I thought I would wait until things settled a little bit.

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

PROGRESS.

Ole Luke McLuke, he sez, sez he—"Men can't use the time-worn adage of hidding behind women's skirts now a days. Even if they were small enough to get behind them you could see right through their scheme."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

"I understand he's a well posted young man."
"On the matter of street lamps, quite so."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □



A thing like this is always bound to occur (and has, for many years).

Weary Willie—I don't believe dreams ever come true.

Pan Handle Pete—There is where you're wrong, old boy. When I was a youth I used to dream of the time when I could wear long trousers, and now I wear them longer than any one else.

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

'Twas the night after finals,
And all through the house;
The students were stagg'ring—
A terrible souse.

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

Pat—Mike, the church is burning!
Mike—Holy smoke!

□ □ Ⓛ □ □



The French Final.

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

AIN'T IT AWFUL?

Teacher—Hercules was so strong that he used to swim across the river three times before breakfast every morning for the exercise.

Pupil—Why didn't he make it an even number so he would end up on the side his clothes were on?"

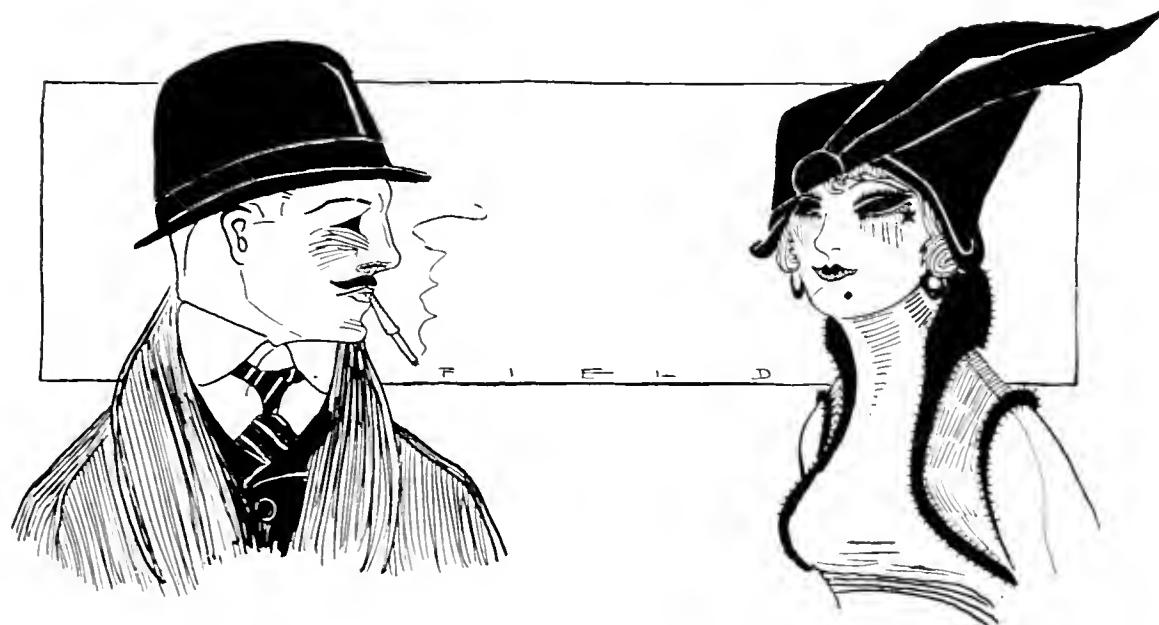
□ □ Ⓛ □ □

Johnnie—Pa, what is an optimist?

Pa—An optimist, my son, is a one-armed man who is thankful because he can't hit his thumb with a hammer.

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

"Mark well th' words o' th' carpenter fer he alwuz hits th' nail on th' head."



Reggie: Yes, Ethel, drinking has such an effect on some people that they try to blow the foam off a kiss.



TANGO STUFF.

She flirts a bit with all the boys,
Wears "christian science" clothes.
Her skirt is slit about two feet,
Her figure each man knows.
She likes these risque magazines,
Each author she can name,
But she'll vote in pan-hellenic
'Gainst the tango just the same.

She goes to hear crude Walker stuff.
She's framed "September Morn".
Her erstwhile bracelet watch does now
Her nether limb adorn.
She'll string each poor weak fusser on
Just one more scalp to claim,
But she'll vote in pan-hellenic
'Gainst the tango just the same.

Note:—This was written at 10 o'clock; received the joyful tidings at eleen. The lid's off—We're for you—Whoops, my dear!



"Th' reason some fellers don't give enny Chris'mas presents is because they'd rether pick out their own neckties."



Phoner—Gimme 1-1-1-1.
Central—C'm on, don't get impatient. I heard you the first time.

"It ain't ev'ry girl thet's wise enough t' us her shammy gloves fer a powder puff."



The Gloom.



COLLEGE



TS IN HELL



Longstreet: Did you and Helen make up?

Xanthe: How dare you, I never use cosmetics.



NOTICE.

In view of the fact that nowadays most of the talent is gobbled up by the big concerns, it is a source of great gratification to the *Sirein* to be able to announce that none of its artists is a subscriber to "Life" or "Judge."



"Isn't it strange that an educated girl like Polly should paint and make up so?"

"Only showing part of her education—Polly's science."



Publisher—Why call this piece a drinking song?

Composer—Because it has a rest at every bar.

As the watch went in the pawn shop

I heard it sadly groan,
"This will be a dismal place,—
I'm going to be a loan."

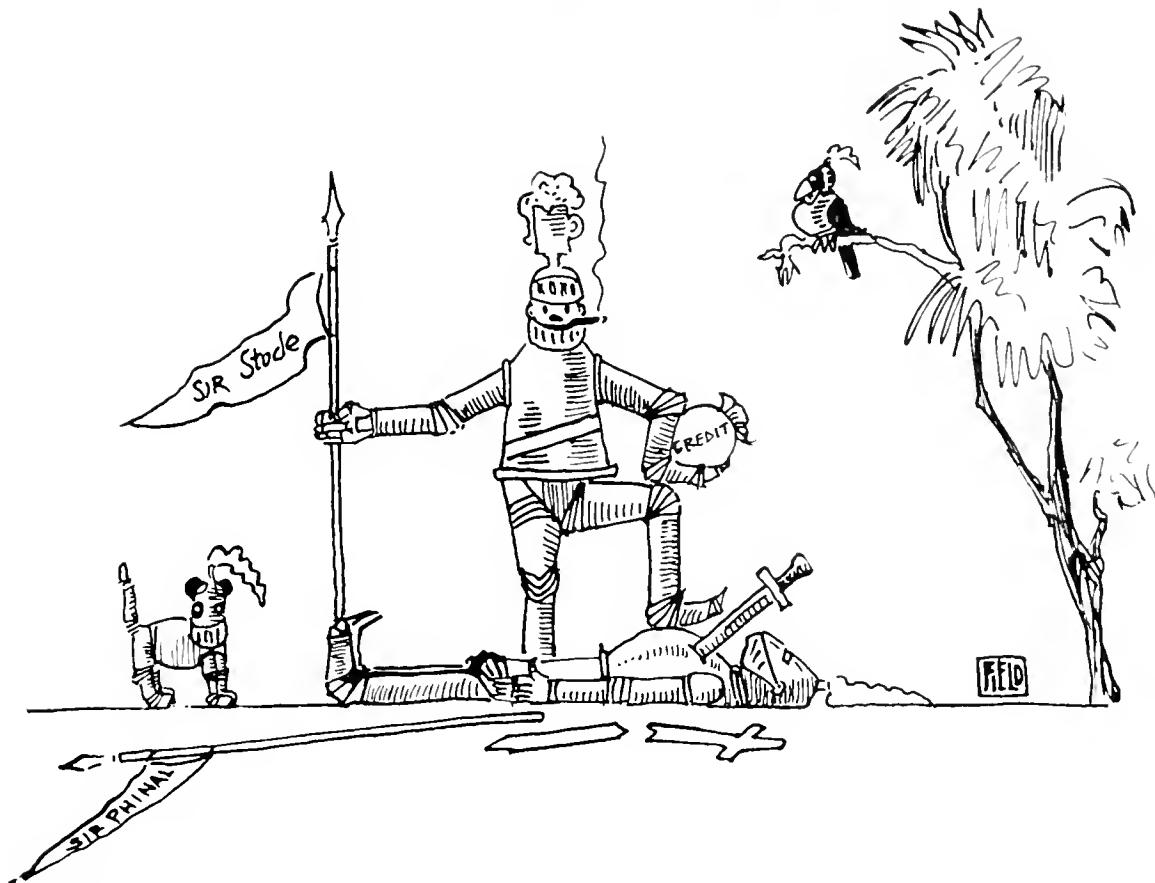


PA KNOWS EVERYTHING.

Little Willie—What is a nerve specialist?"
Pa—A book agent, my boy.



"Some o' them girls thet think their faces is their fortune wuz robbed of both wealth an' good looks."



THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF SIR STUDE IN HIS QUEST OF THE HOLY CREDITS.

Now it so befell that during the reign of King James there was a great knight in the realm yclept Sir Stude, very indolent in daily affairs yet withall a mighty and stalwart man in battle, so that in all the minor adventures which he had undertaken with Sir Test and Sir Quiz he had gat unto himself passing few wounds. Now you must know, however, that Sir Stude was right sore in love with the fair dameisele Diploma and would have made haste to let ordain for the marriage in the most splendid wise that could be devised but to this the fair dameisele made answer, nay, "Sir", said she, "Wot you not that you must first undertake some right perilous adventure that I may be assured of your valor in conflict? Make you all haste therefore to the castle of Sir Phinal and if per adventure you are able to slay him in the jousts bring back to me as a gift the bag of sacred credits which he guards in his castle with his life. And if so be it that you bring with you at your returning that rich treasure, then may we be married anon."

At this Sir Stude was much elated and made

reply in this wise, saying, "Lady, those are to me the best tidings that I have ever heard", for he was withal very young and valient and put great faith in his bright and gleaming armour made of a most beautiful and shining metal called bluff.

Right so departed Sir Stude and gan make all due preparations for this adventure perilous. That night he had passing good cheer withal that he was in such great peril and so laid him down and slept. Then it was that Sir Stude wist full well that he could not overcome his enemy by dint of his armour alone as he had hoped and so gan search the country side for a weapon y'clept Knowledge. Anon he gat himself one from a neighbouring knight but it was forsooth right puny and fragil. However his heart was passing light for he was withal an impetuous youth and did still put great faith in his gleaming armour. So it was that in due time Sir Stude came unto the castle of Sir Phinal and when it was that Sir Phinal saw who was without waiting for to have ado with him he was right wroth and

(Continued on Page 149)



FASHION HINT NO. II.

If you want a nifty little turban, get a hold of some of brother's ties and wrap them around an old hat.



WELL, WHO HAS?

Who hath desired high marks?—
The long midnight hours of cramming—
The work and the care—
All notes to prepare—
Some task for each short hour planning?
High marks—they come never unworked for.
Hard work—unrelated to bunk.
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise
Flunkers would just as soon flunk.

Who hath desired high marks?—
An honor but no one declares it—
His room-mate who's out,
Half the evenings, about,
Can't see how the man ever bears it.
High marks—there's but one way to get them.
Hard work—while all pleasures are sunk.
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise
Flunkers would just as soon flunk.

Who hath desired high marks?—
The sacrificing of pleasure—
The trips out of town,
Which wear off the frown,
And cuts taken free without measure.
High marks—they are paid for times over.
Hard work—till you're turning half monk.
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise
Flunkers would just as soon flunk.

A FOOL THERE WAS.

A fool there was and he stayed out late,
Even as you and I;
And all he did was procrastinate,
Even as you and I.
Out every night he would celebrate
Until the Exams made him hesitate
And the highest he got was sixty-eight,
Even as you and I.

A fool there was and he studied late,
Maybe as you,—not I;
And did not loaf nor dissipate,
Maybe as you,—not I.
With no one would he associate
And tried the "Profs" to imitate
And all of his grades were ninety-eight,
Maybe as you,—not I.

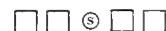


SHE'LL DO THE SAME THING OVER AGAIN.

With my old pipe I sit and wonder,
'Bout that girl I used to know.
I suppose she's with some fellow,
And all the lights turned low.
But what's the use, this thing to ponder,
When my old pipe's burning bright,
Reminds me of my visiting nights,
And—low lights?—No,—no lights.



"It ain't alwuz th' social lemons thet wear th' sour faces."



Advice—Keep your spirits up!



THE THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF "BONING."

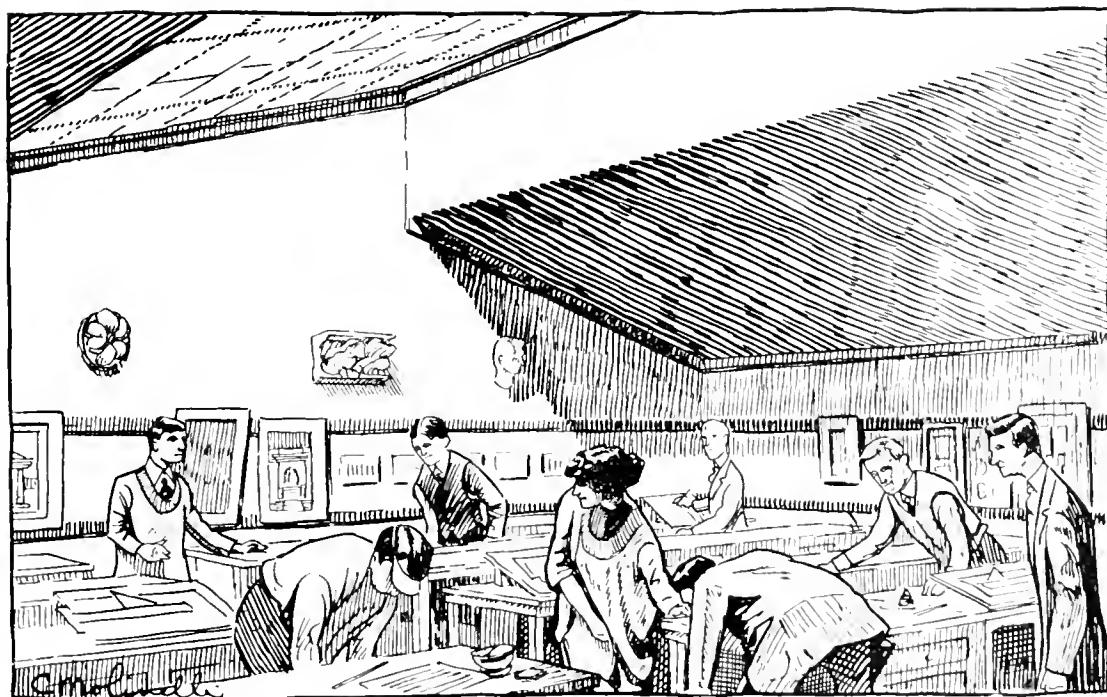
Again that season of the year approaches, when testbooks are cracked open for the first time, and their virgin pages which the eye of student hath never read, are being scanned with sudden and absorbing interest. This process of diving through a mass of books and assignments that have accumulated during the whole semester, in the frantic effort to bring up from the bottom of the deep well of knowledge a few precious pearls of wisdom, is widely known as "boning."

Now the etymology of the word, "boning," has never been entirely cleared up, and as a result there are two conflicting opinions current as to the exact meaning of this word. One radical school of thinkers maintain that the term has a physiological significance, and that it is derived from the noun, "bone-head," and refers to the process of studious activity which tends to convert the bone of the head into gray matter.

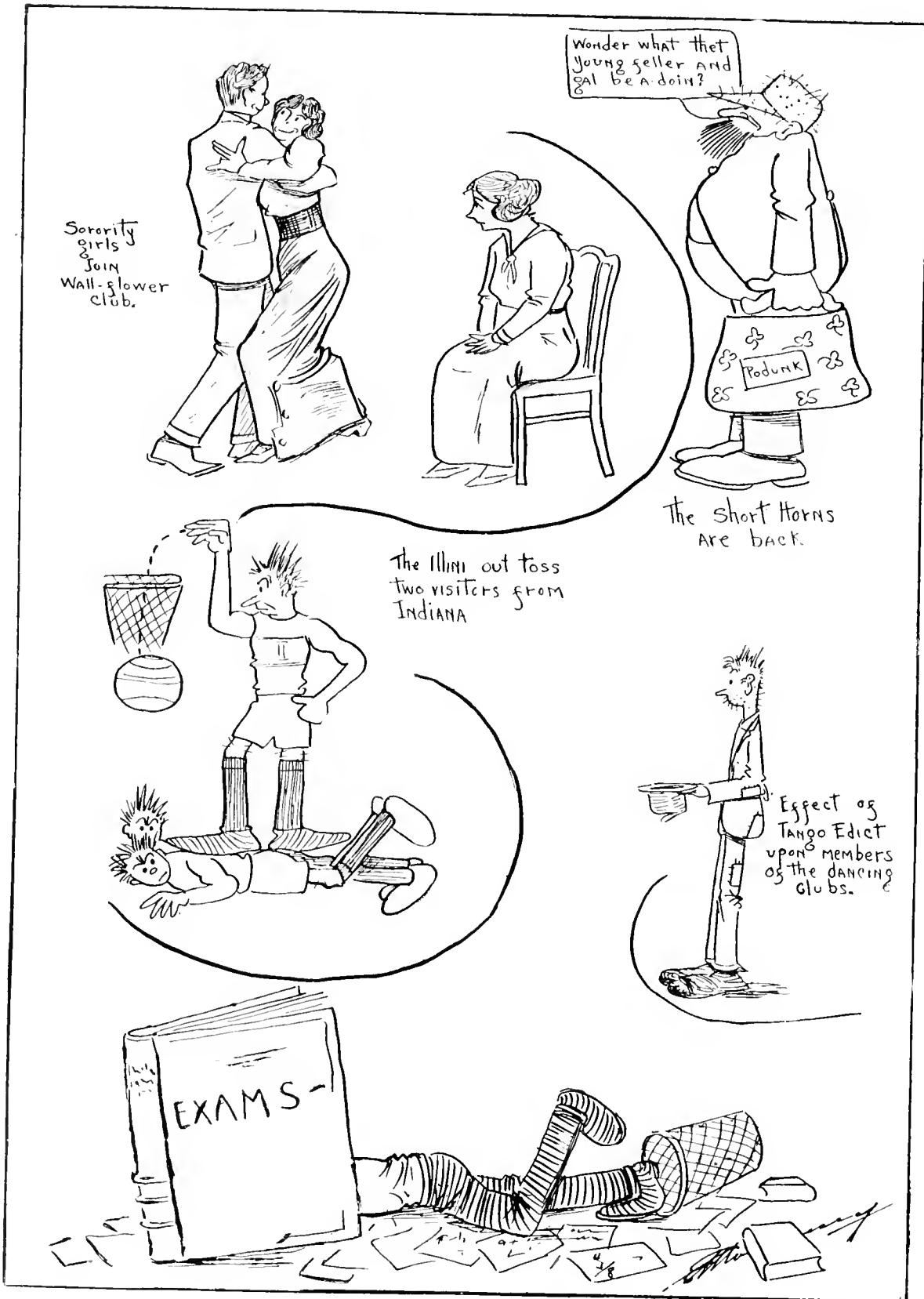
The group of scholars who oppose the physiological theory on the ground of "what is bred in the bone, etc., " give the word "boning," a historical interpretation. They ask us to go back to the time prehistoric when man really led a dog's life, and was forced to bury all that he

wished for future use. Bones were among the most numerous rare bits to be thus hid away in the ground or under rocks. So in times of dire need as when the food was scarce, or it was too dangerous for the primitive man to venture upon his hunting ground because of a holiday outing of a herd of sixty foot lizards, he was compelled to dig up the bones he had laid away for such a rainy day. And it came to pass when a prehistoric man would wander out into his bone cemetery, which served him as a garden or a reserve pantry, to dig up some of his mellowing morsels, his neighbors would say, "A-ha, Chief Stone Bruise is gone a-boning."

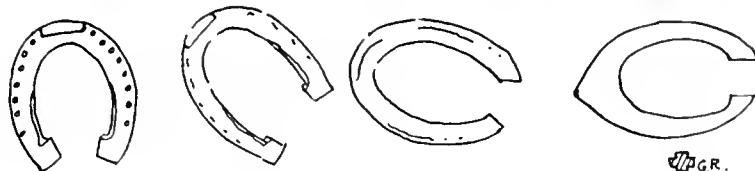
So, from that time to this, it has been a habit of man, when he is hard up to go a-boning. And so it is in the case of the student, who in the last analysis is nothing more than a mere man. He, too, when driven by intellectual starvation or by the fear of the professor's wrath, as was his primitive ancestor, afraid when gigantic bats scratched down mountains in search of worms, turns when near the semester's end, to digging up the bones in his strides, which bones he had thrown aside as unpalatable while he was living upon the froth and nectar of his courses.



When the Only Girl in the Course Loses Her Pencil.



HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH



Evolution of the Chicago "C".

© PGR.

**THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OR SIR STUDE IN
HIS QUEST OF THE HOLY CREDITS.**

Continued from Page 145)

bade the professors who were his squires to saddle his horse and bring him his arms in all haste. Then did he sally forth in all his armour with sword and shield and scabbard hanging by his side so that his onslaught might be well nigh impregnable.

Then did they both arise and dressed their shields on their shoulders and each had a naked sword in his hand. The good sword Questions which Sir Phinal carried was, however, een thrice as large as the good sword Knowledge carried by Sir Stude. Notwithstanding this they dashed together with such vehemence and fury that it seemed a flaming fire about them. Thus they traced and traversed and hewed on helm and hauberks and cut away many cantels of their shields and either wounded other passing sore so that the hot blood fell freshly upon the earth. The good sword Knowledge, though small, was een yet very keen, and did deal many cutting blows on the head of the stalwart Sir Phinal. The armour of Sir Stude, however, was passing weak and then did his enemy deal him such

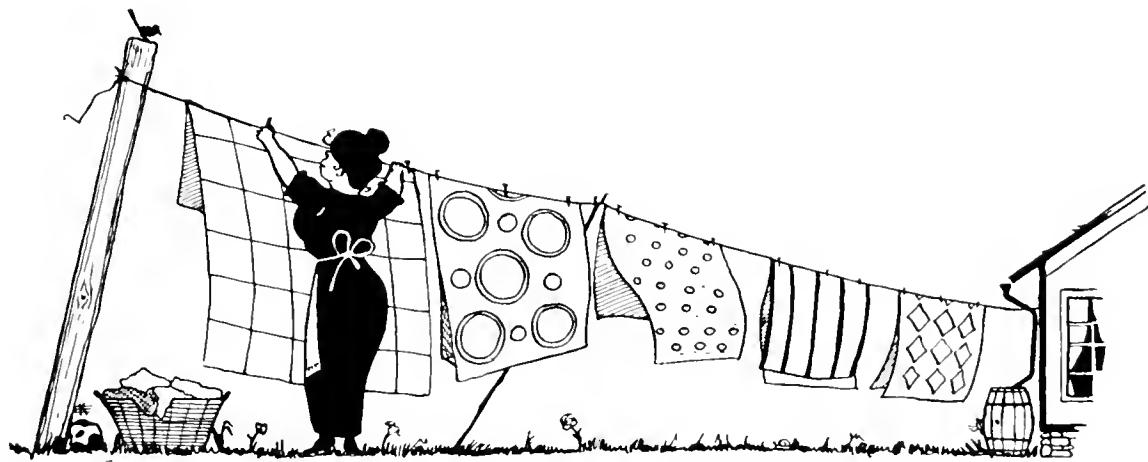
a buffet on the helm that it easily cleaved the shining metal, wounding our doughty champion sorely. Then when Sir Phinal saw how the armour of Sir Stude was defouled he cried out with a right lusty voice saying, "Now yield ye to me", but this would Sir Stude not do, but fought on ever valiently.

And by then when they had fought for the continuance of a great while, Sir Stude waxed faint and for-bled and gave sore aback, but with each encounter the strength of Sir Phinal feebled never but ever he doubled his strength. That he wist full well and followed fiercely upon him and wounded him in many places. And even Sir Stude traced and traversed and went forward here and there and covered himself with his shield as he might but all weakly, so that all men said he was overcome, for his good sword was withall shattered to fragments.

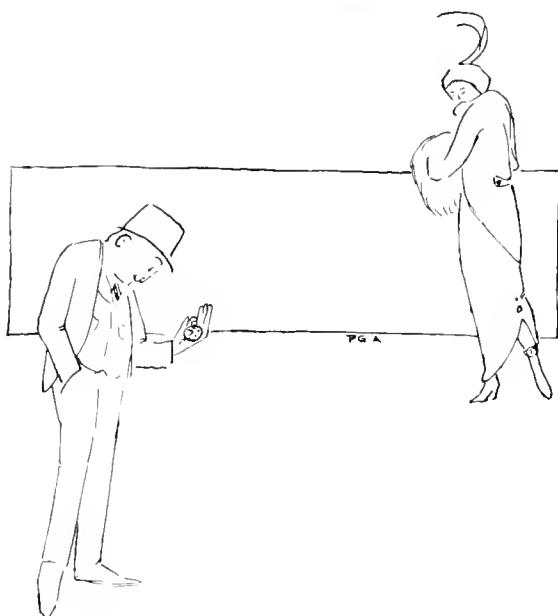
Thus as he lay almost vanquished and nigh unto death, he felt the stern foot of his foe-man upon his shattered breast plate with the keen sword Questions poised for the final deadly thrust. "Now yield ye", chied Sir Phinal, but not so our doughty warrior, for with indomitable

Continued on Page 152)

□ □ © □ □



All the Comforts of Home.



Stude (glancing first at his watch, then the one on her ankle.)—"I think she's fast."



AFTER THE NEW YEAR

Hinkey—I don't take much stock in New Year resolutions.

Dink—Why not, old chappie?

Hinky—Because the stock is mostly watered.



"Did you notice his face light up when you mentioned New Year's Eve?

"Why shouldn't it; think how he was lit up."



AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT

There's a song in my heart
Full of love just for you.
There's a smile on my face
'Cause I know you'll be true.
There's no money to buy
Pretty flowers of blue,
But "why should I worry"
When I know I've got you?



"Unless a disappointed lover's a diver, there ain't no use in tellin' him that there's more fish in th' sea."

A FUSSER'S LAMENT

(Apologies to Little Tom Moore.)

The time I've lost in fussing,
In nothing and discussing
The shapes and miens
Of Co-Ed Queens,
Has been my brain's sad musing;
The Profs were soon to spot me,
With many a snap Quiz caught me,
"My only books
Were woman's looks,"
And a flunk was all they got me.

Shall I be ever learning
To quit my foolish yearning
For brilliant eyes,
Where light, that lies,
Sets my poor heart to burning?
There's no cure for this ailing,
I shall be always failing,—
'Gainst her beauty
Study's duty
Is all to unavailing.



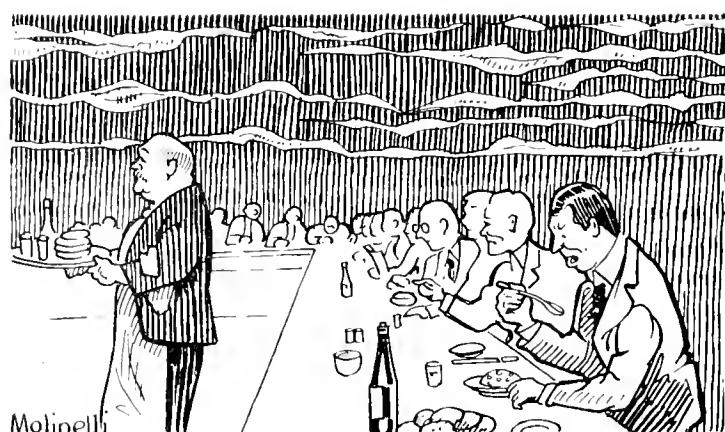
WHEN SISTER'S BEAU CALLS.

Sister's Beau—I suppose you hung up your stockings on Christmas?

Brother Willie—Yes I did, but sister didn't; she hung up a pair of socks.

Sister's Beau—Why did she do that?

Brother Willie—Well, she said a pair of socks would hold all she wanted.



Molinelli

Somewhere the bands are playing,
Somewhere the people shout,
But there is no joy at Illinois—
The schedule for exams is out.



EXCHANGES

"There is one of the most designing men I have ever met."

"Why do you say so?"

"He is an architect."

"And over there is the most courteous one."

"How do you make that out?"

"He is a civil engineer."—*Jester*.



Joe—What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?

Josephine—Hold the hammer in both hands.—*Ohio State Sun Dial*



Man (to himself)—What rag does that cow scratching her back remind me of?

Himself—Give it up.

Man—Why, "Itchy Koo,"—Williams *Purple Cow*.



Honesty is the best policy, but it doesn't pay a large enough premium to suit some people.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.



Prof.—As its getting near the end of the semester you fellows had better sharpen up your wits.

Frosh (aside)—Well, you needn't get on edge about it.



We desire to thank the friends and patrons who during the past year, as well as the years preceding, have shown their confidence in us by coming back again and again. To these friends we are grateful and trust the new year will mean much to them in the way of continued prosperity.

Ray L. Bowman

Jeweler

Walker Opera House, Champaign, Ill.

WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE
Jan. 30
Feb. 7
Apr. 11
May 30

CRYSTAL
Feb. 14
Mar. 28
Apr. 18

ONYX
Feb. 21
May 16

GRID IRON
Mar. 14
May 9
May 30

VARSITY
Feb. 28
Mar. 14
April 18

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF SIR STUDE IN HIS QUEST OF THE HOLY CREDITS.

.. (Continued from Page 149)
courage he faced his fate. But Hold—what miracle is this? As despairingly his hand grovelled in the dirt, een at that moment did it close 'round a goodly oaken cudgel which Sir Phinal on seeing wist full well was that weapon most grievous and dealy to him, called Crib. Then certes did he make great haste to quickly run Sir Stude through, but een at that moment he was too late, for with one mighty blow of his oaken cudgel did Sir Stude shatter his trembling blade into gragments. Then did he arise and with the vision of his fair lady's face in front of him hore down on Sir Phinal with such a vehement on-

slaught that he was bourne to the ground and lay there in a deathe swoon.

Then did Sir Stude quickly rush in and take unto himself the precious bag of credits at which there was great rejoicing, and then all his friends did carry him down to the water's edge and place him on a barge, in which were sitting man people richly bedight and in this wise did Sir Stude journey to his native land, there to rest from the conflict and to apply to his wounds a very healing and potent balm which could not be found in the country of Sir Phinal.

And so to this day it is a mystery among the squires and attendants of Sir Phinal who are called professors, how it so befel that Sir Stude was at last so easily able to overcome their champion, for you must know that this small but grievous cudgel which Sir Stude was so fortunate as to discover is a very real and sturdy weapon to both him and his opponent, but is at almost all times invisible to the attending squires.

NOTE.—There is no moral to this story.

HAVE YOUR

Dance Programs Printed

At the place where they
know how

The Urbana Courier Co.

Opposite the Post Office

"Ask Frailey—He Knows"



Poler—Yep, I'm sure afraid of those exams!

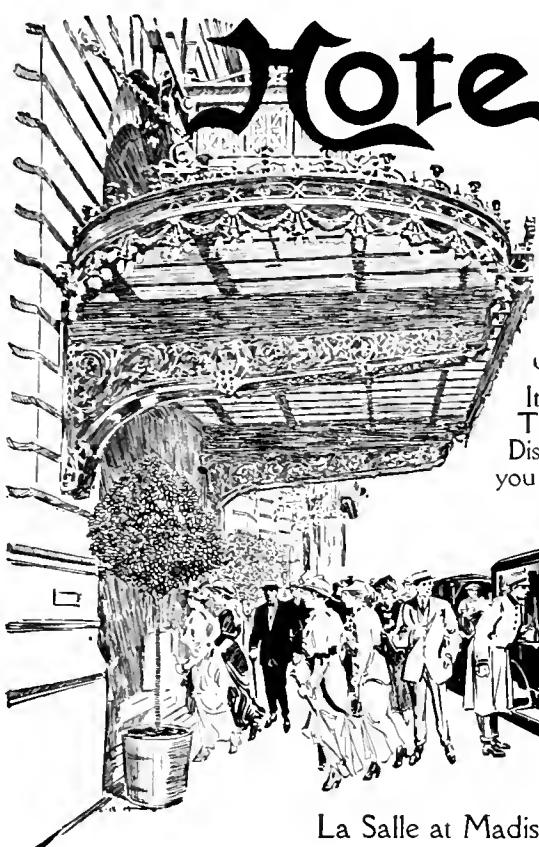
Bear—I should have a mental disturbance! I'm getting a special brand of brain feed these days.

Poler—Whaddye mean brain feed and where dy'uh grabbit?

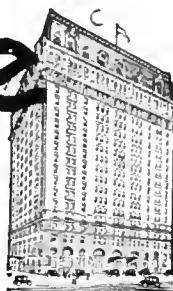
Bear—Brain feed, Oh, Unsophisticated one, its good eats, the kind that mother used ta make and it's just like going to the cupboard for a "piece" at home, over here at Zeke & Dyke's cafeteria.

—Adv.





Hotel La Salle

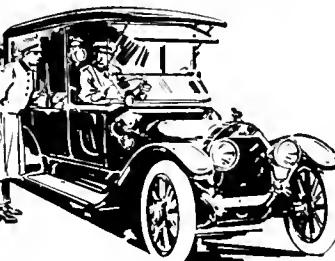


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La Salle at Madison Street, Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager

RATES:

One Person	Per Day
Room with detached bath	\$2 to \$3
Room with private bath	\$3 to \$5
Two Persons	Per Day
Room with detached bath	\$3 to \$5
Room with private bath	\$5 to \$8
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	Per Day
Two Persons	\$5 to \$8
Four Persons	\$8 to \$15

"Do you know George Knox?"
"Yes, I heard he does."—*Minnchaha*.



"Where is he going all spifficated like that?"
"He said he wanted to get a group picture taken of himself and send it to his psychology professor."—*Minnchaha*.



"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg," said the veteran.
"What's that?" asked his friend.
"You can hold your socks up with a thumbtack."—*Jester*.



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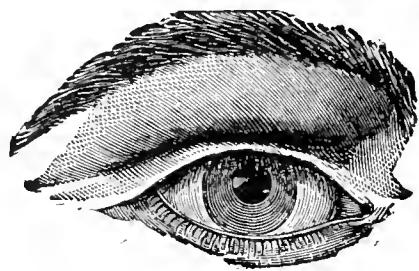
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URBANA

PASTORAL MEDITATION

The naked hills lie wanton in the breeze
The fields are nude, the groves un-
frocked,
Bare are the quivering limbs of shameless
trees,
What wonder is it that the corn is
shocked? —*Pelican.*



Librarian—Do you see that student who just took out "Findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission?" We call him Gunpowder.

Humbler Reader—Why so?

Librarian—Because he's always going off with a report.—*The Purple Cow.*



Freshman—Why don't they wear watches with full dress?

Fratman—No one could get them both out at once.—*Jester.*



"I want some complexion powder for my wife," said the Impudent Young Pretender, "but I've forgotten the kind she uses."

"Is it like the kind I have on my cheeks?" Let me taste it and I'll tell you."—*Jester.*



"I had to meet her on the corner in the dark."

"How'd you find her?"

"She chews spearmint."—*Jester.*



The Wife (at dinner)—You don't seem to like rice.

The Husband—No; it's associated with one of the greatest mistakes of my life.—*London Sketch.*



Little Grace (age six)—Mamma, cud a little girl as little as me be arrested for playing suffragette and breaking a window?

Her Mother—No, dear; certainly not! Why do you ask?

L. G. (relieved and gleeful)—Oh, I shud worry.—*The Widow.*

Carlyle Says—

For all right judgement of any man or thing it is essential to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

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try the Beardsley's
6 o'clock dinners
in our private din-
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Not such a grind though, after all. The tango may have had a scare, but it's still hangin' round. Just so with

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We thot perhaps you wouldn't come back, but since you have, we want to talk printing with you.

BOTH PHONES

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SHAW & PLOTNER BROS., Props.

Telephones: Home 1392; Bell 748

Bob—This Brickley is some detective.

Boob—How so?

Bob—Landed five behind the bars one day.—*Jack O'Lantern.*



"What caused that awful break in the conversation?"

"Reggie dropped the subject."—*Jester.*

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When your father told you to leave for London on the next steamer did it make you happy?

No, it made me cross.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



Prince Tony—Do they serve lemons with tea here?

Ann—Oh, yes, they serve anyone.—*Princeton Tiger*.

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for
15¢

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THE SPECIAL Evening Dress Suit

Silk lined and faced to edge
Ready to Wear . . . \$35.00
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Banquets:

Complete Equipment
for Banquets, Lunch-
eons, etc., served any
place in the Twin Cities

SOME MORE IRISH BULL.

Mae—Father, what do you mean by putting soap in my chafing dish?

Father—Sure, it's shakin' Oi am, what else is the d—mned thing for?—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.



Every night over at the power plant, the Brush on the dynamo sparks with the commutator and makes light on the subject.—*Northwestern Magazine*.



"Oh, Waiter," said the diner, with vexation in his eye,

"I find a hair in my soup.
Now can you tell me why?"

"Yes, diner dear," the waiter said,
"Don't let yourself be wroth.
It's possible the hair is there
Because it's rabbit broth."

—*The Princeton Tiger*.



Professor—Are you the same boy I flunked yesterday and the day before?

Stude—No, sir—never the same since, sir.—*The Princeton Tiger*.

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FROM THE RATHSKELLER

Irate Old Man—Who are you?
Staggering Smile (with difficulty)—Hi—me? I'm hi—the fellar
who made the bartender.—*Coyote*.



Dear Sir: Should there be a V-shaped neck on pajamas—must
they be silk—should there be a cuff on the trousers. BEAU BRUMMEL.
Editor's comment—Wear a nighty and don't argue.—*Lehigh Burr*.



Soph.—"Where do you hang out, old sport?"
Senior—"Do I look like a laundry?"—*Sundial*.

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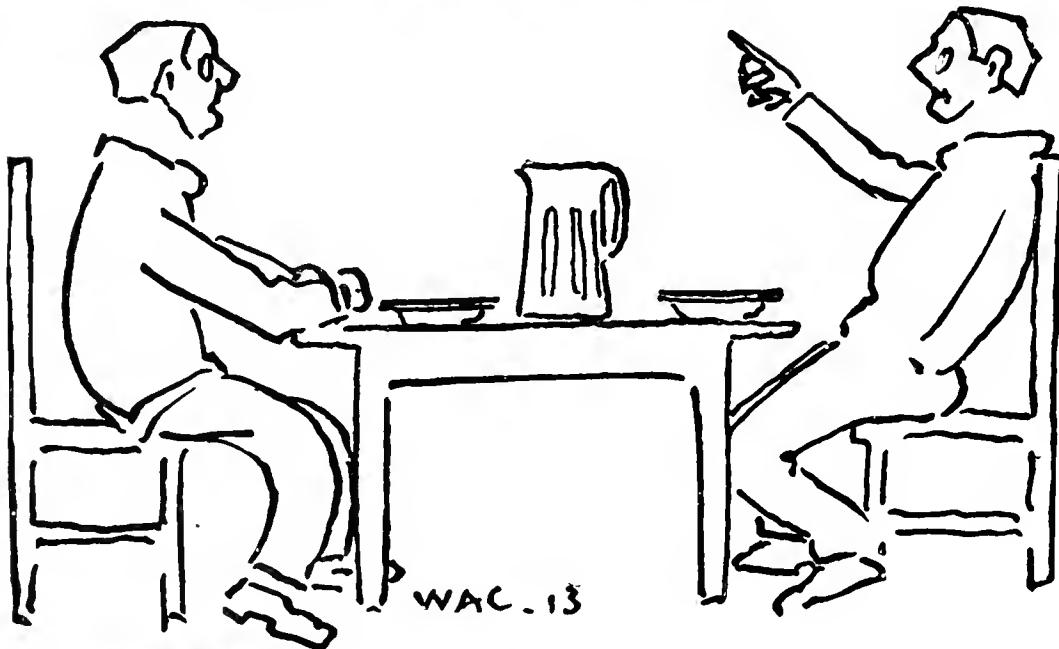
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with

STRAUCH, above Co-Op.

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ODE TO A TOOTHBRUSH

While bristles left there were upon
The toothbrush, getting soft as butter,
We used it till they all were gone,
And now its a paper cutter.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



"I thot the Doe told you to keep away from booze."
"He did—but—hic—thish ish medshin."
"So? What kind?"
"Hic—Gin—fiz—hic,"—*Purple Cow*.

On a Wintry Day

A delicious hot beverage served in comfy, congenial surroundings, is appreciated by everyone

OUR FAMOUS
French Hot Chocolate
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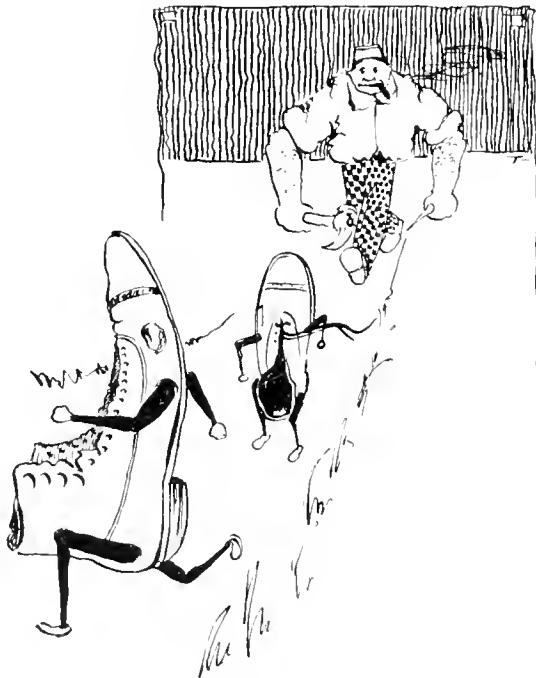
First in Quantity

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Successor to Zeke & Dyke

On Sixth street from B. E. Spalding's

Jack's cooking is the best and cleanest. Try it.

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1. Own one thousand shares of Pennsylvania stock.
2. Be captain of the football team.
3. Take Gaby out to dine.
4. Drive a car like Bob Burman.
5. Be able to get good marks without working.
6. Be a "lion among ladies" (always vigorously denied.)
7. Look like an "Arrow Collar" ad.
8. Do the Castle well.
9. Have a cutting Chapel monitor.
10. Embrace "Billie Burke."—*Record*.

GREEN STREET PHARMACY

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The University Drug Store

B. E. SPALDING, Proprietor



WIT IN THE SHOE SHOP

(Where Everybody Shines.)

1st Chair (rising and feeling in his pocket)—Caramba! I've forgotten my pipe.

2nd Chair (wearily)—I bite. Have a cigarette.—*Tiger*.



Father of 1917—Those language courses are expensive things. Here my son gets charged \$20 extra for English.

Father of 1916—That's nothing. My son has an \$85 extra for Scotch.—*Lampon*.



"A little go a long way," said the man as he spit off the Woolworth Building.—*Lampon*.

ADVERTISEMENT

Professor—Do you really think football worth while?

Student—Yes, indeed. I made \$100 scalping tickets this season
—*Sphinx*.



Bubbs—Well, how are your New Year's resolutions wearing?

Dubbs—Fine! Had one little puncture, but nothing like a regular blowout.—*Tradesman*.



Pa—Now what's the old hen eating them tacks for?

Willie (just home from college)—Perhaps she is going to lay a carpet.—*Sun Dial*.

GET IT !!

Go where you get the best SERVICE;
The most ATTENTION.
The greatest FIELD to select from.
The GOODS with a HOUSE behind them.

And LAST, the SAVING which is yours.
DEMAND a rebate check.

GET THESE and you will have IT:

The CO-OP HABIT

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

Cora—Were you and Jack in the dark?

Dora—Yes, until we struck a match.—*Judge*.



'15—"How much did the party cost you and Bill last night?"

'16—"Eighty cents."

'15—"Is that all?"

'16—"Yep, that's all he had."—*Lampon*.



Dorms—Some new stuff drifted in this afternoon.

His Roomy—Who was she?

Dorms—A pile of snow.—*Burr*.

Michael (to drug clerk)—"I want a cake of soap."

"Scented or unscented?"

"I'll put it right in my pocket."—*Jester*.



He—I hope I see you well tonight.

She—So do I. You Couldn't at the last dance.—*Lampon*.



She—Can you lame duck?

"No, but I can kill time," said the youth, stealing a kiss.

—*Lampon*.



They must ask a lot for rooms like these.

Yes, they're always asking for it.—*Lampon*.



EAT

TWIN CITY CREAMERY BUTTER

ASK YOUR GROCER

Bell { 1037
1038

TELEPHONES

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1212

**HEGENBART CO.
GROCERIES**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
H. & D, FLOUR 49 LB. SACK FOR \$1.25 We guarantee this flour to give
absolute satisfaction or we will refund your money. When in need of Groceries give
us a trial. **PROMPT DELIVERY.**
101 and 103 North Neil St. **CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS**

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

The duds for Spring and Summer that Zom is selling now a days are mighty appealing. Order 'em early is the good word.

Zom Zombro,
Green Street.

Annuals

Before placing your order for cabs for
your parties

Figure With Us

It costs no more than the old-fashioned way

Herrick and Stoltey

The Brown Taxi's and Limousines

HE'S IN AGAIN

Say, my zoology prof. has gone to a dippy retreat.
What ddy mean—bugs?

Yeah—tried to prove two porcupines made a prickly pair.
Yale Record.

"I think Tom and his pretty wife are living above their station," Friend (just returned from a visit to Tom's)—Yes, three miles
—Lester

"After me the Deluge," chuckled Noah as he shoved Mrs. Noah into the ark.— *Lester*

The Chester Transfer Co.

SOLICITS YOUR
Baggage, Livery and Carriage Work



Something Different

Mexican Chili, Hot Tamales and Light Lunches

AT

THE ALAMO

"THE HOME OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

STUART

BRADLEY ARCADE

BOHNHORST

JUST TO OBLIGE

The doctor says I must quite smoking. One lung is nearly gone. Oh, dear John, can't you hold out until we get enough coupons for that dining room rug?—*Michigan Tradesman*.



Grace—"I told him he must not see me anymore."

Her Brother—"Well, what did he do?"

Grace—"Turned out the light!" —*Jack-o'-Lantern*.



The inventor of Scotch is dead, but his spirit is with us still.

—*Lester*.

Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder

You
Pay
10c
For
Cigars
Not
So
Good



**Annual Sales
12,000,000 a
year proves good
quality**

**Rich, Mild
Quality
That
Never
Varies**

163

The Irish Players

IRISH PLAYS
LAUGHTER—PATHOS—SENTIMENT

Matinee and Evening Only

Matinee Bill

Kathleen-Ni-Houlihan
By W. B. YEATS

The Building Fund
Three act Comedy WM. BOYLE

Spreading the News
By LADY GREGORY

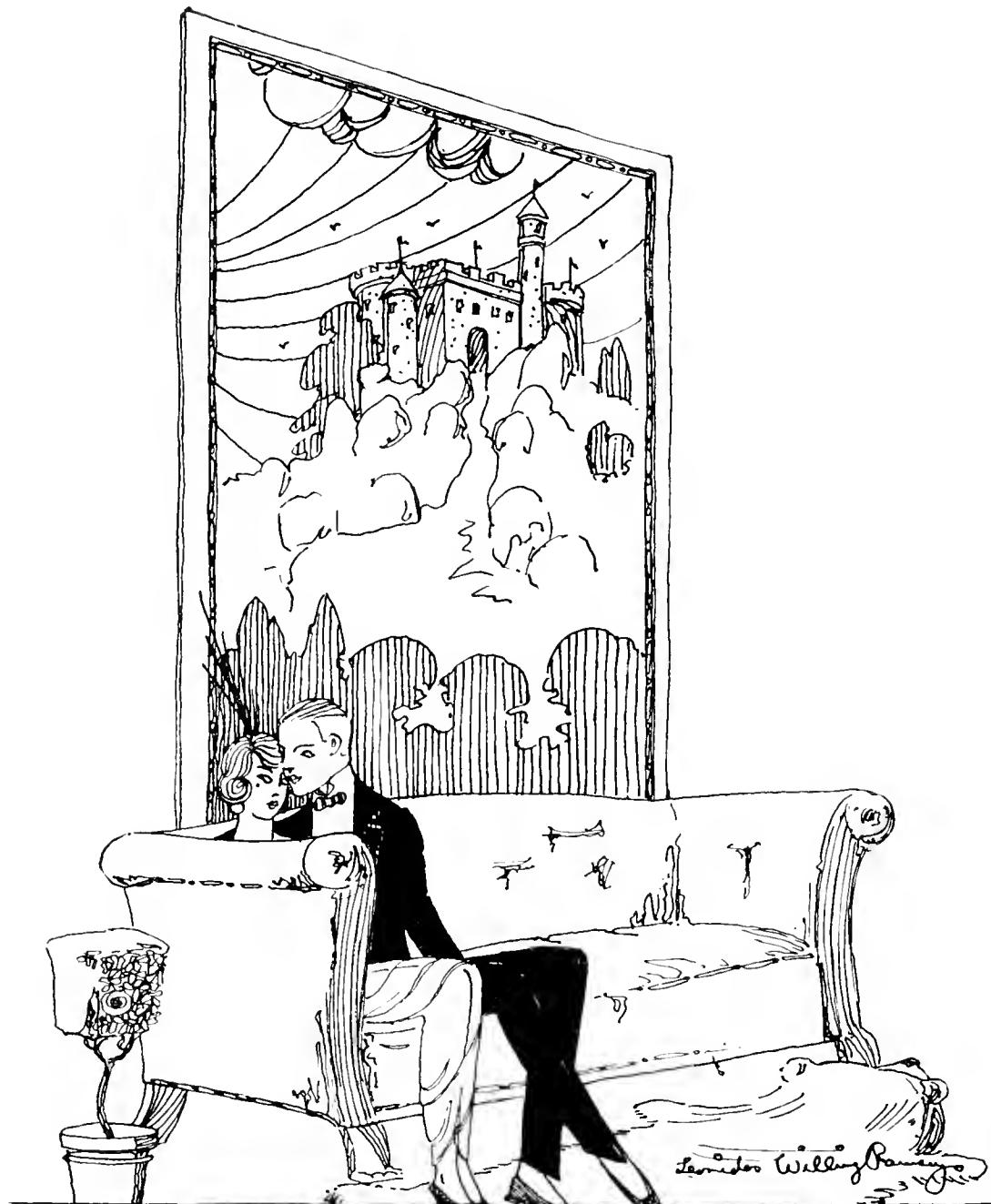
Evening Bill

The Well of the Saints
A Three-act Comedy by
J. M. SYNGE

Sovereign Love
By T. C. MURRAY

One Day Only, March 21st

ILLINOIS THEATRE



A GAME OF THREE

When love is a game of three,
One heart can win but pain,
While two between them share the joy,
That each had hoped to gain.
And one, in his biter sadness
Smiles on lest the others see;
While two, in their new found gladness
Forget, 'twas a game of three.



THERE IS NO

DANGER

*This is to certify that this sheet has been passed
by the Irrational Board of Senselessness.*

That it is free from both humor and contagion.



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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.



O indoor sports! And the greatest of these is fussing. Did you ever go fishing in the good old-fashioned way? Yes? You remember how you used to catch perfectly good fish by merely putting a common worm on a bent pin. The fish would be attracted to that ugly old worm and in playing around would get too enthusiastic and pretty soon would be caught on the hook. I never could figure out how a perfectly intelligent fish could get so crazy about a common ordinary worm like that and get hooked up for life. Why, a worm hasn't even any eyes or a head. Oh, it's just past me, that's all. But we were talking about fussing. Let's see, well the finsser gets hooked alright, and about the bait, well—well, I just can't understand about the fish,—that's all.



THEN to think that just as soon as we were able to begin to enjoy the pleasures of having no organization to know we receive the news. Yes, no matter how absurd it is it is nevertheless so, there will be no Illinois Union Dramatic Club Sacrifice. Is it possible that we will have to stand by and see the burial of one of Illinois' best institutions? We certainly have more versatile men this year than ever before, and all other indications were for a good show. Now to be perfectly frank the *Siren* smiled every time she thought of those happy two nights in April and besides there might develop an ingenue for Juline Eltinge.

It is up to the Illinois Union Dramatic Club to make the fight of their sweet life, and they may rest assured that the body of students will help hold their coat.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, most of us have seen only the funny things of the season of epidemic. But even the most frivolous of us must pause to reflect in sadness upon the tragedies which have marked the past month. Among them one particular deed of heroic martyrdom stands forth—one shining act of supreme sacrifice and unselfishness. It will not be forgotten. In appreciation of it we address this slight memorial to her who gave her life in the performance of her duty.

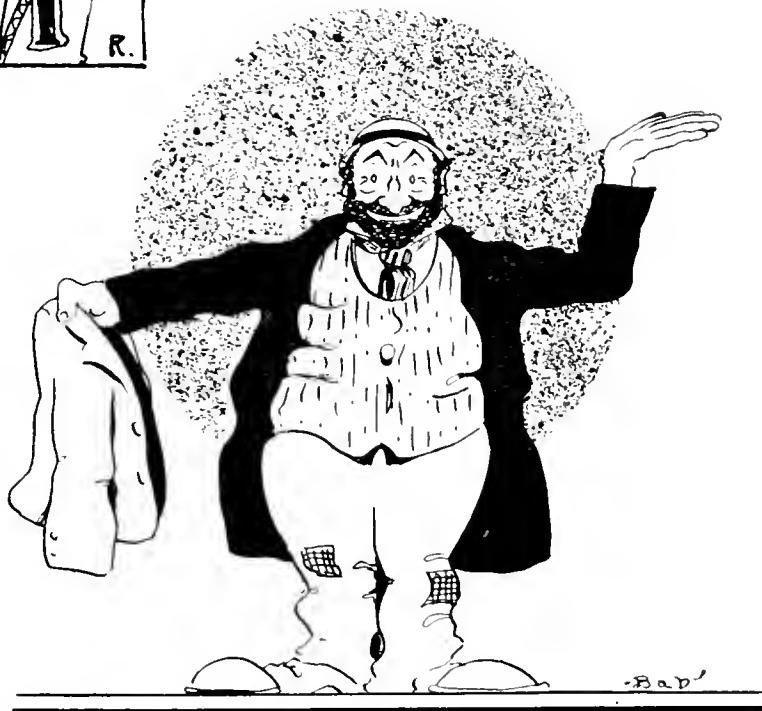
Into the thick of the plague she went,
Danger on every side.
But she heard the call of humanity's need,
And she put all else aside.
"Greater love hath no man—"
Said our Saviour—"than this—
That he lay down his life for another".
So we stand with heads bowed,
And we whisper with awe—
"She died for mankind—and a brother".



THE SIREN in her demure, seductive manner, would like to get her hands on some of the hitherto undiscovered wits. If one will refrain from turning in tango jokes, promise not to write an Illinois song, so much the better. Who knows but that a De Vinca or De Quincy lies slumbering around some college fireside. Close your eyes and think of a pleasant hillside and we'll inject a model.

Fresh—Must I use this Illinois Magazine to start the fire with?

Upper Classman—No use—it's too dry to burn.





"Ma, Willyum sez that College keeps him steppin' lively all the time. I reckon the poor boy is about tuckered out."



THE POOR LITTLE GERM.

It was a happy company,
The house was full of song.
And thirty-two, brave men and true,
Made merry all day long.
They crowded 'round the evening fire
And many tales were told,
Of co-ed conquests, feats of strength,
And deeds both brave and bold.

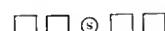
But, limping into town one day,
With halting steps and slow,
A little crippled fever-germ
Came toiling through the snow.
His eye was dim, his teeth were gone,
His life hung by a thread,
But all the papers wrote him up,
And everybody read.

It was a mournful company,
The house was full of fumes.
And only two, brave men and true,
In dimsal, empty rooms
They sat before the cheerless fire,
And spoke in whispers low,
Of sulphur and formaldehyde,
And wished they, too, might go.
For all the boastful band had fled,
To north and south and east,
Before the frightful onslaught of
That decrepit little beast.

—X. T. C.



The kind of stepping Wm. does most.



OF COURSE

Frosh—"What is a naturalist?"
Soph—"One who catches gnats."



LEAVE IT TO THE DOG.

She—"Why does a dog walk round and round before he finally settles down to sleep?"
He—"He is trying to find the head of the bed."



First Aid to the Injured.



LITTLE WILLIE KNOWS.



Teacher—"Now to explain the meaning of "unawares"—you tell us what you would say if some one came into your room unexpectedly while you were dressing.

Little Willie—"I should say that they caught me 'underwares!'"



HIGH FINANCE.

Ferdie—"I understand that Jimsie is pretty close with his money."

Claudie—"Well I should say so. He can bust a nickle to buy a morning paper and have spending money the rest of the week.



Said the manufacturer of the Victrola, "We're going to discontinue advertising our products, they speak for themselves."



Mr. Lion (the host)—Which do you prefer? Light or dark meat?



A DORM.

Time—Sunday morning.

Place—Sleeping dorm.

Dramatis Personae—Two bedmates.

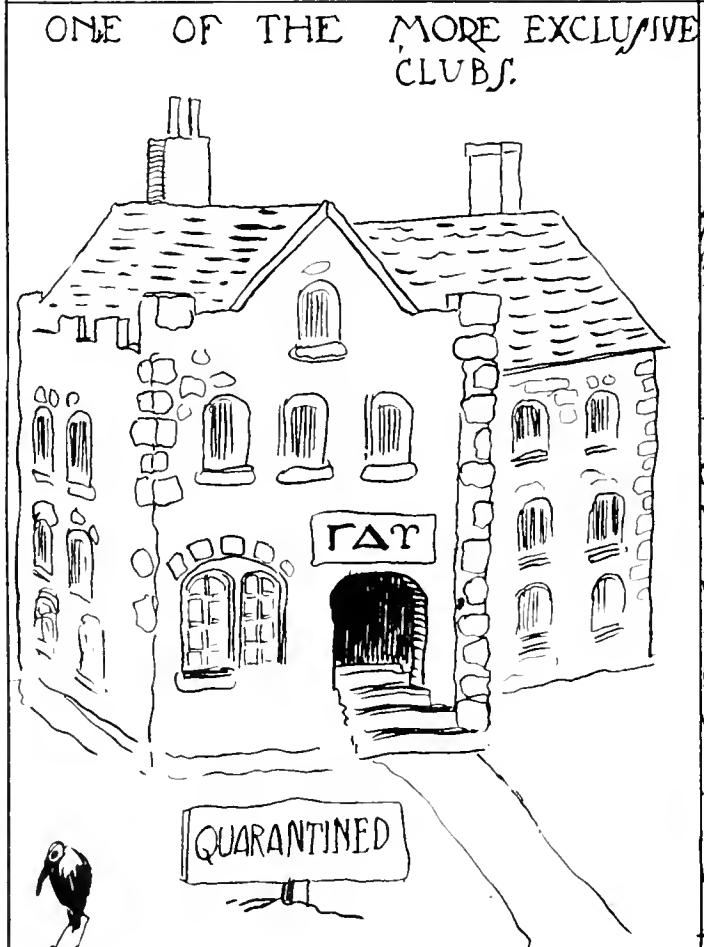
First B. M.—What time is it?

Second B. M.—Nine o'clock.

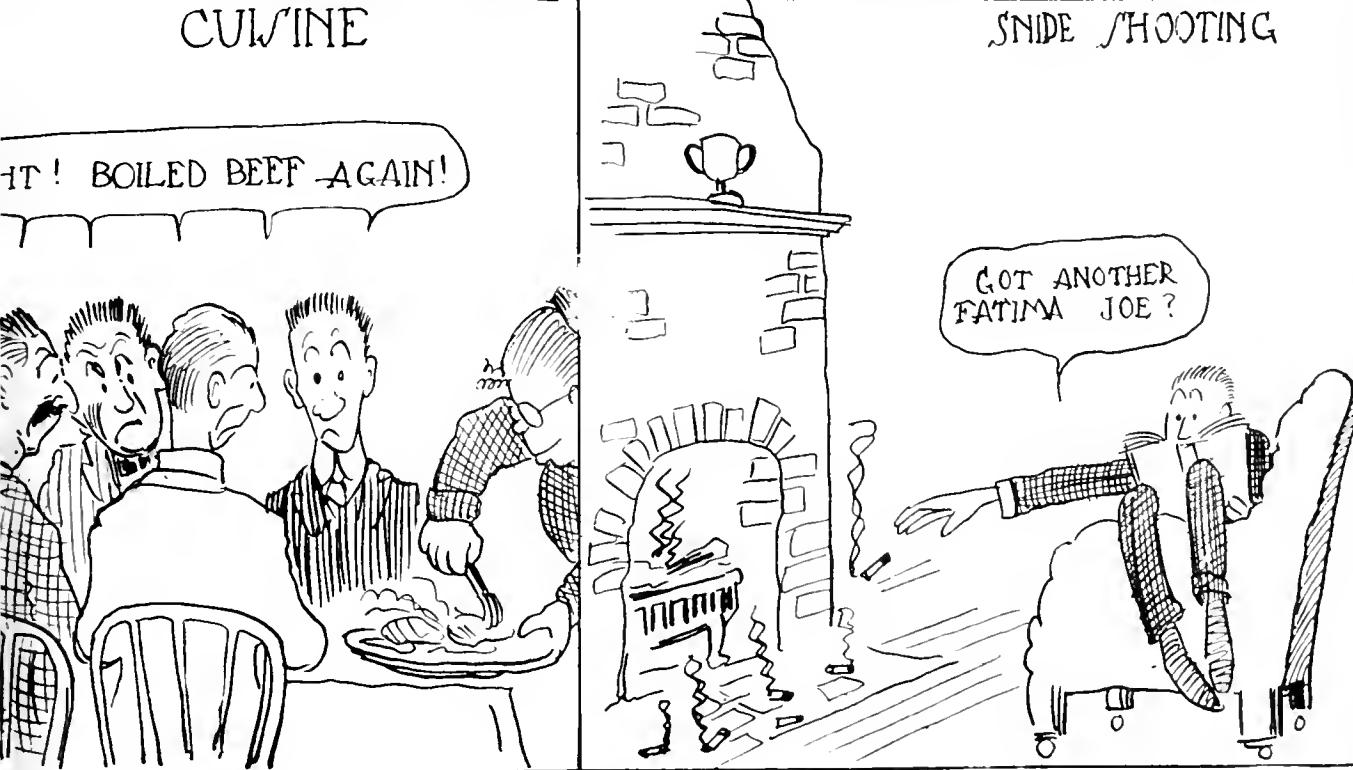
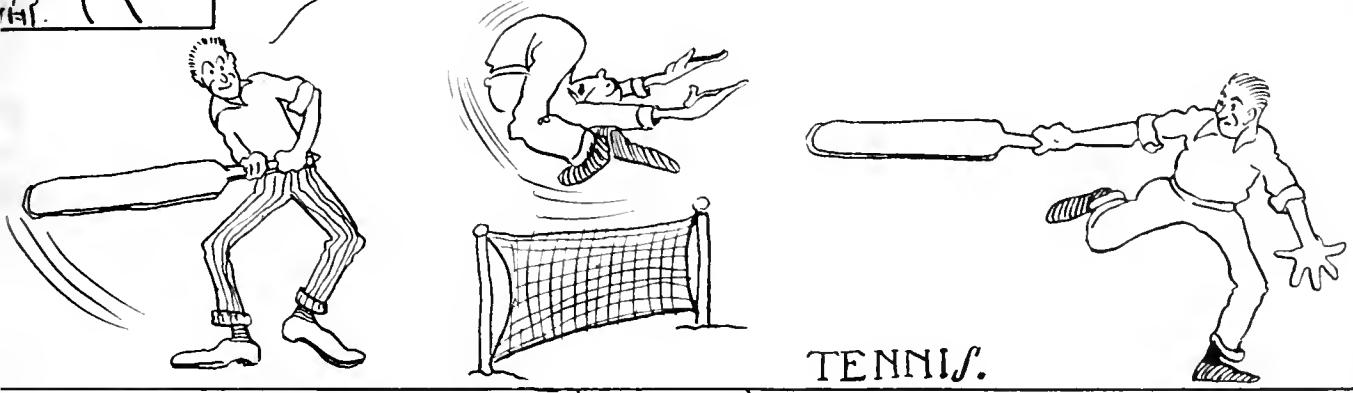
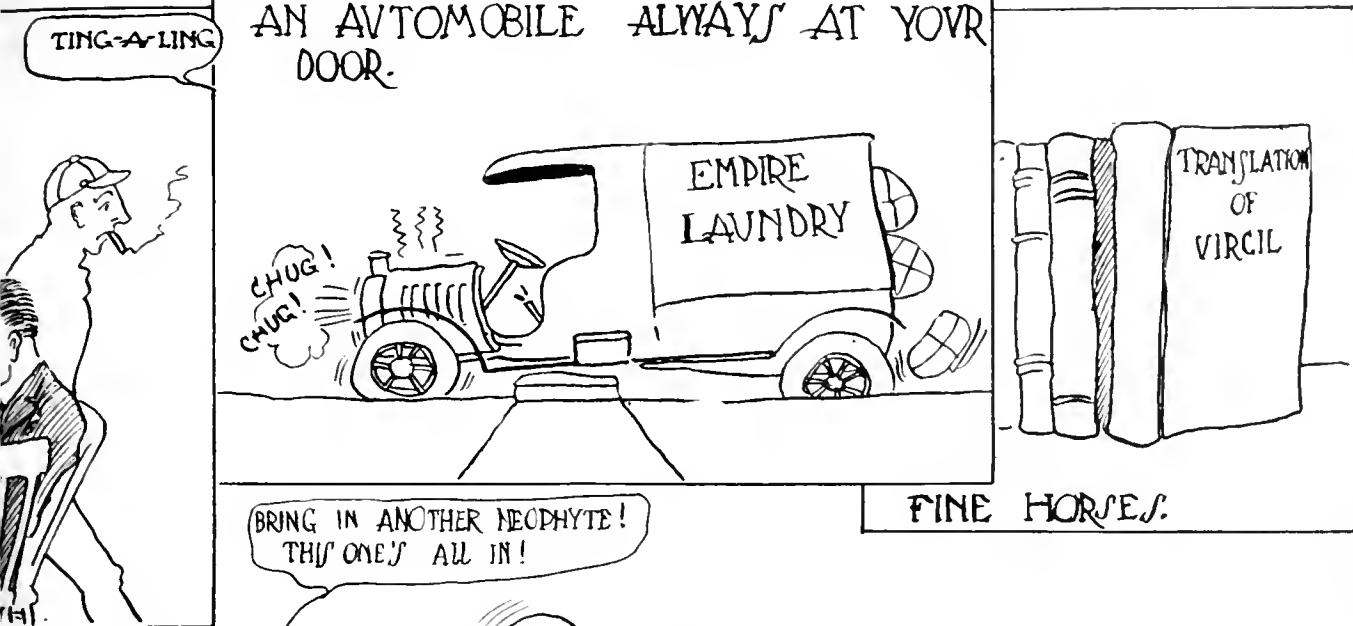
First B. M.—Oh, gee, I've got to sleep three more long hours yet.



The Germ of Enthusiasm.



WHY GO TO PALM BEACH WHEN THERE IS



CH A GAY WHIRL IN CHAMPAIGN-URBANA



A MODERN PAUL REVERE

I

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
An incredible tale for mortal ear,
How John Doe's name came known to fame
As a twentieth century Paul Revere.

II

'Twas midnight then, and cold as h—ll,
The house was quiet as a graveyard spell
When there suddenly rang a mysterious clang,
The call of the telephone bell.

III

Down to the phone came Johnny the bold,
Grabbed the receiver with fearless hold,
Then came to his ear a message clear,
"The soldiers are coming", a strange voice told.

IV

"Shades of Blackstone! What tidings are these?
Militia coming?" He fell to his knees.
"And me flat broke with nothing to soak.
I must catch the next blind if I freeze."

V

Who is this thundering down the hall,
Whose cries re-echo from wall to wall,
And answer back thru each chink and crack
Striking black terror to hearts of all?

VI

"The soldiers are coming—they're on the way,
They are due to arrive at the break of day,
It's on the level, let's run like the devil,
Let all of us flee and no one stay."

VII

This clarion call twelve times did sound
Till all of the children gathered round
And shook in their shoes as they heard the news
The soldiers would soon be on the ground.

VIII

And everyone trembled in awful suspense,
When up spoke a voice, "I've got seventy cents,
I'll swap my stock for rolling stock.
Clear the track, I'm going hence."

IX

Then someone opened wide the door;
He crouched like a runner upon the floor.
Like a comet's flight across the night
Johnny was off on his world wide tour.

X

Next morning all of the children who stayed
Gazed out of the window with eyes afraid,
But naught could be seen of the bayonet's sheen—
It was plain to us all that a trick had been played.

XI

The moral of this to all is clear,
And may well be heralded far and near—
Don't run like Johnny from mythical cannon,
Nor always believe what you hear.



-H T Rogers-

A Belle for the Chimes.



BILL IS ALWAYS KICKIN'.

When Bill came into this world
The doctor said he was sick.
But long before he opened his eyes
Bill began to kick.

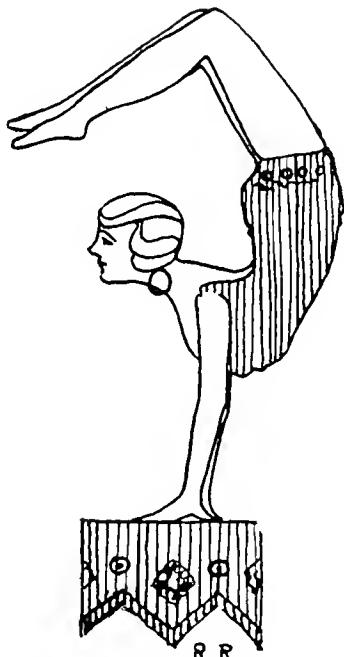
All through life he never changed,
And he never worked a lick.
Even when fortune came his way
Bill would always kick.

One day he went to college
The coach was on to his trick.
They put him on the football team,
And all he did was kick.

At last one day he killed a man,
The jury condemned him quick.
They hanged him on the gallows
And the last thing Bill did was kick.



"Do you believe in indoor sports?"
"Yes. But there's danger in kissing."



Cutting Quite a Figure.



"Mrs. Ostrich, your son Willie just ate six of those
tin cans we were to have for dessert."



WHEN—

When we get a laugh from the Campus Scout,
When a Big 4 train's on time,
When Ekblaw brings the North Pole home,
And aeroplanes cost a dime.

When Tommy Dean begins to chew,
When the Champaign weather's bright,
When Puny Hill is a football star,
And Boone stays home at night.

When co-eds use the "Libe" for work,
When Healy gets thru war,
When "Po" Field makes an 8 o'clock,
And this scarlet fever's o'er.

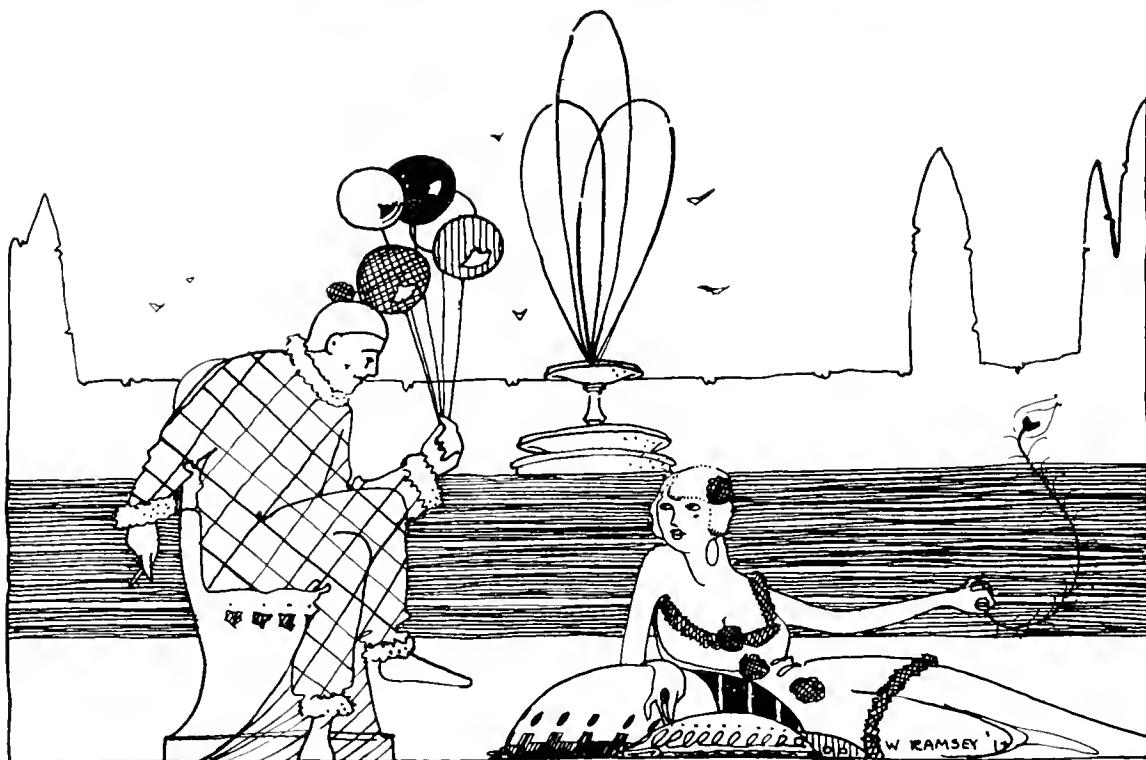
When Prexy gets to a game on time,
And our chimes begin to ring,
The Student's Union will then we hope,
Be doing some little thing.



KILL THE BRUTE.

"The Chicago papers say that the student was
shot while traveling near the Gas House."

"Oh, you can't believe the Chicago papers; I
don't think it was more than half as bad as that."



AT THE MARDI GRAS BAL MASQUE.

He—"I am so sorry that I slipped during that dance. You know we almost fell!"
 She—"Don't worry about that, everyone thought we were doing a new step and they are all wild to have us teach them."



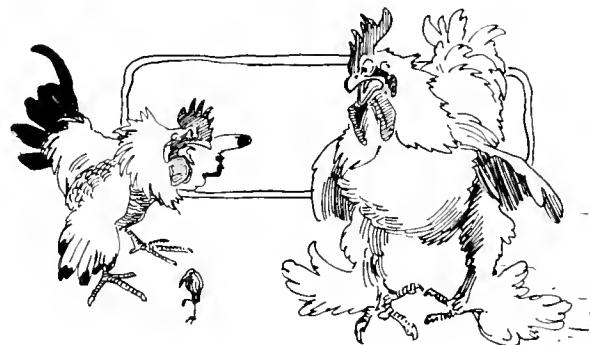
CUPID TEACHES THE ONLY COURSE WHICH
 EVERYBODY TAKES

There are teachers in this "Uni"
 Giving courses of all kinds,
 From the calm pursuits of farming,
 To the engineering grind.
 How to find the right cotangent,
 How to feed a pig some pills,
 How to test for germination,
 How to shave down window sills.

Each man has his own small preference,
 Each finds pleasure in one line,
 From Litman's Economic course,
 To how to run a mine.
 There's a course which enters students,
 Of all kinds and shapes and makes,
 And Cupid teaches us this course,
 Which everybody takes.

He's a rather easy teacher,
 Tho his marks run pretty low,

'Specially if you use your cuts,
 Or often fail to go.
 It's a pretty darn poor gamble,
 But we'll play, whate'er the stakes,
 When Cupid's teaching us this course,
 Which everybody takes.



"I see by the papers that Chinese eggs are being sold in Philadelphia."
 "And, by George! I don't know what's wrong,—
 the tariff or the alien laws."



HE STUCK IT OUT.

At midnight the phone rang violently.

"Is this the B. U. G. House?" rumbled an ominous voice in the ear of a freshman.

"It is," admitted the innocent youth.

"Tell the fellows to beat it away from the scarlet fever, for the soldiers are coming to quarantine the town in the morning. The 2:45 for Chi is your only chance to escape. Get out. Goodbye."

* * * * *

Then came the mad rush among us to get away from the fever and the quarantine. Above the weeping of the freshmen, some of us older fellows called ourselves together to hold a council of war. We first broke up the sob fest of the scared freshmen, and told them to pack and get out if they thought that their folks were worrying about them in the least. So while the greencaps were packing their Bibles and picture galleries in preparation for leaving, we, the older, and the bolder ones parleyed thus:

Brother Bill looked magnificent in his pajamas as he stood up to stem the tide of the sentiment in favor of fleeing. He spoke, "I for one, men, won't leave this place, stricken as it is. My girl has had scarlet fever once and isn't going home, and I—I am going to hang around to keep her company. I'm no bunk hero, but I will endanger my life to this extent for her sake. I say stick for her sake." Bill sat down, overcome with emotion. And then somebody was mean enough to suggest that Bill would be a victim of heart disease before the fever would ever get to him.

As soon as order got the upper hand of our assemblage again, Brother Jack spit at the grate impressively, and delivered himself in this manner, "I don't know, fellows, but I believe that we can do no good by staying. I think the freshmen have the right hunch in getting away from this scarlet fever, and going home. A fellow feels safer under his own roof surrounded by his family, trusted physician, and loving friends, where care of the best kind is assured. I'm going to Chicago."

Well, Jack lives in Monticello, but his speech converted half the gang to his plan of going to Chicago, the Mecca of the fever fugitives.

At this moment Brother Jim solemnly arose, and argued thiswise: "I'm telling you, fellows, that it would be all right to stay here and face the music, if we had the proper dope to do it with. There isn't a decent throat wash or gargle in the Twin Cities that you can get legally, while

down in my home town, my uncle wholesales the best brand that is distilled. I hereby, and now, extend to any, or all of the brothers an invitation to come home with me and sterilize themselves against these here germs. We can get an interurban car east in thirty-five minutes."

After the rush I looked around and saw that Bill and I were alone.

"Say, Stub, aren't you going, too?" asks Bill softlike.

"Nope, I'm broke."

"Here old man, smoke this Rope-enda, it's the best little fumigator that ever was invented, and cheer up and I'll tell you about Sally's case."

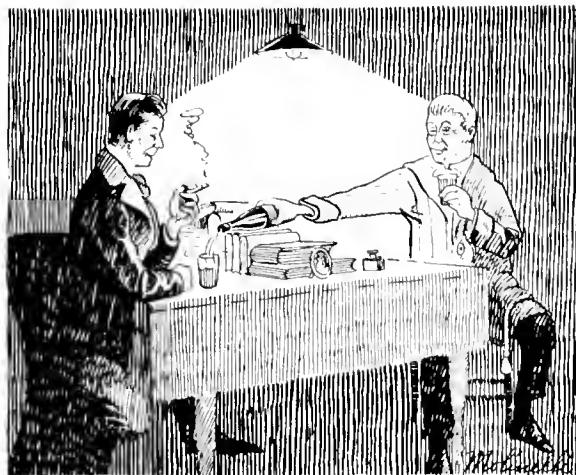
And there I was, marooned in a big house with a love sick senior, and with all the worries of a commissary wondering how I was going to pay the cook for the week.



No. 99. the new shade, doesn't seem put out at all because of our crowded sleeping condition."

"Oh, no—he comes from a college rooming house."





Po(u)ring Over His Books.



AN AFTERNOON OFF.

One cold, damp, afternoon in January, I stood by the Laboratory window and watched the students splash playfully down the sidewalks. I tired of watching that human game of checkers in which the men and queens would move from one spot of high land to another and turned my attention to the apparatus within.

Before me was the electrical equipment around which shocking occurrences were happening every minute even under the very nose of the instructor. Over in the corner stood the Leyden Jar which the Static machine had just charged but not bonght. Upon the table lay the youthful Iron Filings who was slowly but surely being attracted by Miss Magnet. At one side, two contact points had become attached to each other and were sparking viciously but contentedly, and no one seemed to object any more than if they were on the South Campus.

In a basin on the shelf the unfortunate Mr. Copper Atom was being divorced from his molecular mate Miss Sully Fate in the Electrolysis Court, because he had become entangled in the coils of Miss Vi Brater. Everyone about me was reading the Current News which fearlessly supported "Volts for Women."

I laughed as I thought of Cook and Peary for

here before me was the North and South Pole and my unbelieving eyes saw them to be connected by a single wire. I began to doubt my own senses.

Weary of this strange world I turned towards the South Farm and here and there I saw in the distance the hydrolic rams with their coats of mineral wool glistening in the sunset as they grazed upon the magnetic fields of the Universe. That was too much, so putting on my umbrella and taking my coat in my hand I started home to study for the examination in Physical Training.



ISN'T IT TRUE.

Bill—"Widower Smith is certainly a cautious man, he plays safe on everything."

Sam—"Why, what has he done now?"

Bill—"Well, he married his former wife's sister rather than take a chance on a change of mother-in-laws."



THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

Mother—"If smoking cigarettes is not a habit, what is it?"

Ferdie—"I would say, mother dear, that it is a burning desire."



SCARLET FEVER STUFF.

First Stude—"Why is scarlet fever like a coat?"

Second Stude—"Go on, I'll bite."

First Stude—"Because it's on everybody's tongue."



THE FIEND.

"Play billiards?"

"No."

... "Pool?"

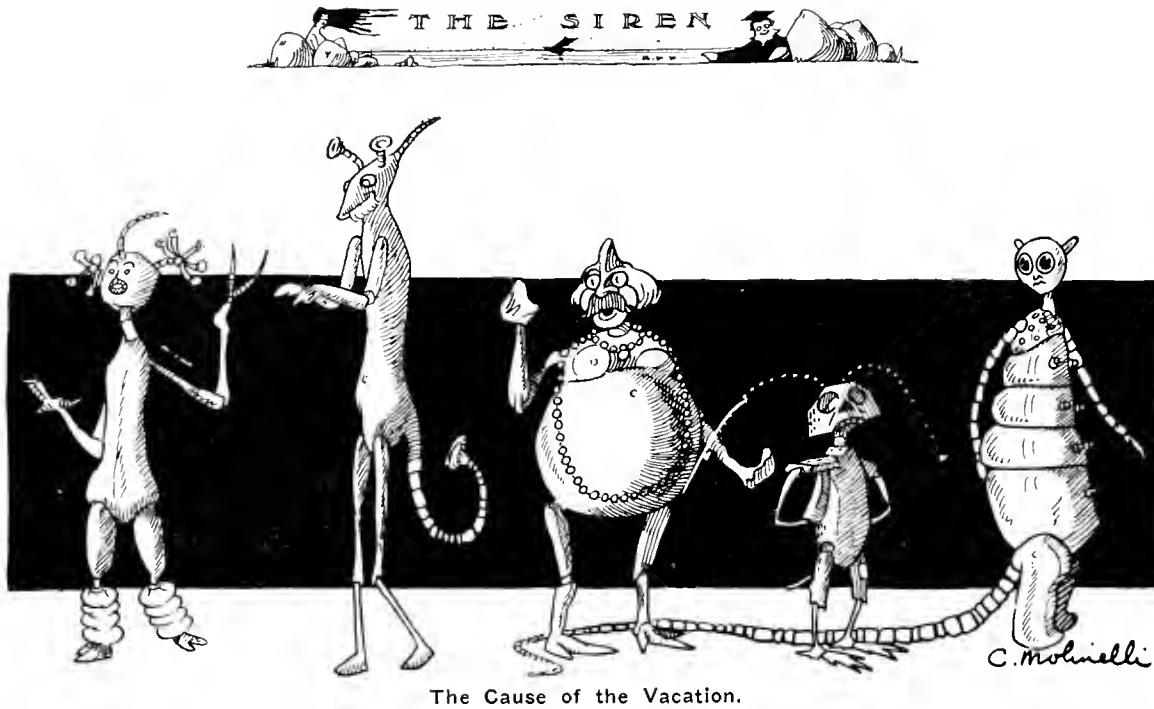
"Yes, leopard pool."

"How?"

"Oh, I always spot 'em."



Some fellers seem to hav quarantines on their brains so their ideas can't get out.



The Cause of the Vacation.

THE COLLEGE BRADSTREET

In our old kid days at school,
Childhood's happy care-free time,
Each new fact or spelling rule,
Would be taught to us in rhyme.

So I've made a little verse
Telling each fraternity's mark,
From the best down to the worst,
Passed by censor T. A. Clark.

Acanthus, Iris and Zeta Psi,
All came close to 85
While the lads in T. K. E.
Averaged up to 83.
Beta, Alpha Delt, D. U.,
And the Deltas made '82,
While 81 in sound you know,
Somes so near to A. T. O.,
That they always stay just so.

Now 80 is the grade you see,
Of the Phi Deltas, S. A. E.,
Sigs and Dekes did pretty fine,
Got an average of 79.
Phi Kaps, Phi Psis rather late,
Made a grade of 78.
While Theta Deltas and Sigma Nus
Thinking probably, "What's the use,"
Finished up in the caboose.

THE BRUTE.

Harry—"Poor old Dick is dead. Let's see—he was married forty years."

John—"Lucky for Dick—he must have been prepared to die."



AT THE MOVIES.

Sue—"Oh, let's go in and see this show. They advertise it as a two reel production."

Flo—"Well, the movies are getting better every day, but I don't see how they can be two real."



NOT THE HEN'S FAULT.

Little Susie—"Mother, you ought not blame those storage eggs for being bad."

Mother—"Why, daughter, why do you say that?"

Little Susie—"Well, mother, just think how long they tried to be good."

If you are an English boy don't waste your time on this.



□ □ ◎ □ □

Ten joyful students going out to dine,
They heard about the smallpox and then there were
but nine.
Nine sorrowful students sitting by the grate,
One of them got vaccinated and then there were
but eight.
Eight worried students dreaming about heaven,
Someone reported ten new cases and then there were
but seven.
Seven scared students not wise to foolish tricks,
One believed the rumors they heard and then there
were but six.
Six terrified students, barely still alive,
Someone suggested quarantine and then there were
but five.
Five horror stricken students heard a knock upon the
door.
One saw it was a doctor, and then there were but
four.
Four frantic students, so scared they could hardly see.
The doctor looked down each throat and then there
were but three.

Three trembling students wondering what to do,
The doctor pronounced it smallpox and then there
were but two.
Two dumfounded students not knowing which way to
run,
The doctor put one in bed and then there was but
one.
One lonely student, the last one of so many,
The pest wagon came along and then there was not
any.

□ □ ◎ □ □

First Citizen—Why is a Championship football team
like the kind of a man that does all his trading at a
department store?

Second Graft Victim—Spring it.

First Citizen—You've got to give them credit.—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

□ □ ◎ □ □

How's Your W A T C H ?

If it is not running accurately perhaps it
needs a little adjusting. Bring it in to us
and we'll give it expert attention. Our
thirty years of honest dealing has helped
us to win the public's confidence. Our
watchwords are

CAREFULNESS
COURTESY
CAPABILITY

RAY L. BOWMAN

Where the Quality is
ALWAYS RIGHT

WALKER OPERA HOUSE, CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE
Apr. 11
May 30

CRYSTAL
Mar. 28
Apr. 18

ONYX
May 16

GRIDIRON
April 4
May 9

VARSITY
April 18

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

FROM THE MADHOUSE JOURNAL

Dr. K. reports a strange occurrence. His house has always been a substantial frame structure, but he was quite horrified the other morning to wake up and find that it was stone. He believes the wind made it rock.—*Lampoon*.

PERFECTLY AGREEABLE

She (to rejected suitor)—I'll be a sister to you, Alphonse.
He (briskly)—All right. Come kiss your brother.—*Judge*.



COLLEGE MOTTO

Don't study your lesson; lessen your study.—*Jester*.

Y O U C A N

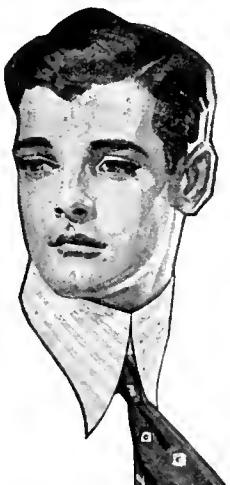
S a v e a Q u a r t e r

By Taking Advantage of the

I L L I O A D V A N C E S A L E

Watch for Date
Announcement

Better Book
Same Price



GRANTON — a self satin striped

ARROW
Madras COLLAR

2 for 25 cents.

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, INC., Makers

NOTHING

He—"Do you know much about golf?"
She—"Absolutely nothing. I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy properly."—*Boston Transcript*.



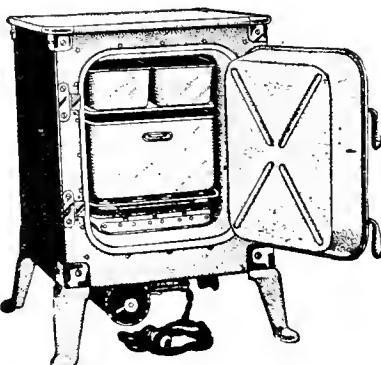
EVADING THE QUESTION

Mistress—Are you a good cook?
Applicant—Yes'm. I go to church every Sunday.—*Judge*.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

"I thought your daughter received me rather stiffly."
"Ah! Then she did go to that Tango lesson yesterday."—*Judge*.



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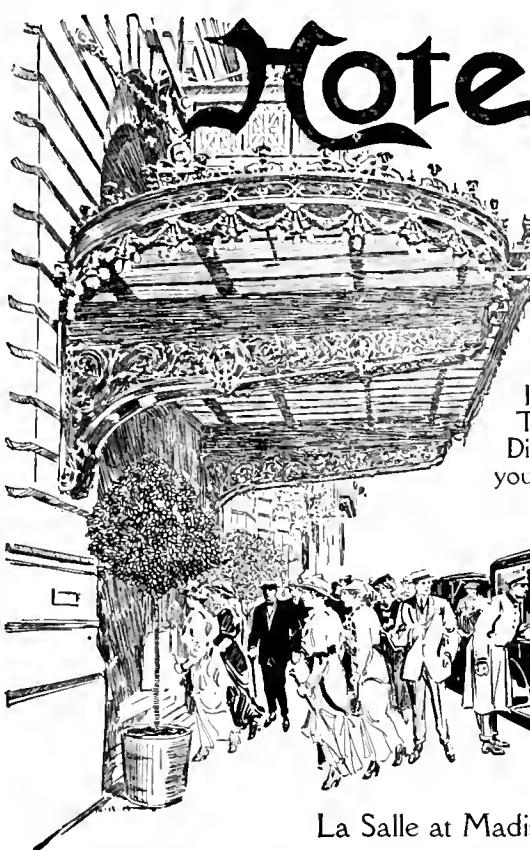
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PURELY ACCIDENTAL

Soph—Did you hear about the awful accident?

Frosh—No, what?

Soph—A rough had his eye on a girl's ankle and she twisted it.

—*Chapparal.*



"May I marry your daughter?" Sir Percival cried
To her father who stood by the aeroplane's side,
But to never a word did the bounder give vent;
Just cranked up his motor and gave his ascent.— *Lampoon.*

PIG AND PAT

"Patrick, you were on a bad spree yesterday," said a friend, reproachfully.

"Yis, sir, Oi was that," replied Patrick. "Bless me, if Oi wasn't lying in the gutter with a pig. Father Dunn come along an' looked at me, an' he says, says he:

"One is known by the company he kapes."

"And did you get up, Patrick?"

"Oi did not, but the pig did."—*Michigan Tradesman.*



Here's where I forge ahead, cried the counterfeiter as he put the finishing touches to the Indian on a five dollar bill.—*Lampoon.*

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A man who had never been duck hunting shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell to the ground.

"Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.

"Yes;" replied the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."—*Boston Post*.



Snooter had almost reached the top of the stairs—it was three A. M.—there was his wife waiting for him.

John, you're drunk again.

Well, if I'm not, retorted Snooter, I've—hic—spent three dollars and six bits—hic—for nuthin at all.—*Coyote*.

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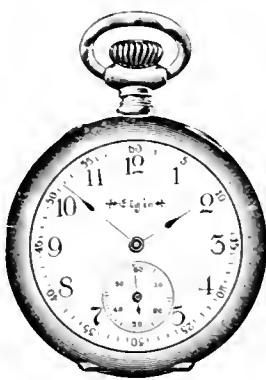
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(Cornell University has added a course in horseshoeing to its curriculum.) Cornell has a horse-shoeing college!

Our schools are awakened at last,
The pupils will now acquire knowledge

They well might have missed in the past!
Let Harvard now teach manicuring.

And Yale give a course in massage—
Let Princeton impart the fine points of the
art

Of cleaning the barn and garage!

When Dartmouth shall satiate the craving
For lessons in scrubbing of floors;

When Vassar gives courses in paving,

And Case teaches general chores;

When Michigan educates bell-hops,

And Wellesley imparts Pounding Sand,
Education shall creep from its aeonlong
sleep,

And Science shall rule in the land!

Now Williams shall teach us pants-pressing,

Reserve give Ditch Digging D.D.'s;

Johns Hopkins shall make salad dressing,

Siwash confer cobbling degrees!

Cornell, though, is rather ungallant,

Is chivalry naught but a myth?

If schools shall give courses in shoeing of
horses,

The stunt should be started by Smith!

—*Ted Robinson in Cleveland Plaindealer.*

First Citizen—"Why is a Championship
football team like the kind of a man that
does all his trading at a department store?

Second Graft Victim—"Spring it."

First Citizen—"You've got to give them
credit."—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.*

Phyllis—How did you like the close of
the opening chorus?

Phil—Great!—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

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A TINY TALE

"I'm all in," said the burglar, as he wiggled through the window.
"There's something in that," he cried as he spied the safe.
"It's a hard blow," he remarked as he reached for his nitro-glycerine.

"I feel blue," he exclaimed as a policeman caught him in his arms.

"I could stay here in a pinch" he said as they took him to his cell.
"That let's me out," he said when he found a file in his mince pie.

—*Lampon*.

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PROGRESS

"This is the limit," exclaimed an irate boarder as he extracted a piece of rubber tire from his hash.

"Oh, well, it is only another example of how fast the automobile is supplanting the horse," remarked the ever-present wit.—*The Princeton Tiger.*



She waited at the church in vain.
Where could the bridegroom be?
"I fear this wedding will go off
Without a hitch," said she.
—*The Jester.*



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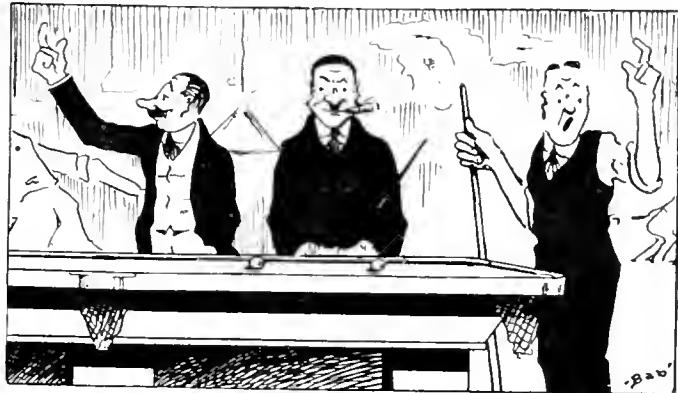
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REVENGE

Teacher: "Willie, what is your greatest ambition?"
Willie: "To wash mother's ears."—*Chaparral*.



FACE VALUE

Osky: "What is it you like about that new barber?"
Wow Wow: "He's so light fingered it seems."
Osky: "Uh huh, he did me for ninety cents."—*Chaparral*.

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"No, thanks, I'm off color today."—*Sun Dial*.



Sufferer: "I shay, ole buck, what'sh yer trouble?"

Fellow Sufferer: "A case of mumps—what's yours?"

Sufferer: "Two cases of Schlitz."—*Williams Purple Cow*.



"Can you give me a copy of Chambers' first novel?"

"Yes, sir. Here is his latest."—*Lampoon*.

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These glasses should be worn constantly if relief is not obtained by wearing them for near work only.

If the eyes are then not unduly worked the eye-strain will at once disappear, and the insomnia along with it.

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10c

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PASTORAL MEDITATIONS

The naked hills lie wanton in the breeze,
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked,
Bare are the quivering limbs of shameless trees,
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?

—*Pelican.*



"What on earth," she asked us, "is the Rule of Three?"
We're always polite to the tea-drinking sex. "A triumvirate,"
we told her.—*Dorms.*



"How is your Shakespearian Club getting on?"
"Splendidly. We learned two new steps last week."—*Life.*

Professor: "Are you the same boy I flunked yesterday and the day before?"

Stude: "No sir—never the same since, sir."—*Princeton Tiger*

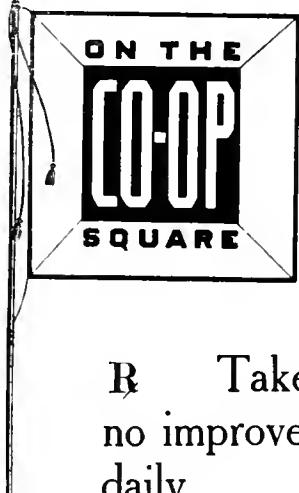


HITTING THE NAIL HARD

Fair Damsel (at the table in the barber shop): "Manicure, sir?"
Grouchy Old Fat Man (with a snap): "No, I bite them."—*Coyote.*



The lightning bug is a beautiful bird,
But hasn't any mind;
He dashes through this world of ours,
His headlight on behind.—*Cornell Widow*



Sure Cures for Spring Fever

Baseball
Lawn Tennis
Golf

R Take daily—in afternoon; but if
no improvement is evident take twice
daily. Dr. Healthy.

NOTE—Take all athletic prescriptions to

The CO-OP.

(Registered Fans)

"You know the mania she has for getting her presents exchanged?"

"Yes."

"They fooled her this time."

"Impossible!"

"Sure. They all gave money; in pennies."—*Minnesota Minnehaha.*



HONK! HONK!

'14: "Jim snores terribly."

'15 (Anatoist): "Yes, he sleeps with his eye out open."—*Coyote.*



He: "Miss Smith, do you like animals?"

She: "Are you fishing for compliments?"—*Minnesota Minnehaha.*

NOT BY A LONG WAY

Optimist: "Distance lends enchantment."

Pessimist: "Not with a girl in a taxi."—*Chaparral.*



HER WORRY

He: "Suppose I should kiss you?"

She: "Suppose you shouldn't."—*Chaparral.*



"How do you like gold soup?"

"Gold soup? What is it?"

"18 carrots."—*Sphinx.*



The High Cost of Living

does not worry the patrons of

Dyke's Cafeteria On Sixth Street

Jack's cooking is the best and cleanest. Try it.

A tramp a rug saw in a yard—
Oh, do I need repeat it?
How often has occurred the thing!
He took the rug and beat it.

—Jester.



"Yes, I'm sorry to say, I've been disillusioned about the fair sex."
"So, been in love?"
"No, I've been living in a co-educational rooming house."—Minnesota Minnehaha.

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□ □ ☺ □ □

AT THE PLAY

"Isn't that last act an intellectual feast?"
"Yes—but the supes were pretty thin!"—*Lampoon*.



"How do you feel this morning?" asked Barnwell, meeting a well-known Kentucky colonel.

"Rotten, sah. How would yo' expect a gentleman to feel in the morning, sah?" was the reply.—*Exchange*.

□ □ ☺ □ □

*This Spring Stuff is some stuff, what?
Cut a cross section thru it an' what
have you? Well, there's moonlight and
long walks and girls and music (close
harmony) and then more moonlight and
another girl . . . only one thing
more to make the harmony complete,
Zom's Togs! Altogether on th' li'l
melody entituled "You aint the same
babe."*

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AT HARVARD

"I say, Spudkins, telephone the professor that it's
raining, so he'd better come here in the morning."



THE WHAT-DO-YOU-CALL-IT

I asked a knowing person
 The meaning of these tricks.
 My ignorance dismayed him.
 He said: "That's the 'Maxixe'!"

I stopped another, saying,
 "Tell me about this, please,
 Are they in pain?" He answered,
 "They're dancing the 'Maxixe'!"

I asked my friend O'Hara—
 He hissed it through his teeth
 And tried to sound Brazilian
 By calling it "Maxixe."

And so there's any number
 Of ways to say this vice.
 I'm waiting now for someone
 To up and say "Maxixe."

—Harvard Lampoon.



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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.



THE Siren spends the best part of her blasé existence in chuckling with admiration at our contemporary magazines. She has often thought that she would like for our subscribers to see the various articles as she sees them; so that they too could admire and applaud their work. At last the siren has hit upon a scheme—She has turned this issue into an *open house* issue for the display of the best drawings to be found in all the college magazines. There is Berlin in the Yale Record, Gardner Hale in the Lampoon, the late Mr. Johnson and Mr. Bollman in the Widow, Rea in the Rea Magazine printed under the caption of the Sun Dial, Robinson in the Pelican, Smith in the Gargoyle, Sterling in the Jack-o'-Lantern, and numerous others which The Siren admires—but a limit of space prohibits their drawings.



THIS student life is just one d— thing after another all right. We no more than survive the peroxide gargles, the frantic letter from anxious mother, the stifling air of the fumigated buildings and the subsequent increase in daily assignments, than we are thrown into a much worse dilemma—these demoralizing effects of spring weather. We escape the contagion of scarlet fever only to run squarely into the thralls of that irresistible delusion called spring fever.

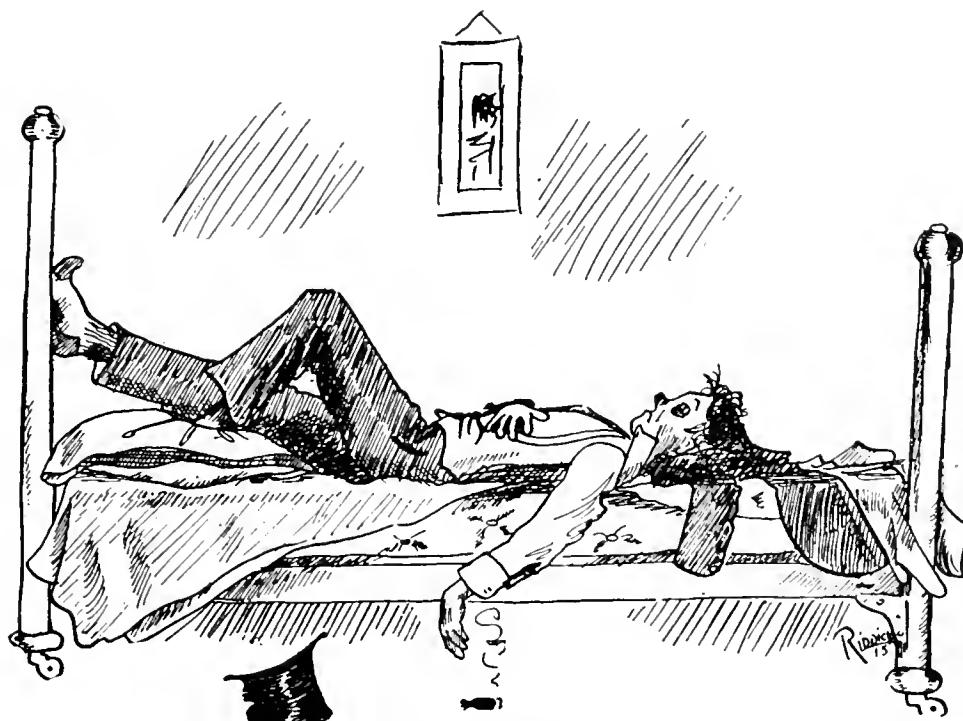
When the wind no longer carries the flurries of snow and the intermittent



showers of rain, that so continually find their way down our coat collar, and when the sun has dodged the clouds in the checkered sky long enough to drive the mud from the street and sidewalks we once again take an interest in the joy of living. You fall for that line of talk handed out by the transient salesmen of Balmacans and soon blossom out in a brand new raiment of light grays and tender browns. Letters from the girl back home seem empty and tiresome, so you convince yourself on the argument that a date with a co-ed for a spring evening's stroll will not envolve the boresome chatter of the sorority house parlor, and pretty soon you are on the telephone asking for Helen or Mabel or whom ever it might be. And you watch the ball team practice, and play a little golf, and sit out on the sunny side of the porch, and read from the magazine with the most attractive cover,—in fact you do everything but study. And when night comes you sing a few songs for the benefit of the neighborhood and plunk a couple of sentimental tunes on your mandolin or guitar and wish,—oh how you wish, that you didn't have that eight o'clock in the morning. Well, spring comes but once a year. Goin' to do anything tonight? Come on and let's go serenading,—get some eats, you know,—and,—and you can cut that eight o'clock class.



ILLINOIS is steadily coming to the front in artistic and dramatic things. "Higher Up", by Mr. Thatcher Guild was a decided success from every point of view. The play was admirably cast and we cannot help but wish that those dramatically inclined were given more opportunities for their talents. By the way—what has become of the Glee Club?



Hic! Wha' th' 'ell d' I care who won?

—Marshall Riddich, '15, in California Pelican.



Brainless Stuff.

—E. A. Herter, in Harvard Lampoon.

I would I were an artist;
 'Twould fill my soul with cheer,
 For when I got a thirst on
 I'd draw a glass of beer.

—Pelican.



"What attracts all these dogs into the chapel?
 "It is meet to sing praise unto the Lord."

—Purple Cow.

SHE CALLED MY BLUFF

I knelt at the feet of my sweetheart to-day;
 I asked her if she'd be my wife.
 I asked her—she answered!..I hastened away,
 Determined to take my own life.

Despairing, I dashed to the edge of a cliff;
 Of troubles in life I'd enough.

And now I should not be relating this, if
 The cliff hadn't been a big bluff!

—Purple Cow.



Bootblack—Light or dark?
Beer Fiend—Same ash you, old fel'.
—G. S. Patterson, in Yale Record.



THE FRESHMAN SOB

Gee, but a freshman's life is tough;
There ain't a bit of fun.
They make you do all kinds of things,
Then kick at what you've done.
We have to run around this place
Just like a bunch of kids;
And then there's one thing worst of all—
Doggone those freshman lids!

The thing looks like a postage stamp
Upon my curly crown,
And if the wind is blowing hard
I have to hold it down.
The town girls always titter,
And the visitors all smile,
When I go out upon the street—
Doggone those freshman lids!

I walked down town the other day,
And one fresh little kid,
He saw me and he hollered out:
"Gee, Jimmie, pipe the lid!"
I wish I could have caught that boy
And given him a slap.
Gee, make believe I wasn't sore,
Doggone that freshman cap!

Gee, wait until Prom time comes around,
And all the queens are here;
I'll have to wear that postage stamp,

Stuck over my right ear.
I don't mind being called a Frosh—
We all can stand for that—
But I can lick that guy that made,
That doggone freshman cap!

But next year, say, I'll be a soph,
And walk right down the street,
A-lookin' straight ahead of me,
Instead of at my feet.
I'll watch the freshies sneakin' by,
The way I always did,
I'll grin like blazes when I see
A doggone freshman lid.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.



VENETIAN IDYLL

"Sing to me, dearest one" he cried—
"Sing me a barcarolle,"
"Sing of the gleaming starry night,
Sing of the water's soul."

"Sing to me, dearest one," he sighed,
And plucked on his soft guitar,
"Sing to me, sweet, of the wondrous lights
That twinkle from afar."

"Soothe me with chanted, lifting strains,
As boatmen okt' of yore
Sung of the rippling water's soul
Along some enchanted shore."

"Sing to me words that long ago
Maybe some sea god wrote."
The damsel complied, forthwith she sang
"Sit down, you're racking the boat."

—Harvard Lampoon.



There Is Often Speed in An Old Machine.
—Fritz Bade in Gargoyle.



A TOAST TO THE VARSITY SHOW.

Here's to the show—
The Varsity Show—
A great little Show—
That's how we feel!

Right! Some Show and yet
One thing makes us fret
Our only regret
The girls! They ain't real!
—Sainclair, '13, in Jester.



He held the maiden's hand and said,
"May I the question pop?"
She coyly bent her pretty head—
"You'd better question pop."
—Cornell Widow.



Gwen: "I see Gaynor's beginning to tighten up on
the Turkey Trot in New York."

Bert: "It can't be done!"—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

THE FRESHMAN

When I am seated at my lunch,
And story-telling is the hunch,
Just as they reach a funny part,
I'm sure to get a sudden start,
For then a measly Sophomore
Cries, "Freshman, some one's at the door!"

And when I'm all tired out from gym,
And stiff and sore in every limb,
Just as I settle down to rest,
I hear that ever-nagging pest
The Sophomore, with threat'ning ire;
"Hey, Frosh, some wood! Go build a fire!"

And when I try to concentrate,
To make the necessary eight,
And have ten pages left to do.
Before I go to bed at two,
A voice below is sure to drone,
"You measly Freshman, get that phone!"

When I no longer am a Frosh,
I'll treat the Freshman right, b'gosh.
I'll never make them "get the phone,"
When they are trying hard to bone.
I'll do my share of work until
I graduate—like h—— I will.

—N. L. M. '14.
—The Pelican.



Remember Doc. A Pretty Nurse.
A. Ueland, in Minnehaha.



"Wash ish it wash fles wash hash four legs?"
"Give up."
"Two canary birds."—*Jester.*



He—Pardon, Madam, but what number is this?
She—This, sir, is the Opera Number.

—Kucera, in Gargoyle.



PHRENOLOGY IN OUR MIDST

The bald man's hope and the barber's terror. A stirring succulent address on calves brains' à la mode rendered before the august student body in session extraordinary any night last week, by Prof. Tonsorial Terror, the champion dry-shampooer of Ithaca, New York.

"Gentlemen and students: It gives me great pleasure to be iminvited to speak to myself in your hearing this evening. Before advancing to a demolition of my remarkable powers as a reader of open-faced craniums, permit me to say that I deprecate the honor of being allowed to speak aloud in these, beautiful maternity houses of this, your glorious school. (Here the Professor pauses for applause. Voice: Hey, Bill, give me a match!)

"Phrenology has been the coming science of the new era since 1802 when Doctor Um-tddle-dum first discovered and patented the four principles of that marvelous scheme to the consternation of the physicians of Edinburg and envy-runs. This science is still coming. Mark Twain said that a fool and his money are soon parted and thereby made he his living. Gents, for the sum of fifty cents, I will tell you your character by feeling of your head. The information which I shall give is worth fifty dollars. I examined the president of your college twenty years ago and now look at him! Step forward, gents! Only fifty cents, a half a dollar, one fortieth part of a Buffalo gold certificate—truly a poultry sum for success in life! (A student advances to the chair. The Professor measures his head with a tape).

"27-93-6—Blood in the gentleman's face—the gent is bashful. (Student in thundering voice: Naw, I ain't!). And the lung capacity is 100. Now, gentlemen this gent is brave, fearless, valiant, bold, courageous, valorous, dauntless, a fighter and will defend himself when cornered. He would make a good preacher or doctor or bartender. He is intellectual, intelligent, brilliant, capable, studious, scientific, artistic, practical and virilent. He will graduate. I find here the bump of religion, scepticism, antagonism, faith, hope, charity, gullibility, shrewdness and football. He would make a good chromo-portrait painter, with practice. He should marry a square-headed girl who laces, chews gum and is liberal with the corialopsis. She will be brilliant, keen, prolific, jealous, generous, fearless, trusting-avaricious, proud, timid, good-natured, and loving. (Applause).

"If the gent will name three occupations, I

will tell him which one he is best fitted for. (Student in awful whisper: Plumber—auctioneer—white-wing). Engineer, by all means. Of the three, I would insist on engineer. A locomotive engineer! What good will your college education and driving personality be put to unless you tackle big things and make them go?"

(Professor rubs student's hair briskly for a minute, blows dandruff from his fingers and cries "NEXT!")—*Purple Cow.*



THE POET'S PIFFLINGS

Some poets rave to their lady-loves
And scribble on dainty fans,
Or sling hot stuff on the witching curve
Of a cheek that the south wind tans.

And some go daft o'er an ankle neat
Or the smile of a maiden coy,
And the crimson bow of her ruby lips
Where the living kisses toy.

But I, to use in a nervy way
The poet's majestic name,
Would cut the mush and the goo-goo eyes
As a prop for my lasting fame.

I'd sing of the lur of the city lights
To the study-becloaked mind,
And the icy slopes of Consumption hill
In the blast of the cooling wind.

I'd rave of the things that the Senior dreams
In his seat on a Sunday morn,
Of ten per cent and that far-off key,
With a smile on his "mug" forlorn.

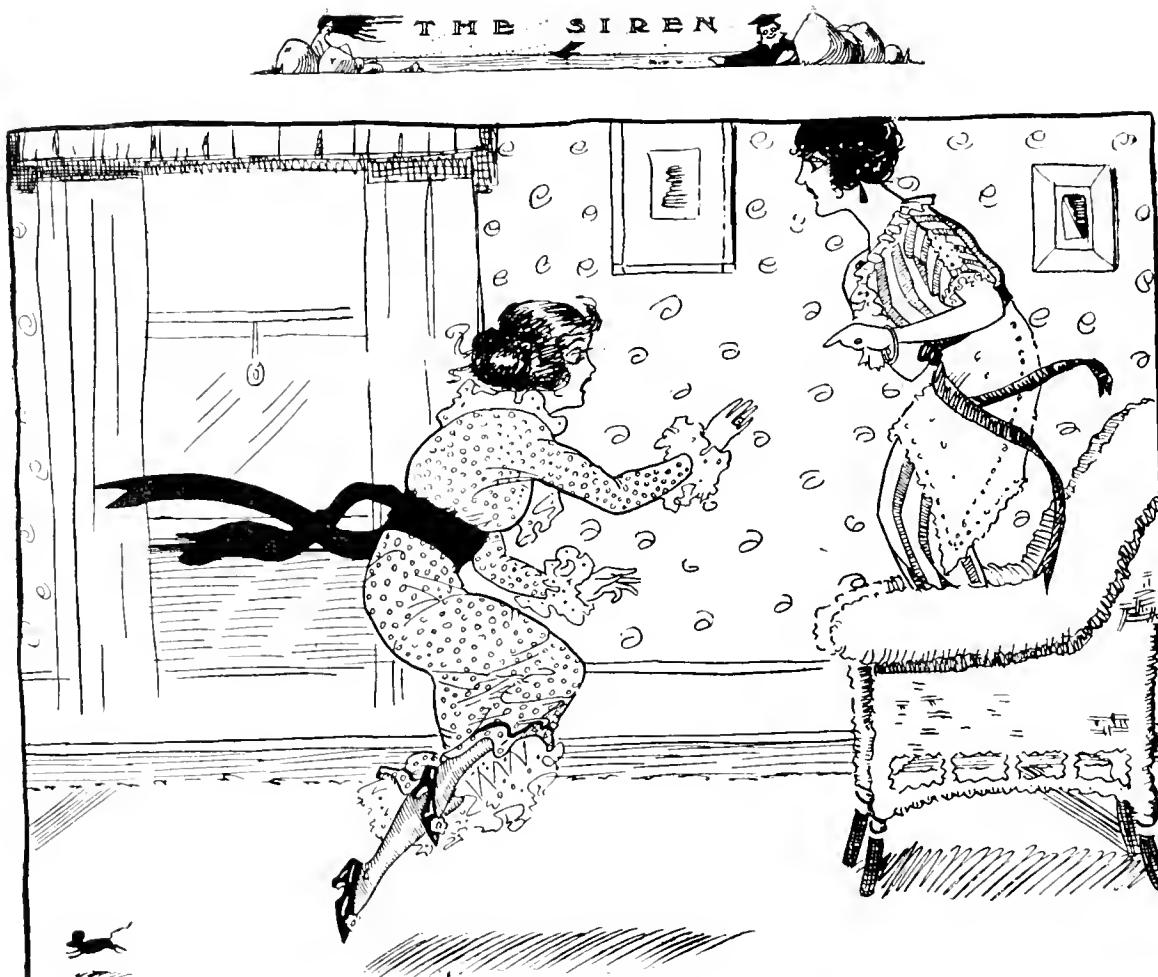
I'd hook my verse to familiar themes,
And not to some by-gone dame
Whom Byron "fussed" for a week or so—
Then passed to another flame.

I'd get off lines that would rouse the town
Like a fire in the hours small
Of a frosty morn—about four miles out—
Then I'd streak for the timbers tall.

—*Purple Cow.*



THE EX.
Robinson, in California Pelican.



The Feminish Movement.

—Archibald B. Johnson, in Cornell Widow.



A dainty young dame of Montclair,
Was skillfully draping her hair;
When in came a kitten
And lest it be bitten
Her rat fled away down the stair.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.



SOMEBODY'S BROTHER

My brother was here in the year of naughty-two
And he was a wonderful man,
He did everything that the wonderful do
And many the things that he ran.

He made every crowd that was giving out bids,
He managed the campus, in fact,
Yep, he *was* a wonder of working kids,
For he was a master of tact.

And now I am here as a '17 lit,
I face an impregnable wall
For I don't go in for great glory a bit,
I'm somebody's brother, that's all.

—Gargoyle.



Class in Anatomy.

—From Men Only Number of the Jack-o'-Lantern,
by '17.



She—I hope the girls in that show will be properly clothed. I just loathe tights.

He—On the stage?

She—Of course, you stupid!

Thompson, in Texas Coyote.



SENTIMENTAL SONNETS OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST

Leatherlung Minnie and Winchester Bob

A rancher was Miguel Pedro y Platte—
A devil for looks, but a villain at that;
Broad acres he owned. (Very true, only three,
But each was as broad as an acre should be.)

His cattle were aged, but still they were cows,
And over his pastures would peacefully browse;
They'd kick up their heels to a limited height,
And tear up the grass with a scream of delight.

(Now why they should do this I've asked far and wide,

And this is the way my informants replied:
"That ain't so unusual. Bet you my hat
You can't find a creature that doesn't do that!"

A regular puncher was Winchester Bob,"
Who scoured the plains in the search of a job.
He'd rise in the saddle, put spurs to his steed,
And tear down the trail at a terrible speed.

Two hundred and forty he'd covered one day,
And drew up at Mag's, as it lay in his way—
"At forty a week, sir, your foreman I'll be."
Said Pedro, "Accepted. Come in and have tea."

Both Pedro and Bob, by a curious chance,
While waltzing at some unconventional dance,
Met Leatherlung Minnie, an Indian maid,
Who captured them both by the grace she displayed.

Dark Miguel wooed her with Mexican charm—
He'd lie on his back at the edge of her farm,
And watch her hoe cactus, sow tares, and prune
plants,
Or roll cigarettes for her uncles and aunts.

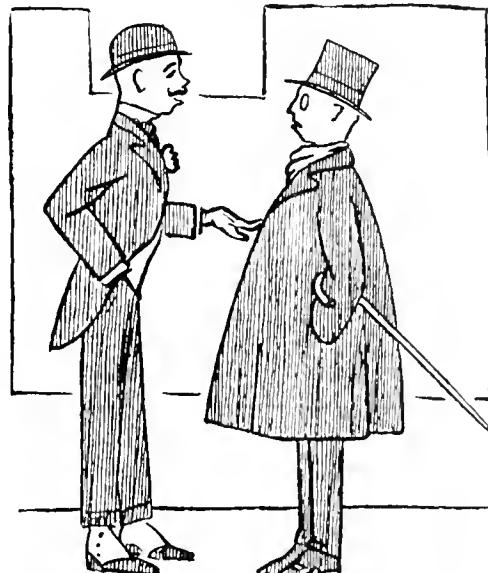
Now Minnie loved Bob, as was proper and right,
But Pedro saw things in a different light—
"By the fringe on my pants, I will slaughter them
both."

And he uttered a horribly heathenish oath.

They leaped on their horses and cantered like mad,
With Pedro behind—that excitable lad—
The cattle drew close, with melodious lows—
Some thought, "Here he comes," and the rest,
"There he goes."

The lovers reached town, and were hastily wed,
While "the boys" rallied round and filled Pedro with
lead—
A happy conclusion, no doubt you'll discern,
And logical, too, for the "Pathé" concern.

—Lampoon.



Tray—Did you hear about this hypnotist who catches fish by just talking to them?

Moutarde—He must have a strong line.

—Princeton Tiger.



YOUTH.

—Gardner Hale, in *Harvard Lampoon*.



She—"Why do you work so hard?"
He—"I am too nervous to steal."

—Baldridge, in *Cornell Widow*.



A HOSPITAL HOMILY

All great men have their moments of abstraction. In fact they are one of the salient characteristics of greatness. I have them myself, so I know. In one of them which occurred in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, a cab ran over me. Not a taxicab, but a vulgar horse propelled cabriolet. As I was rising to wreak my vengeance upon the driver, a passing automobile pinned me to the earth. This prevented further action for the nonce. My scattered remains were placed on a piece of blotting paper and taken to a hospital. Physicians and surgeons were called in. One said I had pericarditis of the tympanum, and a broken leg. A second diagnosed me as suffering from hendiadys and a broken leg. A third imparted the cheerful news that I was

doubtless suffering from a cold and a broken leg. A consultation was of course necessary.

At the consultation it seems that they all agreed on the fact that I had a broken leg. All the other maladies were swept aside and my case was pronounced a compound fracture of the various hopelessly named bones which go to make up the lever of the pedal extremity. There were three perfectly good diseases wasted. Is it any wonder that the cost of living is so high?

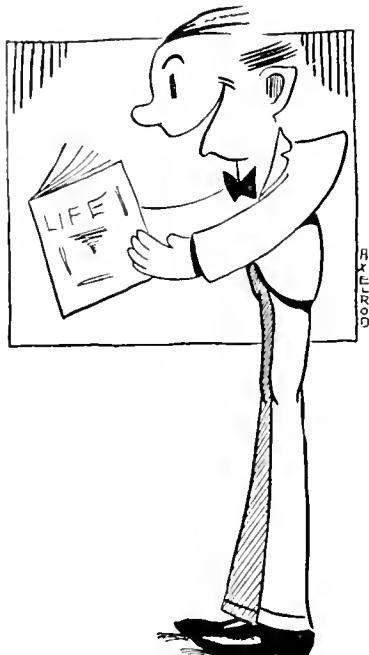
While in the hospital, I discovered that a friend of mine was also there. In he hobbled, pale and wan. That form, which I had so often noticed scented with tobacco and—oh, grape juice, now reeked of antiseptics. He was the most sterilized looking person I have ever seen. He suffered from water on the knee, which part of his anatomy was being "baked" every day. At once my imagination got to work. If they "baked" him for water on the knee what would they do to my broken leg? I had visions of my "jambe" boiled, scrambled, or cut into juicy chops. Then a ray of hope crossed my mind. They couldn't cut my leg up into chops for that would effectually ruin it. At worst it would be merely scalloped.

(Continued on Page 210)



Hunter (absent-mindedly)—Let's sit the next one out.

—Rea, in *Sun Dial*.



A Life-Long Friend.
Axelrod, in Jester.



THE SUDDEN SAIL OF THE "RINKY DEE"

Being the Annalled Adventures of an Alco-Hauled
AIRSHIP

Now this is a tale o' a gas balloon
What wuz built in a couple o' nights,
From some old raincoats, and an empty keg.
By a couple o' Silbeyites!

"We wuz seated, we three, in the Rinky Dee,
One steamin hot day in May,
A'wishin some boob would blow gas in the tube,
And send us a'hellin away.

For the fever o' Spring wuz ripe in our bones,
And the Wanderlust had us all,
For the village wuz dead as a lump o' lead,
And the ball-team wuz making a call.

But it seemed no use, for we lacked the juice,
To move us a foot from the ground,
Then we sighted a gink with a magnified think,
And we tells him to stick around.

It wuz Bull-fighting-Bill, from the college of Arts,
Or we might have been sittin here yet,
But the bag starts to fill, as the gas starts to spill
From this classical Langouret.

He'd be throwin' it yet in his manner au fait;
Which is Francais fer pass in a crowd,
But his hydrogen breeze wafts us up thru the trees,
And we tries to play tag with a cloud.

The last thing I saw wuz the peak o' McGraw.
As we beats it away from Cornell,
And I says to the skipper, don't sail by the dipper,
Or we'll sure strike heaven or 'ell.

We had ballast galore from a free-lunch store,
In the shape o' ten buckets o' beer,
And the salin wuz fun, till the boilin sun
Raised a thirst like a desert-lost steer.

There wuz nothin to do but attack the brew,
For we couldn't quite see being fried;
But we rose like a swan when our ballast wuz gone,
And I sees we wuz in for a ride.

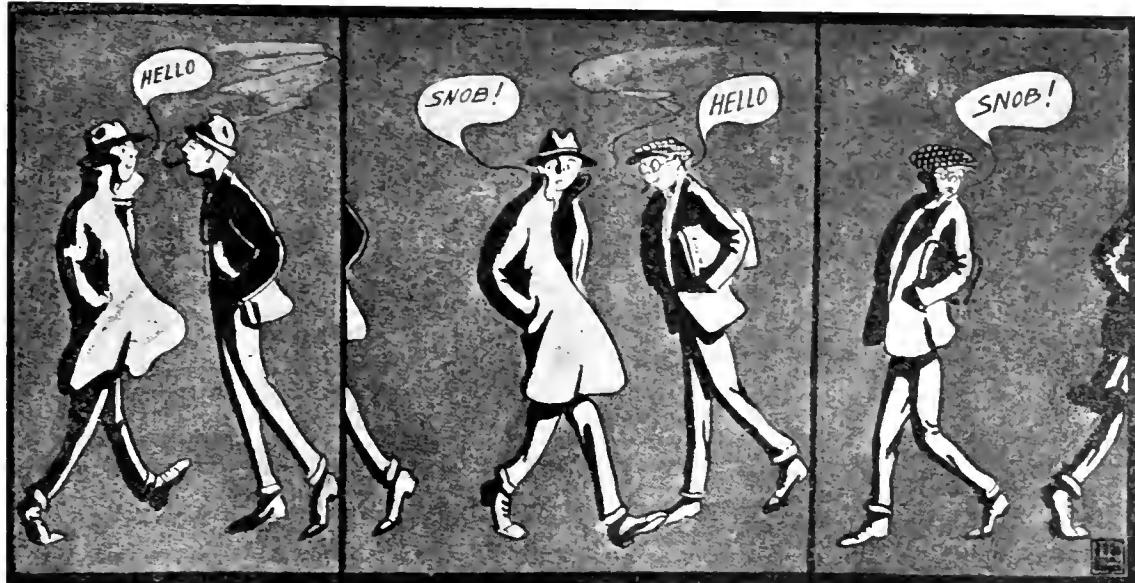
"Good Night," says I as we skidded by
Some one's record fer altitude,
And I bids adieu to the rest of the crew,
Fer I figures our fates wuz glued.

Then our boat swings around with its head to the
ground,
And we seems fallin up, as it were,
(Continued on Page 207)



I'sh been in Oakland (hic) all night,
An' now Ish feelin' jush bout right,
But I'd like to meet the shun of a gun
Who shaid "Two headsh are better'n
one."

—Stringham, in Pelican.



Has It Ever Happened to You?

Larning, in Harvard Lampoon.



THE SUDDEN SAIL OF THE "RINKEY DEE"

(Continued from Page 206)

Then I thinks some fond thinks, of the Senate and
Zincks.

Davy Hoy, Gussie Sill, and of Her.

We wuz fallin as tranquil and slow, mee lads,
As the service is in the Dutch,
When Barry the Frosh, with his lamps all awash,
Gives my fore-arm a nervous-like clutch.

Then he points over-side, and my eyes opens wide.—
We wuz fallin on one o' the stars:—
And he says to me, "there's a house and tree,
"Why I'll bet, by Gosh, that it's Mars."

We couldn't stop so we finished the drop,
With a dull, dull sickening thud,
And we almost drowned before we found
We had lit in a river of Bud.

So we swims around for an hour, mee lads,
Till the Freshmen almost sank,
Then we swims to our boat which wuz still afloat,
And heaves her out on the bank.

It wux Mars all right, if I gathers aright,
From the signs what the people make,
And I tries to say in a similar way,
I'd thirst like Cayuga Lake.

So they leads us all to a marble hall,
That I can't describe with ink,
And takes us inside with an air of pride,
And shows us a fountain o' drink.

(Continued on Page 208)

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*The Diamond is the Birth-stone
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Walker Opera House



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April 11, College Hall
May 2, College Hall
May 30, College Hall

CRYSTAL

May 15, Crystal Lake

GRIDIRON

May 9, Bradley
May 30, Bradley

COLLEGE

April 25, Bradley
Interscholastic, Bradley

VARSITY

April 18, College Hall
May 23, College Hall

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

ONYX

June 6, Crystal Lake

THE SUDDEN SAIL OF THE "RINKEY DEE"

(Continued from Page 207)

My thirst wuz in haste, so I takes a taste,
And my lamps falls open wide,—
It wuz not the same make, that flows in the Lake,
But the kind that grows on the side.

What we wishes most, so I signs to our host,
Wuz none of his Creme de Vet,
But a taste of the same, as when caught in the rain
Makes your spring suit look so wet.

But the Sibley Domed gent didn't get what I meant,
Or else his brain pan filtered slow;
And I ached to be at an Ag. pink tea,
Where they only serve H-2-O.

So we beats it back to our hot air sack,
Stock Yard Bill lets down the bars,—
And our boat in a heat, gets up on its feet,
And beats it away from Mars.

When we loops-the -loop in the empty space.
That separates Earth from Mars,
We hears a rip and we starts to slip
Towards earth like a train of cars.

□ □ ® □ □



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We'd be sinkin yet I guess, mee lads,
To the land where it doesn't shower,
If the bag hadn't stuck, by the best o' Luck,
On the point o' the Library Tower.
It was just gettin day when we figures a way,
To give our ballon the slip,—
So we builds a beaut of a parachute
From out of the Frenchman's dip.

We swings out clean, from our air machine,
And floats leisurely down on the grass:
Then thanks our stars, we're not rustin in Mars,
.. And makes an eight o'clock class."

* * * * *
And the moral is this,—if a moral you wish,—
When your hittin' high places, old Top,
With a ballast o' beer, between you and the sphere,
Look out that you don't take a drop.

—Widow.

□ □ ® □ □

ANYHOW NOT DEMOCRATIC
Stew: "Is the Glee to be a 'progressive' party?"
Dent: "No, prohibition."—*Pelican*.

□ □ ® □ □

HE DID
Stuttering Bobby: "D-do I h-h-h-hesit-t-ate w-well?"
The Girl: "Beautifully, Bobby."—*Pelican*.

□ □ ® □ □

Anxious Mother—But, John, dear, when do you
find time to sleep?

John—Oh, I'm taking four lecture courses.—*Cornell Widow*.

□ □ ® □ □

HARD TO FIGURE

Ara—I would never marry any one but a hero.
Bella—You couldn't.—*Ohio Sun Dial*.

□ □ ® □ □

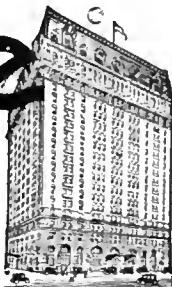
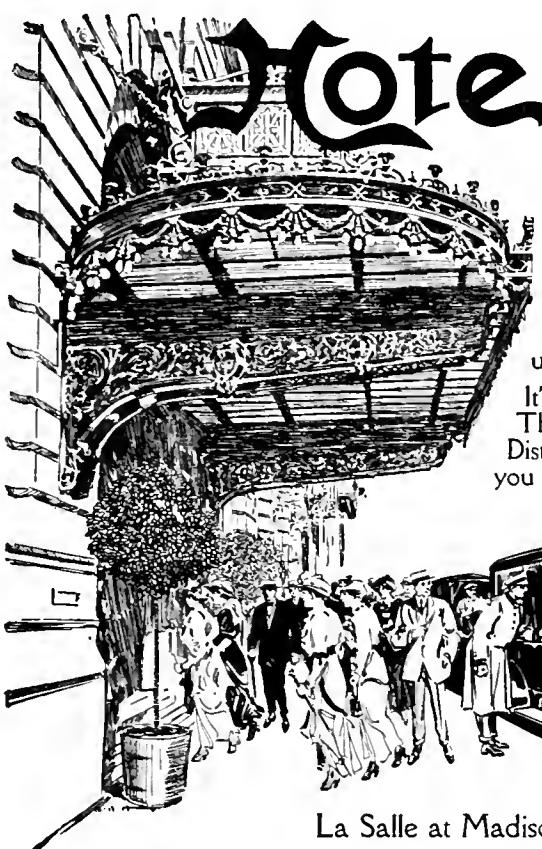
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Four Persons	-	\$8 to \$15

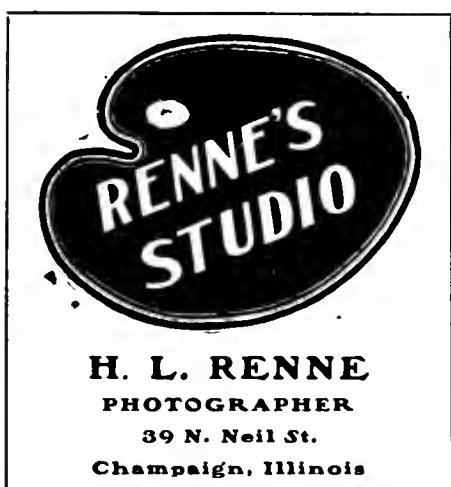
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—Judge



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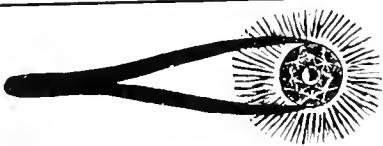
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URBANA

A HOSPITAL HOMILY

(Continued from Page 204)

Thus comforted I fell asleep. Soon a nurse came in. She stuck a thermometer under my tongue. She grasped my arm. Thinking I was in for something soft, I grasped back. But she merely felt my pulse, abstracted the thermometer and made her exit center door. Again I tried to sleep. Again a nurse entered and repeated the performance of the previous one. I now determined to fool them and stay awake. Of course no one came in—that is until my weakened constitution could stand it no longer and I fell asleep. Then they came in, in droves, alternately. After that night, my firm belief was the woman's mission in life is to feel man's pulse and force him to smoke thermometers.

The next morning there was a grand concourse of nurses and doctors about my bedside. I am naturally modest and didn't quite like the idea of all those women being there, but they stuck. The doctor punched me all over with a cold steel. Being poked in the orbit of the floating rib with a cold steel is not particularly entralling. But I bore it like a man. Then he cleared his throat and said savagely:

"His lungs seem to be all right."

He said this, as if they shouldn't be all right. Heaven knows I hated to disappoint him! But how could I help or even atone for the good condition of my lungs.

"Doctor, my leg"—I began. But he popped a thermometer under my tongue and continued probing.

"His heart is regular."

Another social error on my part. I swallowed the thermometer and interjected:

"Doctor, my leg is—."

Here the nurse slipped an ice-pack, which she had tried on the previous night to get me to wear over my countenance, effectually quenching any naming desire I might have to speak. The man of medicine probed some more.—*Tiger.*

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Kind Gentleman: "Well little girl, and did Santa fill your stocking?"

Little Girl: "No, it wasn't Santa, it's eugenics."—*Sun Dial*.

□ □ ⑧ □ □

"Punctured a tire by running over a milk bottle yesterday."

"Hard luck! Didn't you see it?"

"Nope: the kid had it under his coat."—*Punch Bowl*.

□ □ ⑧ □ □

Pete: "The poker habit sure got Jones, didn't it?"

Skeet: "Yep, he even walks with a shuffle."—*Gargoyle*.

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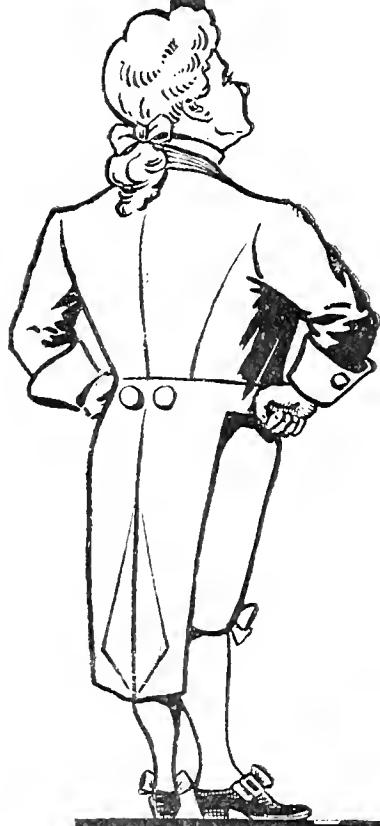
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CIGARETTES

20 for 15¢



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Clothes

THE GREEN CIRCUS

NUMBER 1

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

PRSSIDENT'S OFFICE



Young Men

Who value their future cannot afford to neglect the help that comes from good tailoring.

"The Tailoring You Need" is made A. E. Anderson & Co., Chicago, and backed by a double guarantee covering the fit, materials and workmanship.

The linings are guaranteed to wear as long as the suit. Our door is open and the tape measure ready.

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(If you buy it of T. H. Craig you know it is right)

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at Craig's Jewelry Store are very attractive and prices the most reasonable.

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LINDLEY Dining Shop

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Table Board by Week

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CATERING

Still waters run deep, but who wants to get
a stone bruise in the shallows.—*The Michigan
Gargoyle*.

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Pay
10c
For
Cigars
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So
Good



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Quality
That
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Varies

*Tell the dealer you want
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*Annual Sales 12,000,000 a year
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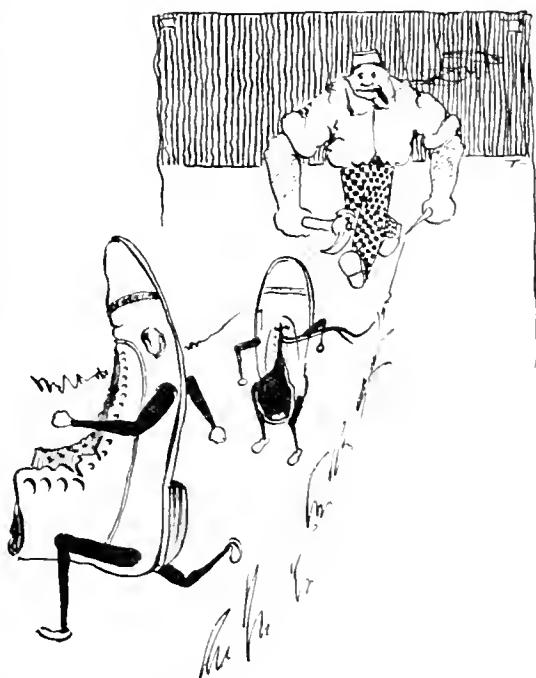
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These glasses should be worn constantly if relief is not obtained by wearing them for near work only.

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Agency for

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Kodak Supplies,
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College Jewelry,
Illinois Souvenirs,
Smoker's Articles,

Pictures of All Events

Telephone---Telegraph---Post Office----Check Room
and Other Conveniences for You

The CO-OP
(The Big Store on the Corner)



All The Students

having matriculated since 1912

KNOW ALL ABOUT

the

Bradley Arcade

and will be pleased to inform the

“OLD GUARD”

regarding the

Bradley

UNIVERSITY STORE

where Chocolate and Fruit “Bostons” still reign supreme as in days of yore. Just like the Bradley “down town” store, but in the heart of the Campus.

Deberry—Did you meet this Miss Kippy? Some
sharp-witted girl.

Tasse—So I perceived. So sharp that she cut one of
your dances.—The Princeton Tiger.

PIANOS AND PLAYER PIANOS

All the leading makes at

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Solicits your patronage, and we
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Mexican Chili
Hot Tomali and
Light Lunches

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“The Home of Good Things to Eat”

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as to the value of any suit
we tailor to individual order

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We Shall be Glad to Welcome You
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*New and
Up-to-Date* Confectionery Store

The White and Gold Confectionery

URBANA

Bell Phone 2160

106 W. Main

As the Bowling Season

is almost at a close we take this method
of thanking you all for your liberal
patronage. Hoping to meet you on
the same old alleys, same old place
next wear.

Our attention and time now is mostly turned to our
*Billiard Parlor, Cigar, Cigaretts, and Tobacco
Business*, where we wish to serve you.

Yours,

Arcade

Bowling and Billiard Parlors

Dewey

Rocksie

EAT WITH DYKE

606 S. Sixth St.

Follow The Crowd

CAFETERIA SERVICE { It's Quick,
No Waiting
Moderate Prices

—Royal Chef Cooking



□ □ ® □ □

WELCOME.

Here's a welcome again for the visitors,
It's a welcome that's hearty and sound,
As again at the end of our school-year,
This "Mardi Gras" season rolls round.

We know that your stay will be pleasant,
And we're sure that you're all glad you came,
For you'll see "Illinois" at her brightest,
And you'll see "Illinois" play the game.

It's a game with our deadliest rivals,
We have met them for many long years,
And we've finished with hearts that were joyful,
And we've finished with eyes full of tears.

Oh, it may be that you'll see no deeper
Than a gay, cheering throng, from your seat.
If we win it may seem a mere victory,
If we lose just a humble defeat.

And it may be Illini's cheering,
(For Illini never will wail)
Will sound much the same as Chicago,
With their tune that they borrowed from Yale.

And yet even the noise has a difference,
Just as every old graduate knows,
'Till the fame of Illini spirit,
Now has spread wherever man goes.

But down deeper than this outward showing
Is a loyalty bred in each heart
That will stand by the school 'till the finish,
And will linger long after we part.

Oh, it is impossible to describe it,
But you'll learn for yourself by and by,
And you'll feel these same heart throbs that we feel
As you're backing the old Illini.



BOARD OF EDITORS

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Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.



O YOU welcome, high school visitors—athletes, near-athletes, orators, tennis players, society lights—good fellows all, welcome. Come right in and wear yourselves out with the little entertainment we've arranged for you. Hope you'll like the Circus, hope you won't eat too much at the smokers, hope you'll all root to help us beat Chicago—wish you could all win gold medals in the big prep meet!

These are your three days, boys. Anything you want is yours except Lincoln Hall, the new Armory and "G."

Get right in and have a good time. Don't stand on formalities. We're all in for a big party together and the one and only object is for you to have a rapid week-end. Make friends, know the fellows. Then you won't be a stranger when we see you in the fall.

Welcome!

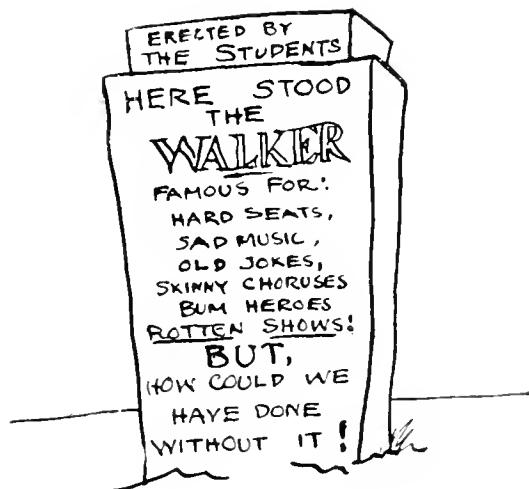


May, the month of elections, has come again and once more the calcining light is shifted from the outgoing principals to the newly elected officers. Dame Fortune has picked a new board of managers for the *Siren* and they assume the guardianship of her majesty for the ensuing school year with the good wishes and congratulations of the retiring officers and staff. The *Siren* is completing her third term at the University, and we start her towards her Senior year with the hope and prophecy that she will obtain the necessary credits for graduation in the field of college humor during the coming term. The officers-elect are issuing a call for new members for the staff, and anyone desiring to so offer themselves should communicate with the editor for next year. Recognition awaits you if you can draw or write,—fame beckons you if you do either well,—and what more can mortal man ask?



ILLINOIS has one institution to which every Illinois man should look with pride—that the big interscholastic Circus. While forty or more "I" men in the University contribute to the athletic entertainment of the year, over fifteen hundred or more are connected in one way or another with the Circus. These men do not train—neither do they have the burden of responsibility attached to a university athlete, but they are doing their duty and should be proud of the opportunity.

There will be all of the freaks and stunts which go to make up the circus so dear to our younger days, when our heart filled with disappointment at the words—*The show is not yet half over*. There will be animals, red lemonade, sawdust, clown and the other accessories which give the real circus feeling. Let's all get together and pull for—No rain.





A FABLE.

Once upon a time there was a fairy who came upon a town where everyone was complaining about their troubles. Every man and every woman had something to complain about which they said was the worst trouble anyone could possibly have. So the good fairy conceived a plan.

She told each person to write their trouble out on a piece of paper and she would collect them in a box, after which she would shake them all up together and have each one draw out a trouble, and whatever trouble they should happen to draw they must perform. Every one was satisfied with the plan, so the good fairy provided each one with a slip of paper upon which they wrote their deepest trouble. These were collected and the fairy put everyone in line to draw a new trouble out of the box by chance.

One by one the people came to the box and drew out a slip of paper. They opened them and read. Great consternation and lamentation arose from every throat. No one was satisfied with the trouble that they had drawn in the lottery. Everyone wanted their former trouble back again. The fairy only smiled, and taking the slips again from them she said: "You are too quick to complain. You may all have your own trouble back again, but next time remember and don't wish to trade your troubles with someone else." And the people heard and were glad thereafter.



FRIENDSHIP.

A true friend is
The greatest thing on earth,
A friend who loves you
For your friendship's worth;
Come storm, come fair,
Or be you flush or bust;
The hinges of true friendship
You'll find will never rust.

THE ORDINARY MEN.

When you have coin
They'll shake your hand
In any kind of weather;
But when you're broke
You soon will find
They'll shake you altogether.



Anyway, Eve never worried whether Adam was out with some other woman.



The annual fainting fit of Dido at Aeneas' departure.



AT THE SENIOR BALL

Or the Real End.

She pitied him. He had been a senior in the eyes of everyone save the faculty. He had been deceived himself as to the exact position he held in the line for graduation and had ordered the invitations.

But the worst happened. He had flunked, and the professor seemed in no hurry to take his five for a special. Verily he was up against it. One tiny ray of joy, however, cheered the sunless void of his existence—he was going to the Senior Ball.

He was going to take her to the Ball. That was why she felt sorry for his scholastic misfortunes—it might spoil the evening for her, and for him, too, if he should brood over his troubles. She so wished that he would forget it or that the professor would pass him, or something, so that his mind would be free and empty at the dance as it had been so often before, and that the current of nonsense that flowed so freely through his brain might not be interrupted except by a little thought upon the eccentric steps of the latest dances. She had a new gown for this occasion, designed to meet the demands of the most extraordinary dance. If he did not enter into the spirit of dancing at the Ball she would not learn the possibilities, aye the limitations of that new gown.

And he, poor fellow, why, he was trying to brace up the best he knew how to forget the death of his diploma, which now for some reason seemed so near and dear to him. He resolved to go to the Ball and dance his fool head off, which would be at that time, he further resolved, as free and empty as she could desire any head to be.

At the ball they were there in every sense of the word. All the home folks on the side lines were impressed strongly as to the merit of collegiate dancing. She began to admire him more and more as the evening slipped into morning. How nobly he arose to this occasion, forgot everything to show her a good time. She never realized before that he possessed so many manly qualities. She began to feel her pity disappear and something steal into her heart and make it go pit-a-pat above the exertion of the dancing.

His mind, strange to relate, was not as empty as she expressly wished. A thought came which seemed a gleam of hope and a remedy for his difficulties. It came as they were dancing that last beautiful dance of the ball, "Sweethearts." She wanted him to hold her closer, to say something to her, which she divined by womanly instinct to be upon his lips. He felt that he must speak to her, that this was the proper time. She was ready to listen as she looked up into his face, fresh, beautiful, happy at the end of the big dance.

"There is something I've been thinking of a long time, girl, and I want to ask you—"

"Yes," she whispered, and listened intently.

"Can I pass off my flunk in summer school?"

The music ceased.



Farmer—"When is the next train going north?"

Station Agent—"In an hour."

"When is the next train going south?"

"Fifty minutes."

"All right, Mirandy, we can get across the tracks,—
The Jester.



"Has the new man a good delivery?"
"About like that of a country preacher."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

The young man was strolling leisurely up the street called Green. Half way up the route he was accosted by his veriest friend who wanted a small loan. "Sorry," answered the young man—"broke myself." He continued to stroll. "Flat" was the answer to an invitation to go on a good old-time party. "Strapped" was the answer to the assistant manager soliciting subscriptions to send the relay team to Paris for the summer. What a terrible thing is poverty!

But hold! There is the clink of the Iron Louis in the young man's hand. He is spending and spending freely, for bostons and parfaits and all manner of dainties. More! he is smiling as he spends and all the time proposing more extravagances for the evening.

His companion, strange to say, is a woman.
But you say he will be bankrupt? So he will, but what of that?

His companion was a woman!
And it was SPRING!

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

Billy—"They say that Cholly kept his head all right when he upset on the lake today."

Willie—"Good—it must have helped him to float."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

"Some buoy," cried the drowning lady as she grabbed at the fat man floating peacefully on the swells.

GOLF.

Most sports run from sun to sun,
But the golfer's day is never done;
Up in the morning, out with the lark,
He plays in the light, he plays in the dark.

Plays in the rain, plays in the glow,
He plays in the dry, he plays in the snow;
Some may jeer and some may scoff—
But it's hard to beat that game of golf.

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

THE DIFFERENCE.

Teacher—"What is the difference between 'while' and 'time'?"

Student—"A married man says that he is going out for a while but his wife knows he is going out for a time."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

Fred—"Just think, there are over a million automobiles in this country."

Ned—"Yes, and the first time I drove a car I think I met everyone of them."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

Co-Ed (emphatically)—"I'd just like to see the man that I would promise to 'love, honor and obey'."

Stude—"I'm sure you would."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

Ziff—"What is a skyscraper?"

Biff—"A continued story."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □



Frosh—"At some places the Freshmen take off their lids at Easter time, and here we are still wearing 'em. Gee, when can we take 'em off?"

"Be of good cheer," answers the senior, "your lot is an easy one. You may take off your lid when you meet a lady."



TOPSY ON FEMINISM.

The other day as I rounded the Co-op corner in great haste I came unexpectedly upon Topsy delivering her sentiments thusly in accents of the most supreme contempt and with an air of superiority befitting the leader of a brass band:

"Huh! What was all dis yeah talk about de students takin' off deir hats to de professahs! Looks like it ain't de fashion no moah fo' de flower ob society to tip deir hats to de Co-edmas. Go 'long! Ain't I seen four ob dese yeah studes, since I been a-standin' yeah, sing out howdy to deir Co-edna friends widout liftin' deir lids? An' dere goes dat sawed-off actah fellah what's so

short he's afear'd de girl won't see him ef he takes off dat lid o' his'n!"

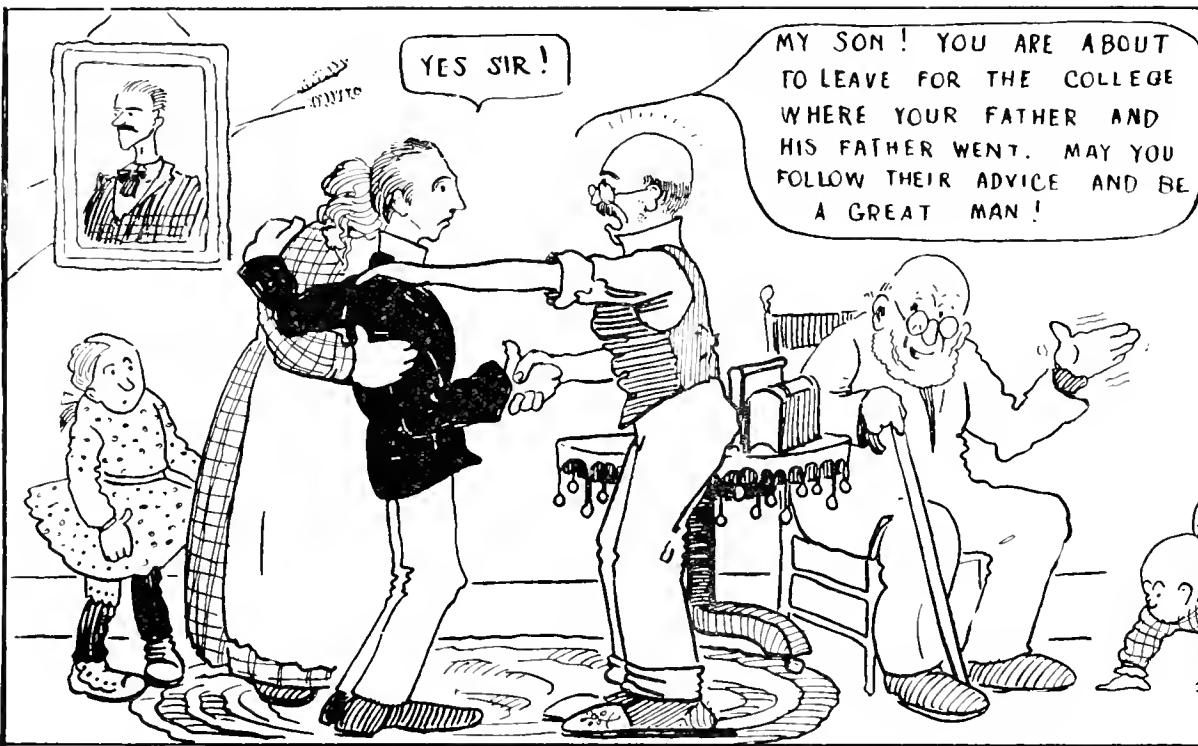
Topsy's tirade, especially her injudicious indulgence in personalities, so shocked me that I felt impelled to remonstrate with her, but alas! without success. If you see her, please try to point out to her how necessary it is to the world's progress that useless and silly fashions be discarded, and what great honor is due to the pioneers who courageously take the lead,—and all that sort of thing, you know. Of course, she's only Topsy, but, you see, she might lead others into a foolish way of thinking.



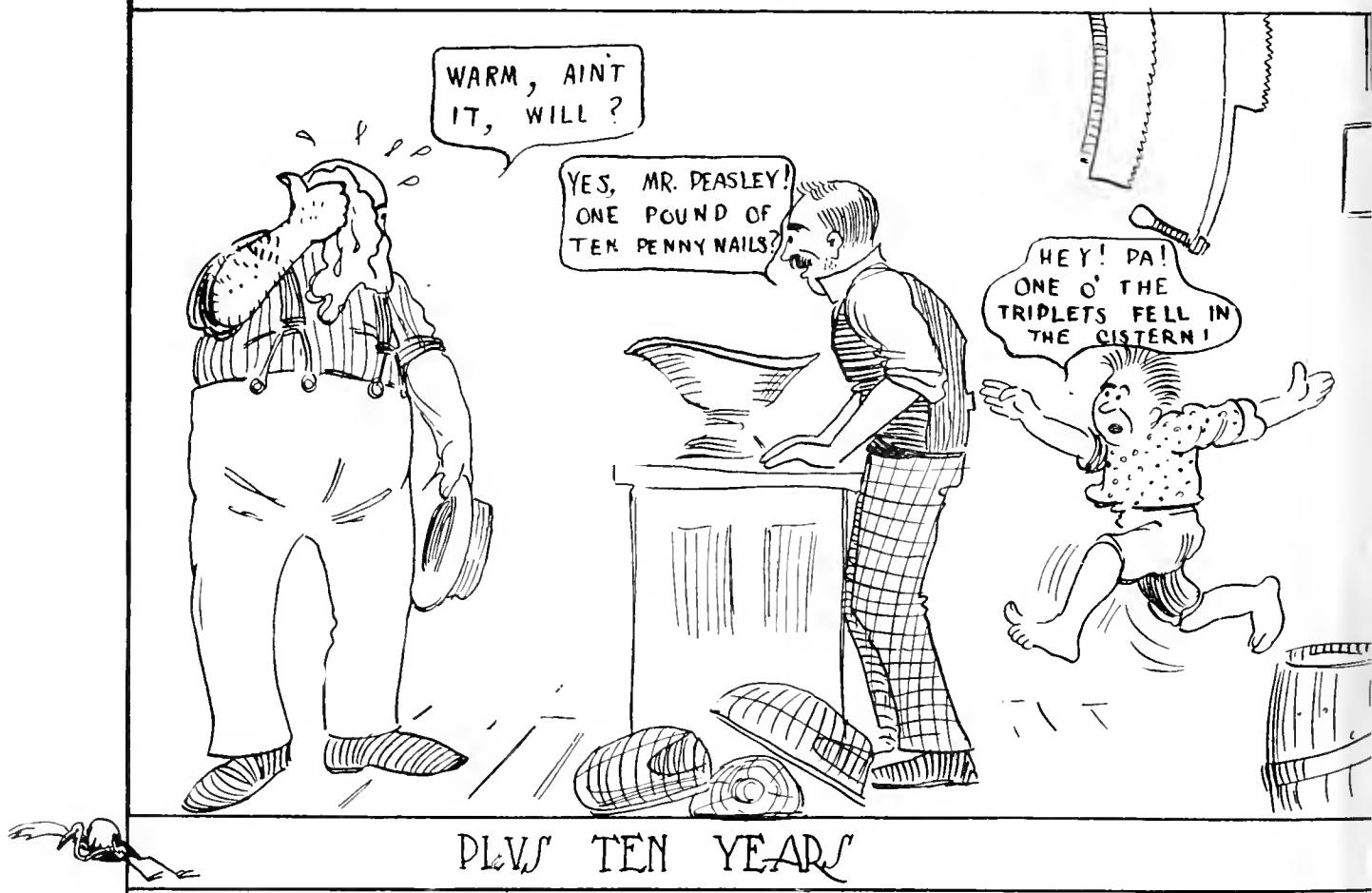
IN THE TEA ROOM

Eddie—"I've heard of colored wigs but this rainbow wig is a new one."

Girlie—"Oh, they wear that after a rain."



THE START



A THRILLING LIFE DRAMA, "THE END"

EXPECT GREAT THINGS —
PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU
OUR CLASSES, ETC —

RAH! RAH! RAH!
RAH! RAH! RAH!
RAH! RAH! RAH!
WILL! WILL! WILL!



FOUR YEARS' LATER

YES SIR!

MY SON! YOU ARE ABOUT
TO LEAVE FOR THE COLLEGE
WHERE YOUR FATHER AND
HIS FATHER WENT. MAY YOU
FOLLOW THEIR ADVICE AND BE
A GREAT MAN!

PLUS SIX YEARS. AND SO ON.

“S CHAIN” OR “WHAT’S THE USE”



INTERSCHOLASTIC



THE TRUE VERSION OF "COMIN' THO'

THE RYE"

There is a legend that Robert Burns' famous song, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," did not have its setting in a rye field at all, but was written referring to a small brook in that part of Scotland called Rye River. And this explanation does not seem so highly improbable after all.

In wading through this stream the lassies would hold up their skirts to keep them dry, and the story goes that Burns and his gang of pals used to hide along the banks until the lassies were in mid-stream. They would then wade out to the poor things when they could not let go of their skirts to protest and kiss them without resistance. If this story be true, it was very wrong of Robert and his pals to do this, but then who can blame them?

There is not a man of artistic sense alive, be he married or single, who does not have that uncontrollable temptation to bite a pair of pretty feminine lips when the chance is given—and yet none of them can tell the reason why. Man alone of all the animals is guilty of this misdemeanor and yet he has no logical reason for doing it. He may linger over a pair of pretty lips from morning until night and have the best time in the world, when he should be sawing wood, hoeing potatoes, fixing fences or doing any other useful thing around the house, and yet he will neglect them and spend his time removing paint.

Kissing is of no small importance in this world of memories. Youth enjoys it and old age looks back over life's rocky path to where one particular pressure of lips against lips stands out in memory like an oasis in a desert, and looms up before the eye like the solitary tooth of a baby. But man alone is not to blame for this foolish habit of kissing—my grandmother tells me the other side of the story. She says that the feminine race is not totally adverse to being kissed so long as it is done in a quiet, orderly and artistic manner—though she admits that nine out of ten of the girls will become very indignant if you are fool enough to ask the privilege.

Therefore if you want a kiss, do not ask for it, play the game safe and just take it unawares. After the sacrifice is over, Kathryn, or Gertrude, or Josephine, or whatever her name might be, will rest her head upon your manly shoulder and weep with unmoistened eyes as the heroine did when the hero kissed her long ago in the first love story you ever read—though why they should howl and sob about it I can not see. But if she complains, don't let that worry you, for stolen kisses are the easiest thing I know of to

replace where you found them. And a second kiss will heal the wound caused by the first. This is a true and authentic account of the whole business as described by Robert Burns in his immortal poem, "Comin' Thro' the Rye."



SOME JOKE! FOR THE FRENCH STUDENTS

Frosh—"What did that woman mean when she asked for 'bon-vivant' in the meat market?"

Senior—"She was using her French and wanted some good liver."



Jank—"Why do you say that a gossipy woman is always reliable?"

Hank—"Well, everything she says goes."



TRUE ENOUGH.

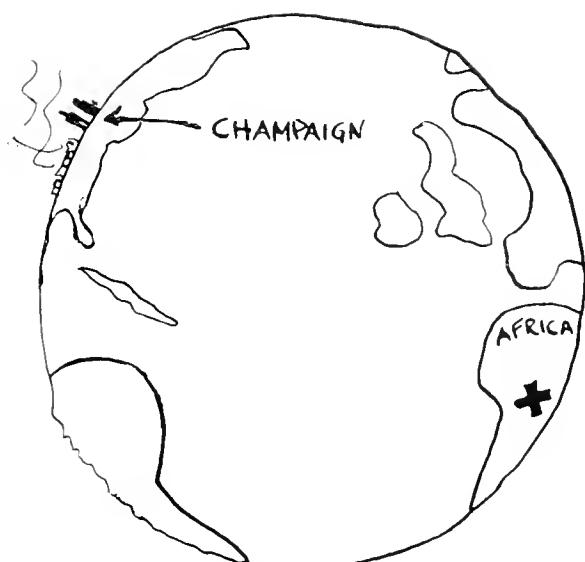
First Stude—"In a few more years these suffragettes will be sweeping the entire country."

Second Stude—"You are mistaken. Half of them don't know how to handle a broom."



What is a parody?

A parody is the different ways of writing "Mary Had a Little Lamb."



Cross indicates popularly selected site for new school of music.



THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

"Don't touch the booze,
In Vera Cruz!"
Were the last words
My sweetheart said to me,
With tear-stained eye,
I said good-bye;
As the train pulled out
From dear old Urbanie.

For seven days,
We sailed the waves
Until at last we
Crossed the bonnie sea.
At Tampico,
At Mexico;
I landed first to
Fight for my country.

I heeded not
And got half shot,
So now I'm on my
Country's pension list.
If you don't go
You'll never know,
What you fellows who
Stayed at home have missed.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

PRESENT DAY TROUBLES.

Herbert—"Say, I'll bet your sister would be mad if she caught you smoking that cigarette?"

Albert—"I know she would, it's one of her's."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

She—"Where does your fist go when you open your hand?"

He—"The same place your lap goes when you stand up."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

"Hasn't a toothache an awful nerve?" chirped the bill collector as he came in the door.

"Just like you," responded the irate boarder, "except it is pulled out and you get kicked out."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

AT THE CHEAP RESTAURANT.

Bing—"This must be joke celery, it is trying to string me."

Ding—"Maybe that is a laughing stalk."

OHSUCHA JOKE.

He—"It looks like rain."
She—"What looks like rain?"
He—"Water."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

Bart—"I'm going to mask up and be a clown in the circus."

Girl—"Never mind the mask."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

Mary had a little lamb,
Missouri was its source;
And everything that Mary said—
The lamb would doubt, of course.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

Many a man has put his family in the swim by taking a plunge in Wall Street.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

The letter "a" certainly was not left out of the Panama Canal.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □



ETC.

Uncorking the Genie.



"Is it hard to make the crew?"

"Naw, all you have to have is a good pull with the stroke oar."



OPEN HOUSE

Have you, too, gentle reader, been tricked by an impressive, gilt-edged correspondence card bearing a scrawly "open-house" in the corner? It left you in a pleasant anticipatory mood. And have you then wished on yourself the disillusioning stern reality? A babel of discordant chatter greets you as you try to summon up your courage and assume a nonchalant air, while struggling by a drove of disheartened swains coming down the steps. Your timid ring is answered by a gushing sister who swings wide the portal wrings your carefully manicured mitt with an office-seeker's hearty grasp, introduces herself, catches your name—and hat—on the fly, and ushers you in, all with one fell swoop. Your new skypiece stands no show in that pile, but you scorn to retreat. Apprehensively you gaze about you. Here and there on oasis of the militant sex is surrounded by a surging mass of the masculine persuasion—odds about 1 to 20. The efficient

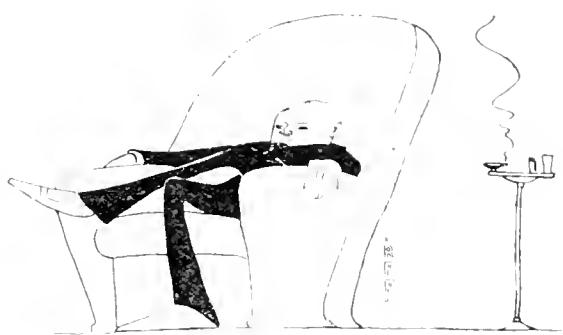
dame, she of the hearty greeting, takes you in tow. You told her "Blinkins," didn't you, but at the finish of that struggle through the gauntlet of sweet young things, your poor cognome, twisted and dreadfully scarred, emerges as "Bumpkin." Crestfallen, but determined to shine as a social success, you attempt to engage in airy persiflage with one of aforesaid oasis. No chance; the lady's ruffled Websterian registers, "Will the food hold out?" "What the deuce is his name?" Finally she despairs of passing you on, and taking time by the forelock and you by the elbow she gyrates toward the lunch. You have been led to think that there would be victuals. Discovered—an ice and a macaroon—your idea of zero in rations. Now you are free (likewise eager) to depart. After much fumbling for your three seed investment, now past recognition as a lid, you cut business of farewell to a min. and bolt. Down the block you gingerly remove the new katy with your starboard fin. Poor wreck—beyond redemption and even worse—re-blocking is the one reminder you have of the afternoon. Open house again? No, never!



Junior—"The Athletic Association is going to be happy this week-end."

Soph—"How's that?"

Junior—"They're going to have a circus with the University."



Senior—"Confound it, it's time to be thinking of what I'm to do when college closes. Let's see. I'd better throw away all my clothes and get some REAL ones, shave off this tickler, break that engagement with 'Vangie and the one in Urbana, too, raffle off all my junk room decorations, and run over the list of young ladies of marriageable pocket-books."



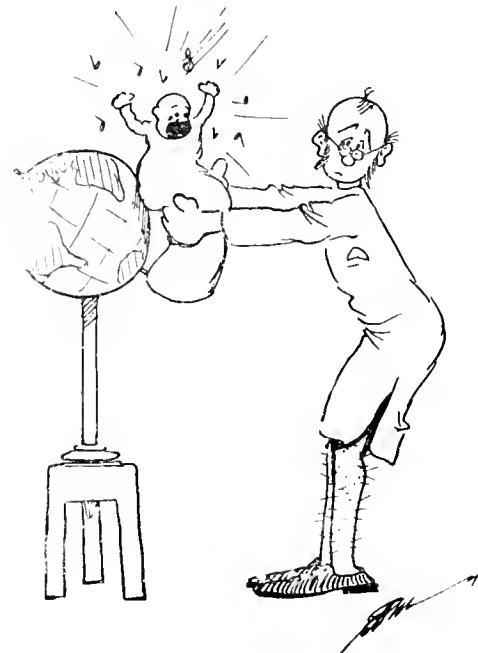
IN THE END.

Said the Sophomore to the Freshman,
As upon the chair he sits,
"Every time you catch me smoking
I will give to you two bits."

"Very good," quoth the Freshman,
The same applies to me,
"If I am caught with tobacco,
Two bits to you shall be."

But what to do with the money
Neither of them could decide.
The Soph suggested a motorcycle,
Upon which they both could ride.

But the Freshman interrupted
"We could never pay the bills
And my suggestion is that we
Buy a dozen boxes of pills."



Holding his own against the world.

□ □ ◎ □ □



WARNING TO "PREPS".

The hero of today

is

the flunkie next fall.



When the springtime sun is shining
'Neath the old magnolia tree
And the apple-bush is pining
For the honey and the bee;
Then I'll come mid heat and fire
To you only, darling Grace,
And I swear I ain't a liar
When the sweat streams down my face.

CHORUS—

When the sweat is on my hat band, Gracie darling,
And the collar wilts and crumblies on my neck,
I'll be with you Gracie dear,
Never worry, never fear,

I'll be with you, yes I will, dear Grace, by heck
—*The Michigan Gargoyle*.



Cohen—Hands up, or I'll shoot,
Quick-witter Burglar—Fifty dollars fer de gun
Cohen—Sold!—*The Michigan Gargoyle*.

Miss Ray L. Bowman JEWELER

In New Quarters

While our former store room is being remodeled we have moved across the street, one half block south, to

The Grand Leader

where all our old and new customers will be welcomed as cheerfully as in the past.

A little crowded, but comfortable, never-the-less.

Our special prices will continue the balance of this month.

RAY L. BOWMAN

COLLEGE men make Bradley Sweaters—men who know how a college man's sweater ought to be made. This is why college men everywhere find that no other sweater is so perfectly suited to their needs—so warm, so comfortable, so well-fitting and so becoming.

Bradley Knit Wear

We carry a particularly sporty Bradley Sty'e—the Navajo Shaker. Same as the former Bradley Shaker except that it has a Navajo border on the collar and around the bottom. If you want a sweater a little different—ask your dealer to show you a Bradley Navajo Shaker. Made in many color combinations. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send the names of dealers who will.

Bradley Knitting Company
Delavan, Wisc.



WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE
May 30, College Hall

GRIDIRON
May 30, Bradley

CRYSTAL
May 15, Crystal Lake
June 11, Crystal Lake

VARSITY
May 23, College Hall

COLLEGE
Interscholastic, Bradley

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

ONYX
June 6, Crystal Lake

**LET O'BYRNE DO IT. DO WHAT?
Get that trunk to the train for you**

Public Stenographer

ELLINER WEBSTER

24 N. Neil St.--Up Stairs
Champaign, Ill.
Bell Phone 81

The Illinois Billiard Hall

306 and 308 Hickory Court
Cavanaugh Bros.
Smokers Sundries

Next to Zom's line of outing trousers what'd I rather wear? Say, whadda you s'pose I'd wear—why silluk shirts, boobs what you is! (K. Kat and I. Mouse stuff) If you see someone at the Chi. Meet and the Chi. Game and the Interscho. an' the N.W. Game and this and that—with considerable flowing silluk shirts—much class stuff y'know, why that'll be me (to say nothing of the other thousand silluk shirted Illini).

Roger Zombro,
Green street
Champaign

ARROW SHIRT SUITS



© 1913 BY
CP & CO INC

A combination of a perfectly comfortable pair of drawers and a perfectly comfortable over shirt.
\$2.00 and up.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.
Makers of ARROW COLLARS AND SHIRTS



Interscholastic Visitors

Should stroll down Green Street, one-half block west of the Library and visit the swellest confectionery store in Illinois. See the cozy booths, where 200 people can be seated comfortably at once, and served with our delicious sodas, sundaes, sherbets, etc.

Take home a box of our famous

"La Vogue" Chocolates

60c the pound

HARRIS and MEAD

608 East Green Street

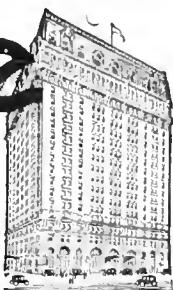
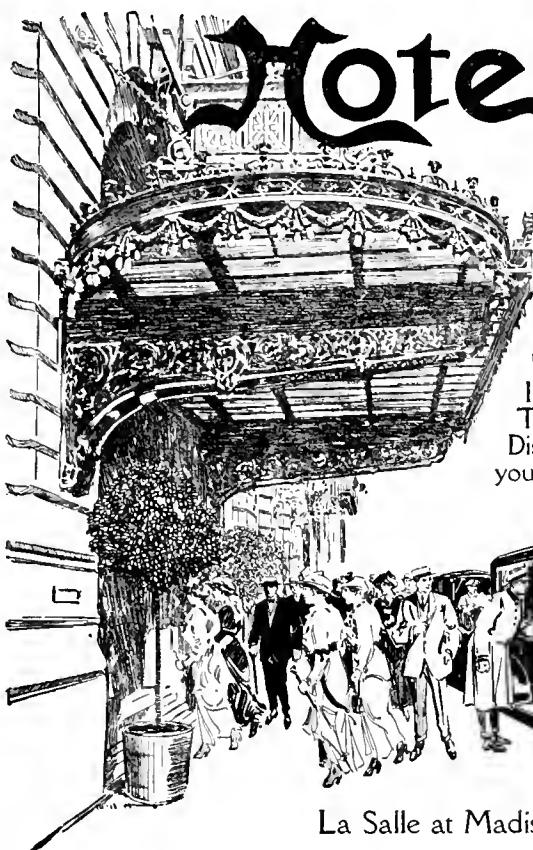
For Seniors Only---

Next to copping off a roll of vellum, reading "This is to certify, etc., etc." and signed by the faculty, the nicest part of graduating is in the receiving of the gladsome gifts from gladsome givers. Now Joe Bowman runs a jewelry shop over in Champaign that is a wonder. The most appropriate thing in the world if it were possible, would be to add at the bottom of every invitation, "Gifts buyable at Joe C. Bowman's." But that would be going too far.

JOSEPH C. BOWMAN

Jeweler - Watchmaker - Silversmith

On Neil Street Two Doors North of City Building
Champaign



Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

The central location, perfect service, excellent equipment, luxurious furnishings and home-like atmosphere make Hotel La Salle the most popular hotel in Chicago. Whether you come to Chicago on pleasure or on business you will find Hotel La Salle the ideal place to stay.

It's easiest to reach—and closest to every place you want to go—Theatres, Public Buildings, Shopping Streets, Financial and Business Districts lie at its very door. Hotel La Salle gives more for the price you pay than any other hotel in Chicago.

Everybody Likes Hotel La Salle



RATES:

<i>One Person</i>	Per Day
Room with detached bath	\$2 to \$3
Room with private bath	\$3 to \$5
<i>Two Persons</i>	Per Day
Room with detached bath	\$3 to \$5
Room with private bath	\$5 to \$8
<i>Two Connecting Rooms with Bath</i>	Per Day
Two Persons	\$5 to \$8
Four Persons	\$8 to \$15

La Salle at Madison Street, Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager

See E. M. Moll

— FOR —

Henderson and Excelsior Motorcycles

— AND —

Repairs on all Kinds of Machines

613 South Wright Street



Velvet

THE
SMOOTHEST
TOBACCO

Like the Lawford stroke, the more you try it the more fascinating is Velvet, the tobacco. The best leaf aged over 2 years—time is the only process. Tobacco matured in this fashion is rare—it's too smooth to irritate or "bite." It's a pleasure to carry such a smoke as Velvet in your pocket—it's extremely companionable! You need it! At your dealers.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

One ounce bags 5c,
convenient for
cigarette smokers.

10c

Full 2 Ounce Tins





IF CHICAGO EVER HAD A GOAT

They Better Not Bring it
to Illinois Saturday



and if you loyal fans ever hope to win satisfaction in the purchasing of
your printing you will find an easy team at the

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

JOB PRINTERS

End of the Street Car Line in Urbana

Both Phones

Champaign Steam Laundry

Monroe & Keusink Bros., Proprietors

Home Phone 1115

Bell Phone 897

Corner Market and South First

The Chester Transfer Co.

LIGHT LIVERY

Baggage Checked to Destination

THE PRINTING OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES, ETC.

Is a large part of our business

WE PRINT THESE PERIODICALS:

THE FACULTY LIST
THE STUDENTS' DIRECTORY
THE TRUSTEES' MINUTES
THE ALUMNI QUARTERLY
THE FORTNIGHTLY NOTES
THE SIREN
THE SIGMA XI QUARTERLY
NORTH CENTRAL ASSOCIATION REPORT
THE UNIVERSITY STUDIES
STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES
THE UNIVERSITY REGISTER, and Many Others.

WE ARE EQUIPPED FOR ALL TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS
IF YOU HAVE PRINTING TO BE DONE
WE KNOW HOW TO DO IT

The Flanigan-Pearson Co., Champaign, Ill



Engravings for All Purposes at Prices You Can Afford to Pay
ALL WORK DONE IN CHAMPAIGN

NATIONAL ENGRAVING COMPANY

Off No. 24 N. Walnut Street
New Bldg., 310 N. Walnut Street

Bell 411 CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

EMPIRE Steam Laundry

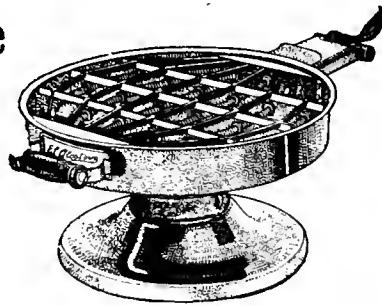
103 West University Ave.
SHAW & PLOTNER BROS., Props.
Telephones: Home 1392; Bell 748

Your Last Chance

to Get a
\$5.00 El Glostovo
for
\$2.50

SALE ENDS MAY 16

The Caldwell Company



Champaign
Auto 1250 Bell 999

WHEN YOU TRAVEL TAKE THE
Illinois Traction System

MCKINLEY LINES

I Clean,
Comfortable,
Frequent,
Convenient,
Safe

AUTOMATIC BLOCK SIGNALS

Protect all Train Movements

When You Go Home Ride the

"ROAD OF GOOD SERVICE"

We Rent

Visible Remingtons
Visible Smith Premiers
Visible Monarchs

TERMS: { \$ 3.00 for one month
\$15.00 for six months

Machines in first-class condition. Sent anywhere

Remington Typewriter Company
(incorporated)

404 East Monroe St., I. O. O. F. Bldg.
Springfield, Ill.

J. H. NIEMANN, Jr.
Local Representative 77 Neil St. Bell phone 448



**Talk about knocking the little white
pill all over the 10 acre lot •**

***Distinctively
Individual***



—it's nothing compared with the big drive you college fellows made when we first brought out Fatima cigarettes. Made of the purest and best of tobacco obtainable. We offered them first in the college towns, and waited—only a minute, for you quickly appreciated the excellence — you told the fellows at home, and soon Fatimas were known all over—and today are the biggest selling cigarette in America!

We purposely put them in a plain package, so we could purposely put *all* the quality in the tobacco, and that's how it all came about.

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND
CIGARETTES

20 for 15 ¢

Y

RS

late delivery.

THE SIREN



GOODNESS
NUMBER

W RAMSEY '14

THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS

Is a girl worth while.
For her sake alone you
should be dressed well in
an Anderson Tailored
Suit. Use it to win her
and Success.

\$16.50 to \$45.00

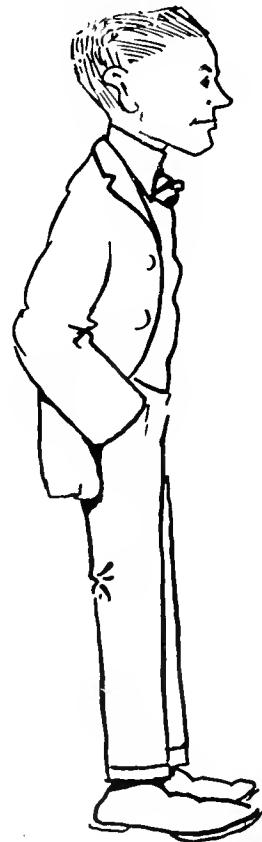
FRED G. MARSHALL
Arcade Furnisher

We give your film the
care that will bring out
all there is in it

STRAUCH KODAK FINISHING SHOP

*Tell the deal-
er you want
Lewis' Single
Binder*

*Annual Sales
12,000,000 a
year proves good
quality*



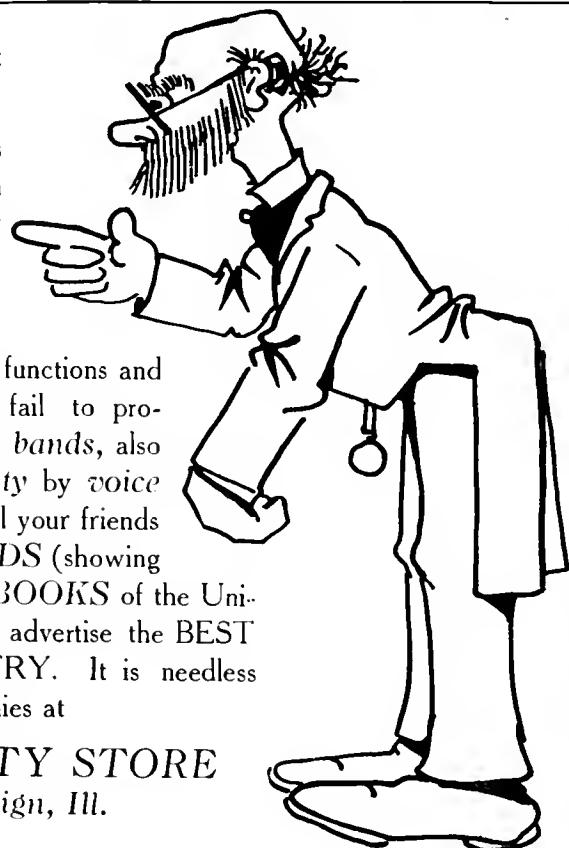
FROSH:--How would you advise me to act
during Interscholastic Week?

CLASS ADVISOR:--You should at all times
be loyal to ILLINOIS and your own
class; also strive by every means in your
power to advertise the University.

FROSH:--How may I best do this?

CLASS ADVISOR:--By being present at *all* functions and
at every event of the week. Do not fail to pro-
vide yourself with pennants and arm bands, also
a disposition to express your Loyalty by voice
and action. Be sure to send out to all your friends
far and near, plenty of POST CARDS (showing
the events of the week) and VIEW BOOKS of the Uni-
versity. In this way you will help to advertise the BEST
UNIVERSITY IN THE COUNTRY. It is needless
for me to advise you to get these supplies at

Lloyd's UNIVERSITY STORE
Champaign, Ill.





Just Out!!

The Latest Idea in INTERIOR DECORATING

Have your room or home decorated at the minimum cost.

Estimates freely given, readily accepted, and work done immediately by

WILLIAMS BROS.

Auto 1118
Bell 278

16 N. Walnut St.

"Why don't you fire your cook?"

Can't."

"Why not?"

"She's a fireless cooker!"—*Sphinx*.



Customer (angrily)—Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud!
Waiter—Yes, sir; certainly, sir; it was ground this morning.—
The California Pelican.

Public Stenographer

ELLINER WEBSTER

24 N. Neil St.—Up Stairs
Bell Phone 81

Champaign, Ill.



Grand Spring Opening EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY AT LESEURE BROS.

Cigars, Cigarettes and Smoking Tobacco
Largest Billiard Room in the Twin Cities

Come in and join the Le(i)seure Class

LYRIC THEATRE HOME OF PERFECT PICTURES

Kathlyn Pictures
Every Two Weeks
INSTALLMENT NO. 7, MAY 1

Selig-Hearst
NEWS PICTORIAL

Illustrated news picture produced in co-operation with the great Hearst newspapers.
EVERY MONDAY

MULTIPLE REEL PICTURES
Five times a week
NEW PICTURES EVERY DAY

Big Features Coming
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE LYRIC
ADMISSION ALWAYS 10c



1st Nat. Bank Bldg.

Champaign, Ill.

For your Electrical needs see

The Ideal Electric Co.

20 N. Walnut Street

Bell 1998

Auto 1013

"Mrs. Flanagan, what are hiccoughs?"

"Hiccoughs, Mrs. O'Toole, are messages from departed spirits."—*Harvard Lampoon*.



Cat—You wouldn't have a show in a fight with me. I have nine lives.

Frog—You're not in it. I've croaked hundreds of times.—*Princeton Tiger*.

OLD COLLEGE HALL



LINDLEY
Dining Shop

CORNER 4TH and GREEN

Table Board by Week

Private Dining Room
for Ladies

CATERING

HERE'S A BUSINESS SECRET

What becomes of the
dirt we extract from
your clothes?

Maybe we sell it to
fill up an old well!

**ANY WAY
YOU DON'T GET IT BACK**

JUST THE CLOTHES

Clean — Fresh — Elegant — Nifty

How about those old Suits—Dresses?
We'll clean 'em up and surprise you.

L. B. SOUDER

FLOWERS



**Biggest Variety
Best Quality
Lowest Prices**

To see them is to buy them

Call at

GUS JOHNSON'S

or phone in your order

**Springfield avenue and
Third Street**

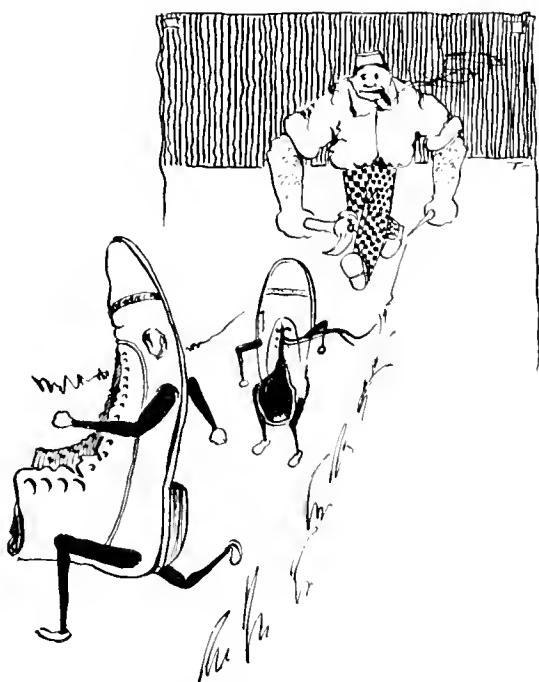
ON THE CAR LINE

Bell 1179

Auto 1471



SHOES REPAIRED--ONE DAY SERVICE



HARRY R. LaSELL

First door North of Boneyard, Wright St., Champaign

Eye Strain Causes Insomnia

More often than most people imagine, sleeplessness is caused by eye-strain or is directly traceable to it.

To get relief the patient must submit to a test of his eyes by our optometrist, who will be particular to see that the proper lenses are secured.

These glasses should be worn constantly if relief is not obtained by wearing them for near work only.

If the eyes are then not undu'y worked the eye-strain will at once disappear, and the insomnia along with it.

WUESTEMAN
Optician and Jeweler
CHAMPAIGN

GREEN STREET

PHARMACY

Cor. Green and Sixth Streets

The University Drug Store

Agency for

McGregor Golf Clubs and

Spalding Golf Balls

B. E. SPALDING, Proprietor

KANDY'S

Barbers the Best

Shop the Largest

Auto 2265

614 E. Green Street

University Place



Menial—Mrs. Brown is sorry, but she isn't at home.

Caller—Tell her I'm glad, but I didn't call.—*The Harvard Lampoon*.

Boy—I want a chicken.

Butcher—Want a pullet?

Boy—No, you nut, I want to carry it.—*Penn State Froth*.

R. G.—"I'm so sore that I can't stand or sit."

L. E.—"If you're telling the truth, you're lying."—*The Purple Cow*.



"You've got to hand it to them," remarked the ball player as he watched the Lit. baseball team trying to field a grounder.—*The Yale Record*.



"Any one would think that I was drunk," murmured the movie operator as he reeled away.—*Lampoon*.

ON THE
SQUARE

Whose ad. is this?

HOT STUFF

"Did you succeed in keeping cool during the summer?"

"No, we were camping near a mountain range."—*Stanford Chaparral*.



Don't blame a man because he is irritable—even a piece of steel can lose its temper.—*Jack-o'-Lantern*.

"Gee, but I had a funny dream last night."

"I know, I saw you with her."—*Cornell Widow*.



"I say, did you read that quib in the *Princeton Tiger*. 'He who lawfs lawst is an Englishman'? Wot could they mean by that?"—*Jester*.

"Where do they hold the world's Fair?"

"Around the waist."—*Jester*.



Co-eds are invited to eat with us—
you select your food—we
carry your tray.

Dyke's Cafeteria

606 S. 6th St.

VICTROLA MUSIC

Y. M. C. A. BARBER SHOP

Solicits your patronage, and we
assure you the best of service

Y. M. C. A. Building E. P. GASTON. Prop.

Something Different

Mexican Chili
Hot Tomali and
Light Lunches

AT
The Alamo

"The Home of Good Things to Eat"

STUART

BOHNHURST

Bradley Arcade

A college man is fonder of his sweater than of any other garment. This is why you should wear a "Bradley". It's worthy of your regard. It's a friend that will stand by you all during your college course. It's made of the "stuff" that will never go back on you—that will stand all you can give it and never lose its shape or newness.

Bradley Knit Wear

The Bradley Jumbo—a big heavy-weight, made of big, warm yarn. It is a fine looking garment—looks its warmth and comfort. College men everywhere pronounce it a corking style.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will
send the names of dealers who will.

Bradley Knitting Company
Delavan, Wisc.



EAT

TWIN CITY CREAMERY BUTTER

ASK YOUR GROCER

Bell 1037
1038

TELEPHONES

Automatic 1676
1212



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
H. & D. FLOUR 49 LB. SACK FOR \$1.25 We guarantee this flour to give
absolute satisfaction or we will refund your money. When in need of Groceries give
us a trial. PROMPT DELIVERY.
101 and 103 North Neil St.

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

"What magazine do the angels read?"

"Why, the Harpers Weekly, I guess."—*The Columbia Jester*.



Fair Lady (addressing stranger, a clerk, on the street)—Would you be so kind to do up my shoestring?

Clerk—I'm sorry, lady, but I have no wrapping paper with me.—*Cornell Widow*.



Consider the cluster lights; what a jolly time they have. Out all day, and lit up all night.—*The Ohio State Sun Dial*.

Stoltey's Garage

Successor to

HERRICK & STOLTEY

FOR SERVICE

Call a Brown Limousine
or Taxi

Auto 1543

Bell 187

Interest Increasing

every day at

ARCADE

Bowling Alleys

First Annual Tournament
opens April 13th to 25th inclusive. Will be a large
entrance. Get Busy

You all know the place.

Arcade
Bowling and Billiard Parlors
Rocksie & Dewey, Proprietors



THE SPRING MAID*

I like to kiss a pretty miss,
Whose nose is retrousse,
That kind of nose with tilted pose,
Is never in the way.

*Welcome ears.



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C. L. MOLINELLI

Published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of Illinois. Entered as second class matter, January 2, 1912, at postoffice at Champaign, Ill., under Act of Congress March 3, 1879. Subscription 75c per year in advance; out of town subscriptions, \$1.00; single copies, 10c; special numbers, 25c. All business communications should be sent to A. C. Strong, Siren office. Communications should be sent to L. W. Ramsey, Siren office, over Harris & Mead's.

OME would think, if the scout contributions were taken seriously, that the *Siren* was writhing with smut and vulgarity—but to be frank the *Siren* is not that kind of a girl. The *Siren* wishes to present to those of the student body whose minds are not primitive, a magazine of cleverness and humor, sparkly with the joys of life. We are forced to wonder, if the fault finders have ever read our esteemed contemporaries *Mille*, *Life*, or *Mr. Puck* or his honor the *Judge*, and if they were not just shocked and scandalized at what was seen. Why didn't they sit right down and write to Woodrow Wilson and tell him how awful it was to have such a magazine published in the land of the free?

Once in a while something might get past our eagle eyes, but that is usually because we are too innocent to see the double meaning which some see. Editing a magazine is one thing and reading between the lines is another.



THE season is at hand when the trees put on their new leaves and the students put on their new pledge-ribbons. From now on coat lapels will flash forth all colors in the spectrum and we will be kept busy with congratulations and speculations as to just what organization flies certain combinations.

Now, brother student of the lower classes, is your opportunity for showing

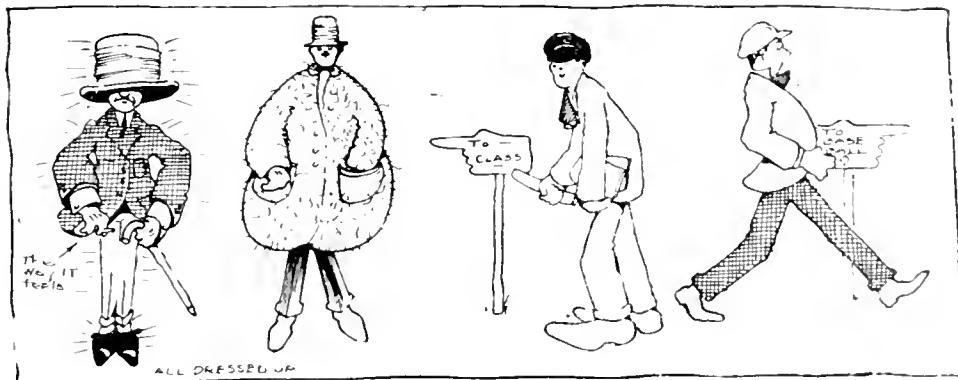


your good sense. Do not fall into the common college idolatry of "mystic circles" and a "pin". To be sure there are some clubs that will approach you whose offer is an honor—but there are others which hold no more for you than a splendid chance to make a blank fool of yourself.

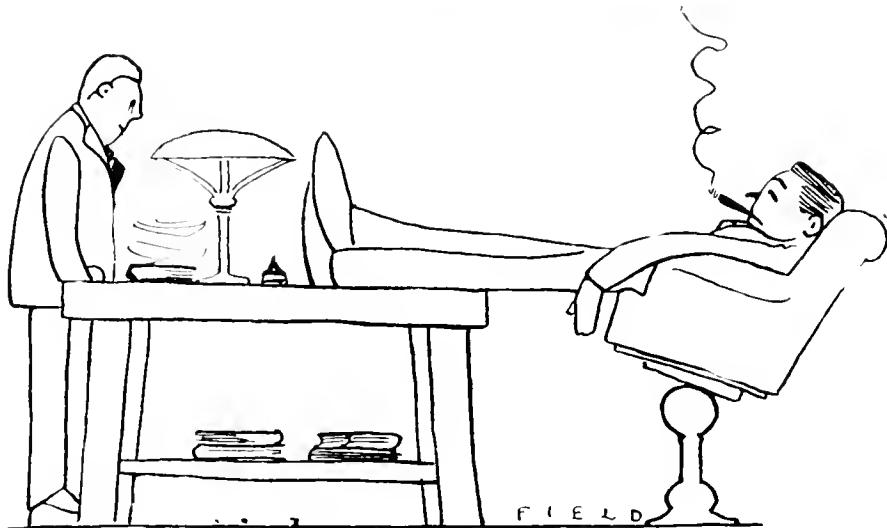
Think the matter over. Weigh the question on the scales of what-you-give and what-you-get. Don't take the bid simply because you have the chance—turn it down unless you think you'll get your money's worth.



ILLINOIS has one Big Team of which it is *always* very proud. That team is Mr. Harding's Band—the University Band. Not long ago the Band played in Chicago for the Alumni Association and later at Peoria and here in Champaign—all big concerts that drew crowded houses and sent away enthusiastically admiring audiences. Once more we wish to express our appreciation to the leader and his men, to tell them how proud we are of them, and to remark that as those dear old days of iced tea, cones and baseball games are here again, we'll all don our white trousers and "burglar shoes" to stroll up to the greatest of all Illini programs—the Twilight Concerts.

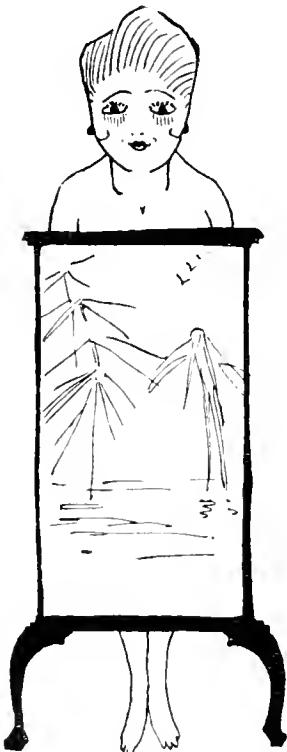


Spring Snap Shots.



AT CHICAGO

Track Manager—"Well, assistant, we've a conference meet tomorrow. Telephone all the papers in the city and tell them we'll take scareheads and a three-column cut, regardless of who wins."



NOTES—TAKING NOTES—

On Household Science 6 or women's votes,
On Bodie's dry Philosophy,
On Davenport's Agronomy,
Or what this new Psychology promotes.

So we sit—day after day,
Scribbling precious hours away,
From September until May,
Taking Notes.

Till your hand is cramped and weak,
Nerves on edge—you'd like to shriek,
But you sit there dumb and weak,
Writing notes.

NOTES—TYPEWRITING NOTES—

While now and then your "Smith Premier" a muffled curse provokes.

When you start it's ten till eight,
When you'll end no one can state,
But it's sure to be D— late,
Punching notes.

So you'll sit the whole night through,
Till the desk and room turn blue,
And each letter looks like two,
Typing notes.

Punching—punching—key by key,
One lone finger's all for me,
Now an "X" and—now a "B"
Writing notes.

"Surely, Mr. Otto Knowbetter, you aren't ashamed
to send ME home."



THE SIREN

IL'SPRINGEROSO.

(Apologies to Milton)

Hence loathed Winter drear,
Were you but clean and cold, we would not care,
This mud we can not bear,
Give place to Her who ever is more dear,
To all our hearts. Go hence,
To some wild region where no human dwells,
There hold thy wild revels,
There may you reign supreme, we care not how,
If you but leave us now.

Come gentle Spring, beloved of man,
Ah, come as quickly as you can,
Too long thy foe has held us thrall,
And hung about us like a pall,
His gloominess has chilled us through,
For light and warmth we look to you.
Come, ah come, delay no more,
Your feathered heralds send before,
To tell us with their caroling
That you will shortly come, and bring
Your other gifts to waiting earth.
Your gentle sunshine means the birth
Of wild flowers to our hearts so fond,
We find them blooming just beyond
That hedge of willows, where the brook,
Is murmuring in its leafy nook.

The sky above is azure blue,
Save for a fleecy cloud or two,
So sweet your balmy breath, Oh Spring,
In harmony must nature sing.
Come, sweet Spring, can you not see
How eagerly we wait for thee?

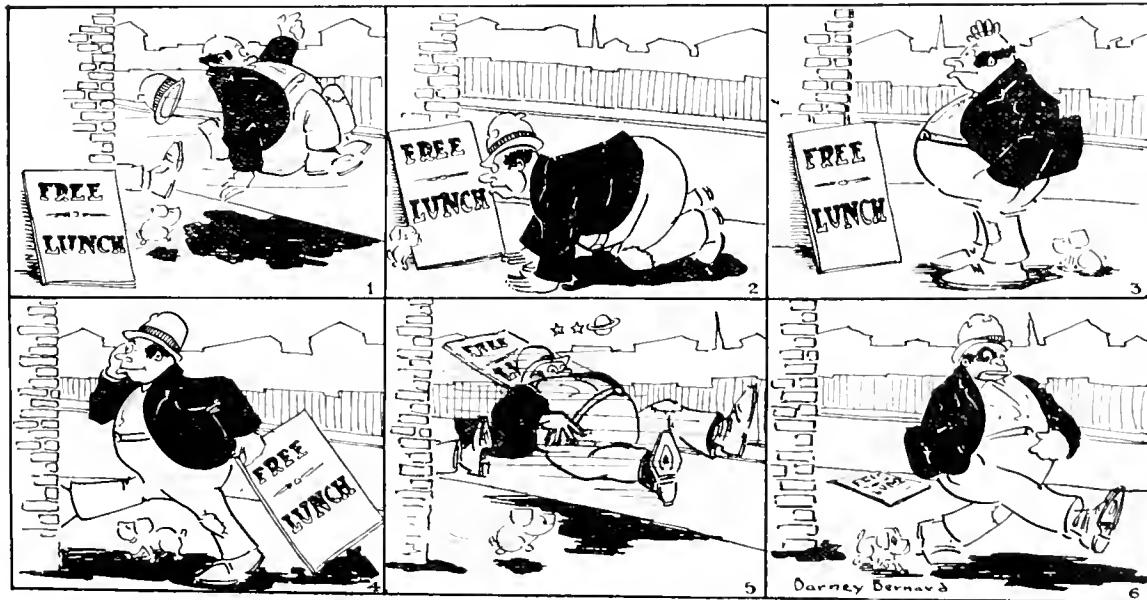
—A. P. M. K.



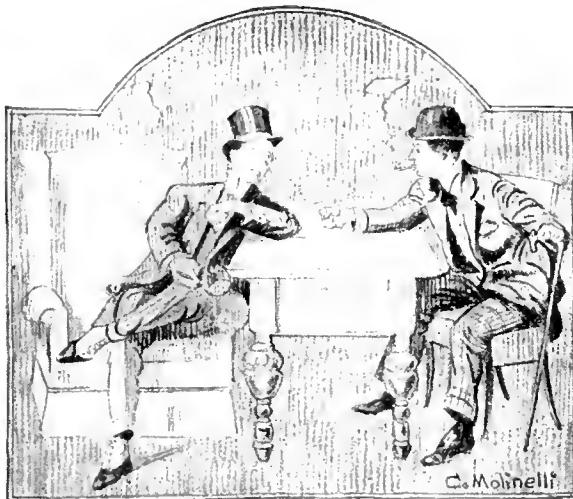
BASE BALL.

O, for the good old days of yore when our team could
hit the ball.

h—
to and
out gone
It went sailing
And was never found at all
But now it's quite a different tale,
It seems the boys CAN'T hit
air
the
in
up
straight
goes
just
ball
The
And falls in the catcher's mit.



If at First?



George—What is ceramics?

Edward—Sh, don't make me swear in public.

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY!

First Stude (in restaurant)—"That fellow over there ordered a 'September Morn' sandwich."

Second Stude.—Well, what did they bring him?"

First Stude—"Cold chicken."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

FAULT FINDING.

Senior—"Hey, freshman, do you know that you go around with your mouth open?"

Freshie—"Yep, I opened it."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

AT THE SORORITY HOUSE.

Freshman—"Millie, Tom is down stairs and wants to see you."

Millie—"Tell Tom that I am not here."

Freshman—"All right, but he had a big box of candy with him."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □

IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE.

Elmer—"A landlady on Green street says that the boys in her house are raising Cain, and she wants someone at once."

Dean—"Let's see, I have two men censoring the movies, two inspecting the gowns at the Umpty Ums function, and four more supervising a tango tea. Tell her that I will have a man there in about two hours."

YOU KNOW ITS SPRING.

Bare headed—flannel clad, and rubber shod,
Fair maiden on a manly stalwart arm,
With happy hearts, the lovers southward plod,
And ever wend their footsteps to
The old south farm.

Down John street—throttle up, and cut out wide,
The shrieking, screaming cars cyclonic tear,
While on the near-by, rolling country side
The weary youth in uniform
Does softly swear.

Far distant—softly heard on midnight air,
Close harmonizing serenaders sing.
Forgotten are all thoughts of work and care,
And life is sweet—
You KNOW It's spring.

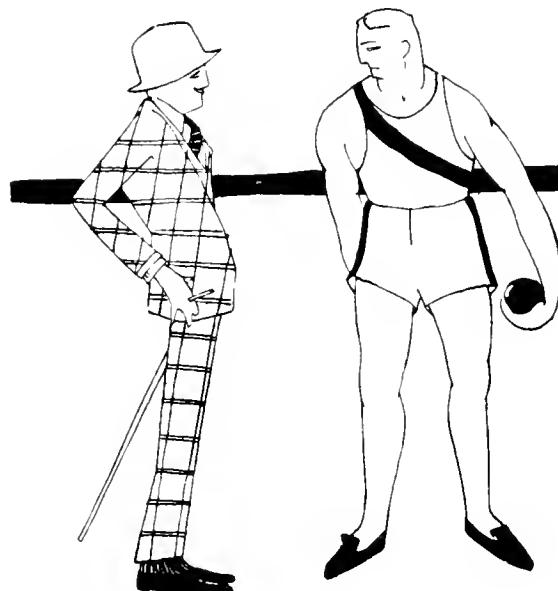
□ □ Ⓛ □ □

IN THE SPRING TIME.

"Don't these warm spring days with a good stiff breeze blowing make you think of the gentle sex?"

"Yes, you are right; these are the days we see more of the women folks."

□ □ Ⓛ □ □



Reggy—I didn't know you were an athlete.

Fulton—That's easy, the time I was individual champion a Chicago man won third in the broad jump so they gave him the headlines.



THE SPRING FEVER GERM.

1.

Oh, I'm the king of all the little bugs that ever flew,
I'm the greatest little stinger that the country ever
knew;
So you needn't try to dodge me and there ain't no
use to squirm,
You can never 'scape the clutches of the old Spring
Fever Germ.

2.

Not long ago another little germ, he hit the town,
His first name was Scarlet and he simply MOWED
'em down.
But every doggie has his day and every bug his hour.
I'VE got ten thousand thousand thousand bending to
my power.



Taking an Outing.

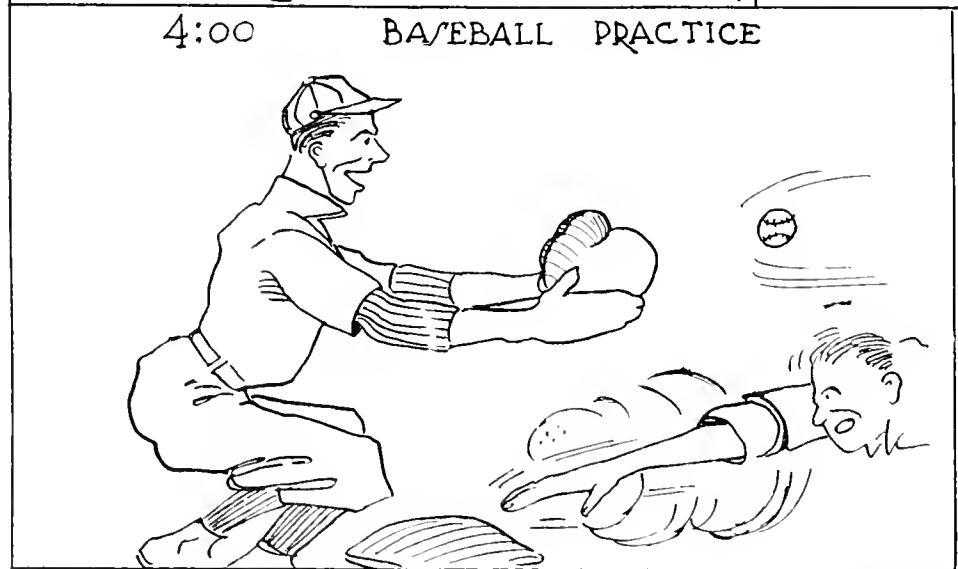
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12:10



4:00 BASEBALL PRACTICE

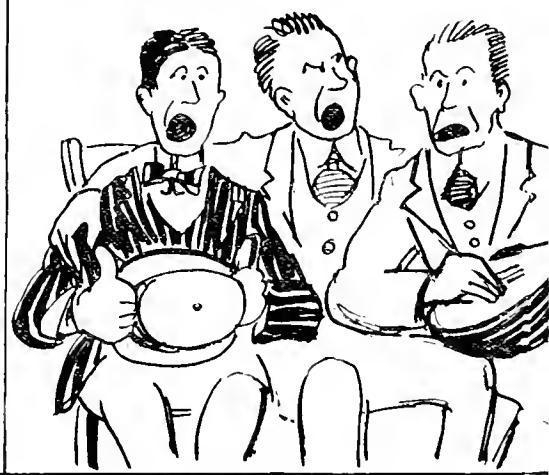


7:10 - 10:10



10:30

ON THE FRONT PORCH



THIS IS

1:20 LECTURE

HIS
BREAKFAST



11:00 HARD STUDY

11:15



THE LIFE

THE SIREN



Spring at Last.



WAR FEVER—CURED.

He had just broken the news of his resolution. "You are not going to the horrible war," she gasped, "and leave college, your diploma, and—me, to fight those Mexicans?"

The University Cadet nodded his head gravely in a manner that bespoke a knowledge of the danger he was to encounter, and the pleasure he was to forego.

"If you go you'll be fired at and be shot by those desperadoes," the little Co-Ed went on.

"But, girl, if I stay I stand a chance of being fired out for being half shot by a terrible faculty," he replied sullenly.

Her heart went out to him:

"Oh, I see you are between two fires, poor boy. I wish I might help you. Is there nothing I can suggest to save you from a soldier's grave?"

"No, nothing," he assured her. "I already as good as done for having been laid out upon a student's beer." There is nothing left but a soldier's life and the possibilities of its sad end."

The Co-Ed sobbed softly upon the warrior's breast.

"I may never see you again, my brave Cadet. No more those Hops shall hold—"

"Those hops, aye, those hops", broke in the Cadet bitterly. "They are responsible for my students beer. But never fear I shall return again from Old Mexico, my girl, and you shall know me though the night be dark."

"By the garlic upon thy breath?" she asked eagerly.

This astounded him. He had overlooked garlic as a possibility for diet in the Land of the Greaser. He was willing to offer his life to his country, but his breath was his own. His resolution faltered. She gleamed with joy from his face the fact he was going to stay.

"You are not going, salute!" she commanded, laughingly.

And he presented arms.



IN THE BOUDOIR.

Helen—"Why, I never could marry that man."

Hazel—"Mercy, why not?"

Helen—"Why, he wears a wig."

And then the dear creature took off a rat, some puffs a coronet, a braid, a pompadour, and a switch and sat down to peruse a novel.

SPEAKING OF ANATOMY.

So you do not consider the McClure's Magazine up-to-date?

Yes, judging from recent cover designs I should say it was a "back number."



THE USUAL DOSE.

What do you take for your appetite?

Why, three square meals a day.



Young-man-trying-to-persuade-friend-of-his-who-has-returned-home-late-to-go-to-bed—"There's no use of staying up, old boy, the fire's gone out".

Fried, with determination—"Ash all right, ole boy, I'm not (hic) 'tall sleepy 'n I guessh I'll stay up 'till it comes in".



Assistant Ed.—He writes lively, snappy stuff, with dashes between his sentences.

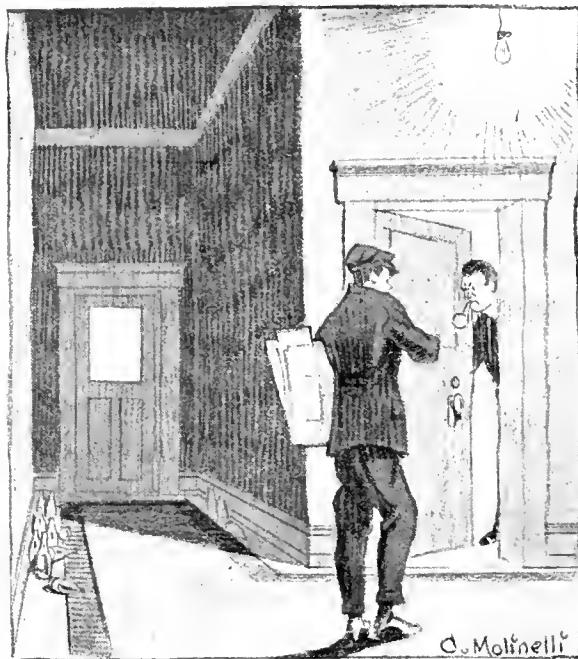
The Editor—I suppose the dashes make it lively.



Ice Cream Cohens.



YEA BO, SPRING IS HERE.



Art Student—? — Show me the Siren office.
 Other Student—Well, don't curse before me.
 Art Student—What's the matter, are you in an
 awful hurry?

Spring is here. The Round-the-fire Club has at last dragged its weary bones out on the porch. The everlasting cry for some one to take a hand at bridge is no longer heard, but instead, through the open windows from the lot next door, comes the yells of the baseball fiends. The tennis shark, all dolled up in white flannels, practices the Lawford stroke in the basement. The Chief Freshman Fire Builder is now using the hose on the front walk, and the rake on the lawn. The leader of the barber-shop quartette has his mellow-throated near-canaries out serenading the sorority sisters. The senior who only needs nine hours remarks that from now on until graduation he is going to do nothing but sit on his section of the grandstand and watch baseball practice. The brothers in the Dusty Throat club have been out scouting around, and report signs of a wet spring on the south campus. The Cosmopolitan, the calculus, the history note book, all lie in undisturbed confusion on the floor. The telephone, sorority porch swings, and the forestry walk all report increased activity. The bright array of doggy checked suits makes it plain the call is heard, and that a team of horses couldn't hold the fusser at home. Yea, bo, spring is here.

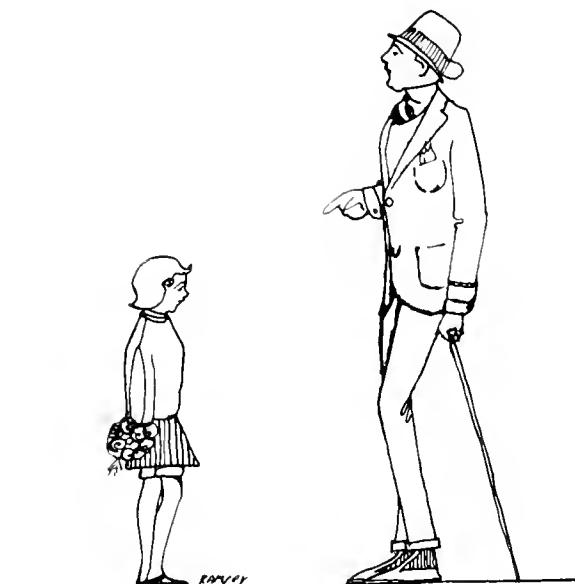
N. D. B.



ON RAGTIME.

The Ragtime writer heaved a sigh, he felt so very blue,
 And the look in his eye was the kind you wear
 "When the World Has Gone Back on You".
 He said "I'd like to go 'Sailing down Chesapeake
 Bay', 'Cross the Mason-Dixon Line',
 Or "Any Old Place" just so I could dodge "That Old
 Girl of Mine".

"Why, This Is the Life" that is driving me wild, it's
 worse than the sting of "The Whip".
 And then he murmured "Good Night Nurse" and
 gnawed a chunk out of his lip.
 But his "Lovable Chile" said "Zis for You", and along
 he had to tag
 As he cursed his fate and mopped his brow with a
 "Twentieth Century Rag".



Big Brother—Where do you think little girls go
 that talk that way?
 Little Sis—Aw, hell!



ON SUFFRAGETTES.

Have you a little suffragette in your home? If you haven't, you have missed it. And on the other hand, if you had one you would know it. They have a bad habit of airing their views all of the time, while if they would view their heirs a little they would see that their grandmothers in the past got along very well without the ballot. They claim they have the welfare of the world upon their shoulders and want to assume the men's troubles. Well, their troubles are certainly not "little ones." They remind us of the hen that cackles and never sets. They would rather rock the world than rock the cradle.

She admits that she should love her husband but she thinks that she has been de-voted long enough. That kind of a feeling breeds discontent. She is not satisfied with having the last

word, but she wants the first one as well. She spares no pains to get her rights. Then she is arrested and becomes a militant. The only change in her now is that before she was put in prison you couldn't keep her mouth shut,—and in prison you can't get it open.

Oh, women, women, join the suffragettes and become a sting of beauty and a jawer forever. You do not need the poll to vault to higher planes; stay with us poor men for a while. Don't give up hope of ever getting married yet. You can never tell when a getting married contagion will strike your town and then everybody will get married in the neighborhood. Just look at those Wilson girls for instance, they're going like hot-cakes. Don't be fooled by a vain wish to be just what you happened not to be. We can not be without you. We want you. We love you still,—the stiller the better.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS
Down to the old pool room.



A Drop of Student Blood.



QUITTING CIGARETTES.

This life is dark and dismal,
Every outlook blue, and bleak.
My thoughts are all wild ravings
And my mind is getting weak.
I seek in vain for pleasure,
Tried voting for the "wets",
But not a thing can stir me up—
I've sworn off cigarettes.

While others seem to laugh and smile
And take life as a joke,
I sit in dumb despondency,
And dream of curling smoke.
Of curling smoke so tempting
That all reason I forget,
And sit there frantic, mumbling
Since I quit the cigarette.

I claimed that I could use them
Or let them all alone.
I try to do the latter
And my every word's a groan.
I said that I could stop a week,
Backed up by several bets.
This awful week has turned to years,
While off of cigarettes.

* * * * *
The seven days are over—
Naw, it didn't get me none,
That's just about the softest coin
This lad has ever won.
And now that I have shown the boys
That this habit never gets
A man to any real extent—
Show me those cigarettes.



WHAT IT TIS IT QUEENING?

I have heard a lot from students
Of other college towns,
Of this manly art of "Queening",
Which it seems has gone the rounds.

Now we see a lot of females,
At this little school of ours,
And some of them are "Creme de Menthes",
And some are "Lemon Sours".

And while we wouldn't say a word
Against our maidens coy.
We're mighty sure this "Queening" term's
Not meant for Illinois.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

THE TRIALS OF REGISTRATION.

Head of the Department—"You can not stay in this department, you have flunked too much work."

Student—"Then I will register in the Ag School."

Head of Department—"Have you a dismissal from this school?"

Student—"No."

Head of Department—"Then you can't leave. I will give you twenty-four hours to decide what you want to do."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

COST OF PRODUCTION.

Ag Student—"We have the profession in life to make money, why the farm products cost more every day."

Lit Student—"Sure, when a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he is raising, the zoological name of the insect that eats it and the chemical formula of what will kill it,—somebody has got to pay."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

IN THE MIDDLE CLASS

Wife—"What is the social scale that the novels talk so much about?"

Hubby—"That is where they weigh money."

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

NOT EVEN ONE OF OURS.

Employed—"Are you sober?"

Applicant—"Sober, why, I don't even laugh at a joke."

Miss Rosenstein—A penny for your thoughts, Abe.
Abie—Vy, Rebecca Rosenstein, Vy such a cheepish skater.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

First Student—I have to go to the movies this afternoon.

Second Stude—Why?

First Stude—Because I can't go tonight.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

Top floor apartments rent for the highest price;
down a floor it's a little lower, but that's another story.

□ □ Ⓢ □ □

It's bad enough for a man not to know men's styles, but plague take the one that doesn't know women's.

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WATCH THIS PAGE FOR THE COMING DANCES

ORANGE & BLUE

May 2, College Hall
May 30, College Hall

GRIDIRON

May 9, Bradley
May 30, Bradley

COLLEGE

Interscholastic, Bradley

VARSITY

May 23, College Hall

CRYSTAL

May 15, Crystal Lake

MAKE YOUR DATES EARLY

ONYX

June 6, Crystal Lake

"I always love a lock," he said
As he touched the curls that encircled her head.
"Oh! George, how can you so silly be
As to love a lock?" asked she.
George laughed till he shook from side to side,
Then calmed his mirth and softly replied:
"I love a lock, as I said before,
Because it's something to a-door."

—*The Princeton Tiger.*



"There's one thing about these tight skirts," she remarked victoriously, "the wind can't blow them up in the air."

"It doesn't need to," he remarked drily, and she is still wondering what he meant.—*The Columbia Jester.*



"I hear that neighbor Perkins has bought another goat."
"Yes, I just got wind of it."—*Purple Cow.*

Hip—I see one of these engineering students has a door lock that is opened by music. You sing or hum in a certain tune and the door opens.

Hop—I suppose that it locked in the same way—by a bar of music.—*The Gargoyle.*



The boy stood on the burning deck;
Relief ships blew their horns;
Alas, he could not move, because
The heat had popped his corns.

—*The California Jester.*



"If you take me to that Bridge Party tomorrow, I'll wear that new French gown."

"Not a chance. You only need to show your hand there."—*The Columbia Jester.*

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Spring's here, team's doin' nice,
gotta fine date tonight, wearin'
Zomduds from B.V.'s out, gotta
pack of luxuries handy--sa-ay, I'll
croak the Frosh that wakes me up.

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Champaign

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URBANA

The sharks as greedy as can be; he gobbles
grades and quizzes,
And teachers smiles, and big fat A's that
everybody misses.
And scholarships, and fellowships, and honors
quite immense,
But still he never seems to get a bit of com-
mon sense.

—*The Northwestern Magazine.*



"Here's rest to the weary,
In peace rest his soul;
Good luck to the wanderer
Who's lost the key-hole.
—*The Wabash.*



A proud hen had just started out to show
her new arrivals the wonders of a chicken
yard, when two of the neighbors roosters came
running to see the unusual sight.

"Gee, there's extravagance for you—raising
a family and eggs sixty cents a dozen.—*The
Wabash.*



The First Party—Lemuel stutters terribly,
doesn't he?

The Second Party—Why, he's deaf and
dumb.

The First Party—I know, but he has the
St. Vitus dance.—*The Cornell Widow.*



"The doctor says I must quit smoking. One
lung is nearly gone."

"Oh dear! John, can't you hold out till
we get enough coupons for that rug?"—*Wash-
ington Herald.*



"Do you know, John, there are times when
you show signs of actual human intelligence."

"That's alright, Charles, if you know twice
as much as you do now, you'd be half-witted.—
The Minnehaha.



Innocent Old Lady—I've heered so much
about that Tango tea here lately. How much
is it a pound?—*Life.*



"Hey, Timothy."
"What is it?"
"Alfalfa."—*The Minnehaha.*



"It's all off for tonight," said the fourth-
season debutante, as she wiped her face with
a towel.—*Cornell Jester.*

Does it Pay to Ad- vertise?

How do we know
unless you tell us
you saw this ad.
in the Siren?

C. A. KILER

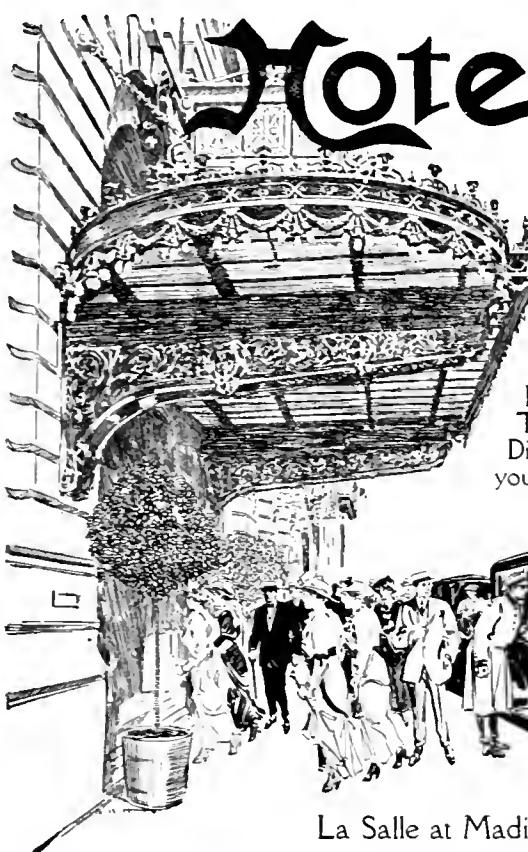
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 Second Suburban—I treated my hens so unscientifically that they're all laying for me.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



"Louie, come einmal out o' der rain!"
 "No, I ain't."
 "Yess, you did."—*The Wisconsin Sphinx*.



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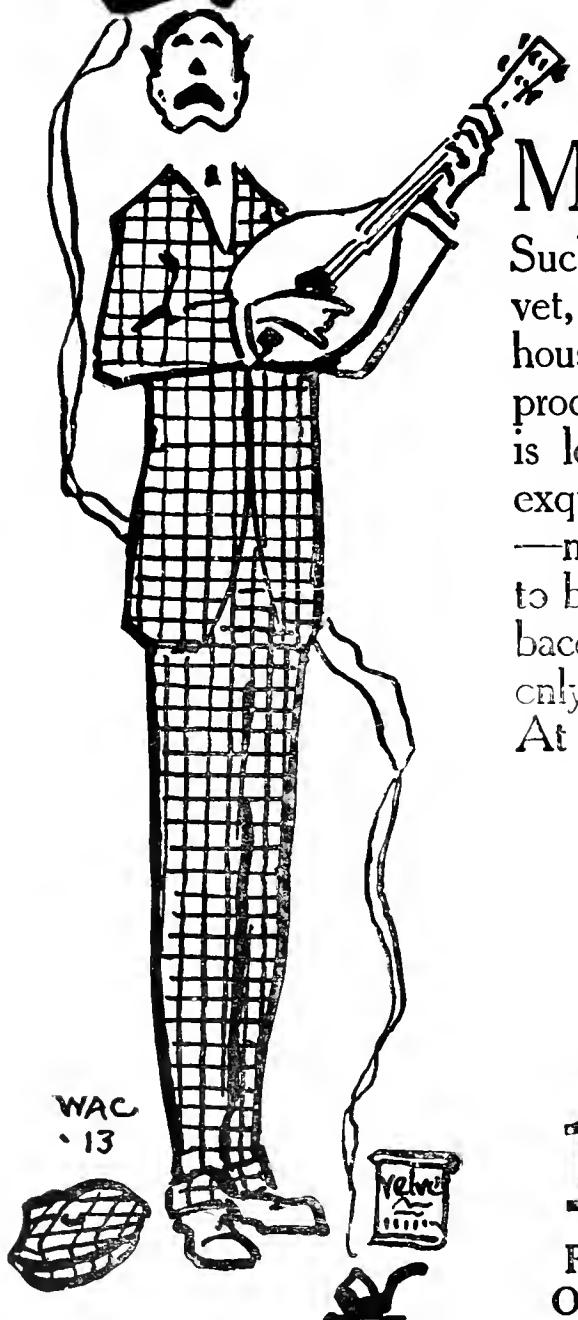
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He—I didn't know that you girls moved in yet!—*The California Pelican*.



Barber in University Shop—"D you want a close shave?"

Stude—"I'll have one if I get out of this chair alive."—*The Columbia Jester*.

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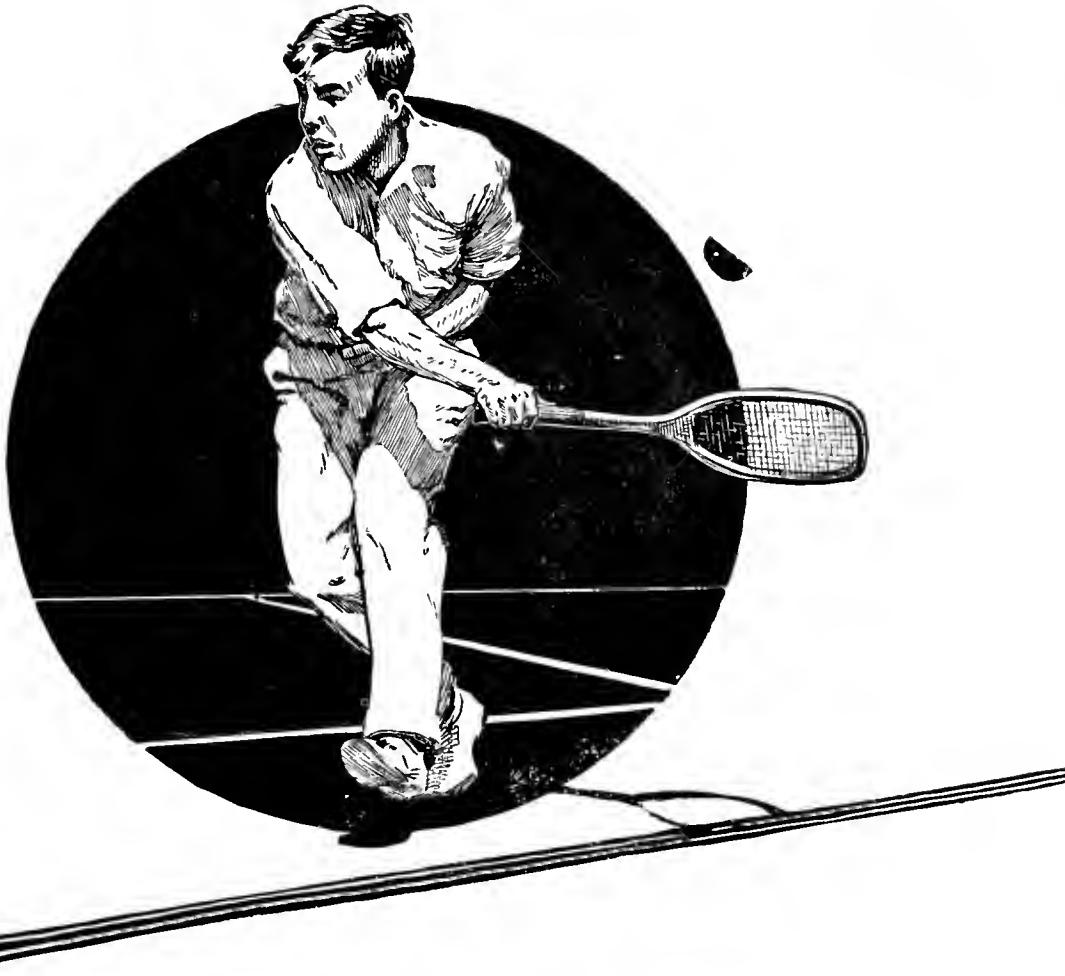
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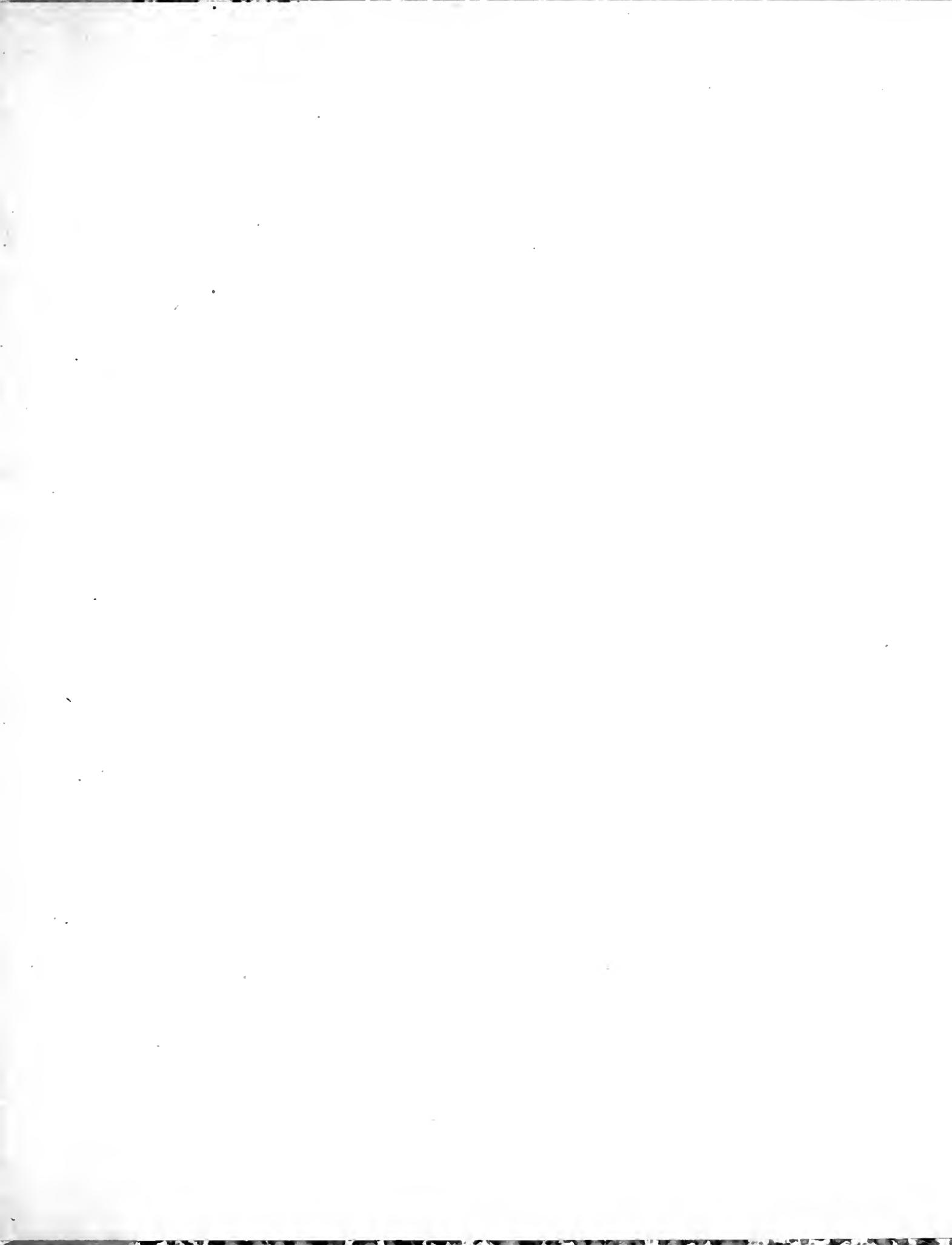
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